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THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND HIS TIME

SHOWN IN HIS OWN LETTERS

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ROOSEVELT—PEACEMAKER

[FIRST PAPER]

INTRODUCTION

Five years or more before his death Theodore Roosevelt said he wished me to write the history of the period which covered his public career. His reason was that I had been in his close confidence during the greater part of that period and knew the inside of every movement nearly as well as he knew it himself. We talked often on the subject and in the early spring of 1918 the project took definite form. He turned over to me for exclusive use all his personal and official correspondence together with other material relating to his public career from the time he was elected to the New York Legislature in November, 1881, till his life ended.

I began work at once and at the time of his death I had completed the first draft of the story of his public life down to the year 1905. At different stages of the work I went over with him what I had written and had the inestimable advantage of his suggestions, obtaining from him incidents and anecdotes which added immeasurably to the interest and historical value of the narrative. Between us we evolved a general plan for the history which was to let the story of his career be told, as far as possible, in his own letters, utterances, and acts.

This was an arduous but not a difficult task to perform. It was arduous because the material was virtually inexhaustible, but it was not difficult, because of the quality of Roosevelt's letters. One of his private secretaries has estimated that while President he wrote 150,000 letters. Copies of these have been preserved. With them are the original letters of the many correspondents that he had in all parts of the world—authors, poets, historians, artists, explorers, naturalists, statesmen, prime ministers, kings, emperors. He not only touched life at all points, but on its intellectual side touched the highest points in every land. Not only is the correspondence limitless in its range, but from beginning to end it is Roosevelt himself and hence unlike the correspondence of any other person.

Emerson, in his observations upon great men, says that "he is great who never reminds us of others." No man ever met this test of greatness more fully than Theodore Roosevelt. Nature has made many millions of men but she has made only one Theodore Roosevelt. From the beginning to the end of his life he was himself and was unlike any one else. It was this clearly defined personality, at once unique

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and commanding, which concentrated upon him the attention of the world and made his name familiar in all civilized lands. His letters not merely reflect this personality, they reveal it with all the fulness of a frank and truthful man talking to tried and trusted friends. His letters are not merely like his talk, they *are* his talk—frank and free, with rays of an irrepressible and always joyous humor playing about it, and with deft and sure thrusts at the foibles, vanities, perversities, and weaknesses of mankind. Few men have had a keener insight into human motives or could detect more quickly the real nature of them. When he sat down to write or to dictate a letter to a congenial friend, he did not compose, he talked. Whatever was uppermost in his mind at the time came out without restraint or reservation. As he wrote most freely in moments of greatest stress, at the height of crises created by himself in his struggle for the triumph of causes dear to his heart, his letters give us a veritable "inside history" of his time. They push aside the screen that hides the wires which control great events and we see them operating before our eyes. We see, in very truth, history in the making, shown and explained to us by the man who himself is making it.

We get also a complete self-revelation of the man, of the motives, desires, and principles which guided his life. It is this quality of self-revelation, more than any other perhaps, which makes his letters so admirable a vehicle for telling the story of his career. Many writers have sought to depict the man Roosevelt, and many others will repeat the effort, but none has, and none can, depict him as he really was with that vivid clearness in which he stands self-revealed in his letters. All sides of this many-sided man are disclosed there—the intellectual, which covered all fields of human knowledge, ancient and modern; the political, which shows him to have been a sagacious statesman of the first rank rather than a politician, for as a politician he habitually broke all the rules of the game; an executive and administrator first of a great State and then of a great nation, whose motto was action, action and still more action, and who accomplished great and supposedly impossible tasks by the driving force of his character; finally, the diplomatist and peacemaker, a rôle which he played with greater success than any other man of his time.

In selecting passages from the story of Roosevelt's career, for publication in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, no chronological order will be observed. Such episodes as stand out distinct and separate and which illustrate both his methods of treatment and the quality of his letters will be chosen without regard to the order of dates.

JOSEPH BUCKLIN BISHOP.

ROOSEVELT—PEACEMAKER

ALL the world knows that President Roosevelt in 1905 brought the war between Russia and Japan to an end and secured a treaty of peace between the two nations. The broad outlines of the methods which he pursued in accomplishing this memorable result are matters of common knowledge, but the inner history of the incident has never been revealed. For the first time it is now accessible to his biographer in his official and private correspondence, and can, not improperly, be laid before the world. As it is told in that correspondence, it is virtually his own story of what he did, illuminated with expositions of his own views and motives at the time, and with his own estimates and graphic pen-portraits of the chief personages with whom he was engaged in what to most men would have been a hopeless struggle almost from the outset. He himself had serious doubt at many stages as to his ability to succeed, but he never permitted himself to be discouraged, and his resourcefulness proved more than equal to all emergencies.

He was at the time his own Secretary of State, for Secretary Hay was absent from his post in the last stages of the illness which ended in his death before the peace was secured. Every step in the negotiations, extending over a period of three months, was taken by the President in person without the aid of any of his

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most trusted counsellors, for Secretary Root had resigned from the cabinet many months earlier and Secretary Taft was absent most of the time on a visit to the Philippines.

In no other task of his life was the abnormal energy, mental and physical, of Theodore Roosevelt put to a severer test, and from none did he emerge more triumphantly. His activity was as tireless as his resourcefulness was inexhaustible. One reads the thick volumes of his correspondence with amazement bordering on incredulity. It *is* incredible that one man could do so much and do it so easily and so well. He was not only steadily and irresistibly forcing the two warring nations into a conference, but he was at the same time untiringly bringing, or endeavoring to bring, other nations like England, France, and Germany to the support of his efforts. If Russia balked and showed signs of refusal, he persuaded the Kaiser to bring pressure upon the Czar in the interest of peace. If Japan showed similar signs, England was appealed to, to bring pressure upon her. In the end Germany alone really helped, and Roosevelt gave unstinted praise to the Kaiser ever afterward for what he did then.

Early in the year 1905 President Roosevelt became seriously impressed with the strain which the war was bringing upon the civilized world and that some means should be found for arresting it. "From all sources of information at hand," he says in his "Autobiography," "I grew most strongly to believe that a further continuation of the struggle would be a very bad thing for Japan, and an even worse thing for Russia. Japan was already suffering terribly from the drain upon her men, and especially upon her resources; and had nothing further to gain from continuation of the struggle; its continuance meant to her more loss than gain, even if she were victorious. Russia, in spite of her gigantic strength, was, in my judgment, apt to lose even more than she had already lost if the struggle continued."

Writing to a friend on March 9, he gave the date of his first move for peace by saying: "Six weeks ago I privately and unofficially advised the Russian Government to make peace."

THE KAISER A "JUMPY CREATURE"

In a confidential letter to Secretary Hay, who was abroad for his health, the President wrote on March 30, 1905:

"Cassini (Russian Ambassador) and Takahira (Japanese Minister) have been to see me about peace negotiations, but we do not make much progress as yet because neither side is willing to make the first advance. The Japanese say, quite rightly, that they will refuse to deal unless on the word of the Czar, because it is evident that no one minister has power to bind the government. Cassini announces to me that officially the government is bent upon war, but that privately he would welcome peace. The Kaiser has had another fit and is now convinced that France is trying to engineer a congress of the nations, in which Germany will be left out. What a jumpy creature he is, anyhow! Besides sending to me he is evidently engaged in sending to all kinds of other people. I am against having a Congress to settle the peace terms.

"The Chinese obviously desire the war to go on in the hope that both combatants will ultimately become completely exhausted. The European powers want peace. I have an idea that the English would be by no means overjoyed if the Japs took Vladivostock. It looks as if the foreign powers did not want me to act as peacemaker. I certainly do not want to myself. I wish the Japs and Russians would settle it between themselves, and I should be delighted to have any one except myself give them a jog to settle it between themselves. If France will do it, it will serve the purpose just as well."

While regarding the Kaiser as a "jumpy creature," the President sought to cultivate his good graces by making him the confidant of his endeavors. He wrote to the German Ambassador, on March 31:

"I am happy to tell you in response to your last note that I entirely agree with the Emperor that it is unwise for the peace negotiations, when the time comes to carry them on, to be considered in a congress of the nations. The Japanese Minister has informed me that Japan takes this view also. I informed the British Ambassador that this was my

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view, and he told me that he had no doubt that the British Government would also take it.

"I saw the Russian Ambassador, and for your private information will say that I told him that in my judgment it was eminently to Russia's interest to make peace, and that I thought, as regards the terms offered by the Japanese, it would be a case of the sibylline books; that each delay, if the delay meant another Japanese victory, would mean an increase in the onerousness of the terms."

Another confidential letter to Secretary Hay, under date of April 2, 1905, gives us an extremely entertaining account of what was in progress behind the scenes:

"I have seen Cassini (Russian Ambassador) twice, Takahira (Japanese Minister), Durand (British Ambassador), and Jusserand (French Ambassador) each once, and Speck (German Ambassador) three or four times during the past week. The Kaiser has become a monomaniac about getting into communication with me every time he drinks three pen'orth of conspiracy against his life and power; but as has been often the case for the last year, he at the moment is playing our game—or, as I should more politely put it, his interests and ours, together with those of humanity in general, are identical. He does not wish a congress of the powers to settle the Japanese-Russian business. As things are at present I cordially agree with him, and I find that the British and Japanese governments take the same view. The Kaiser is relieved and surprised to find that this is true of the English Government. He sincerely believes that the English are planning to attack him and smash his fleet, and perhaps join with France in a war to the death against him. As a matter of fact the English harbor no such intentions, but are themselves in a condition of panic-terror lest the Kaiser secretly intend to form an alliance against them with France or Russia, or both, to destroy their fleet and blot out the British Empire from the map! It is as funny a case as I have ever seen of mutual distrust and fear bringing two peoples to the verge of war.

"Officially the Russian Government announces that it wishes to go on with the war. Cassini tells me, doubtless under instruction, that he believes they would like peace if they can have it on honorable terms; but that they cannot for a moment consider the question of an indemnity.

"There has been a very perceptible alteration in the temper of the Japanese Government and people, not unnaturally. They feel that victory is theirs and that they are safe from outside interference, and they take a distinctly higher tone. Takahira told me that the Japanese Government, in addition to the points for which they made war, would insist upon an indemnity.

"Did you ever know anything more pitiable than the condition of the Russian despotism in this year of grace? The Czar is a preposterous little creature as the absolute autocrat of 150,000,000 people. He has been unable to make war, and he is now unable to make peace."

On the day following this letter to Hay, the President started on what he called a "week's horrid anguish in touring through Kentucky, Indian Territory, and Texas; then five weeks' genuine pleasure in Oklahoma and Colorado on a hunt; to be followed in its turn by three or four cindery, sweaty, and drearily vociferous days on the way home." While on his hunt the President was in constant touch by telegraph with Secretary Taft who, under his direction, was continuing the negotiations with the Russian Ambassador and the Japanese Minister. Not entirely satisfied with the way in which the affair was advancing, he telegraphed to Taft on April 27, from Colorado: "I shall come in from my hunt and start home May 8 instead of May 15, as I had intended. This will be put upon ground of general condition of public service in Washington so as to avoid talk about Russian-Japan matter."

The President did not find matters in a hopeful condition when he arrived in Washington, for in a letter on May 13 he wrote: "For the moment I have been unable to do anything in getting Russia and Japan together. I like the Russian people, but I abhor the Russian system of government and I cannot trust the word of those at the head. The Japanese I am inclined to welcome as a valuable factor in the civilization of the future. But it is

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not to be expected that they should be free from prejudice against and distrust of the white race."

Two days later, May 15, he wrote to Senator Lodge in London:

"It is evident that Japan is now anxious to have me try to make peace. Just as Russia suffered from cockyness, and has good cause to rue her refusal to take my advice and make peace after Port Arthur fell, so Japan made an error in becoming overelated in turn after Mukden and then rejecting my advice to make peace. Takahira, and I think the Japanese Foreign Office, agreed with my position, but the war party, including the army and navy, insisted upon an indemnity and cession of territory, and rather than accept such terms the Russians preferred to have another try with Rojestvensky's fleet. I told the Japanese that if there was any reasonable doubt, even if not a very great doubt, as to the final result, it was in my judgment wise to build a bridge of gold for the beaten enemy. They then refused to accept my view. Now they have come around to it, being evidently much disturbed by the presence of Rojestvensky's fleet, which in material is somewhat superior to theirs. For all their courage they are cautious."

No progress was made during the ensuing fortnight, and on May 27 came the news of the great Japanese naval victory in the battle of the Sea of Japan. To Baron Kentaro Kaneko, official representative of the Japanese Government in the United States, who, from New York, had expressed his joy in a jubilant message to the President, the latter replied: "No wonder you are happy! Neither Trafalgar nor the defeat of the Spanish Armada was as complete—as overwhelming. As Commander Tekeshita left my office this morning, the Secretary of the Navy, looking after him, said: 'Well, there goes a happy man. Every Japanese, but perhaps above all every Japanese naval man, must feel as if he was treading on air to-day.'"

JAPAN FIRST MOVES FOR PEACE

The first overtures for peace came from Japan. They reached the President four days after the news of the naval victory. This fact, hitherto unrevealed, is firmly established in Roosevelt's correspondence. Full and explicit details of all his proceedings in the matter were set forth in long letters that he wrote in June to Senator Lodge in London, from which I shall quote freely in compiling the story. In one of these (June 16) he said: "I made my first move in the peace negotiations on the request of Japan on the following telegram handed to me by Takahira; it had been sent to him by the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Japan, on the 31st of May." The main point of the telegram was:

"You will express to the President the hope of the Japanese Government that in actual circumstance of the case and having in view the changed situation resulting from the recent naval battle, he will see his way directly and entirely of his own motion and initiative to invite the two belligerents to come together for the purpose of direct negotiation, and you will add that if the President is disposed to undertake the service, the Japanese Government will leave it to him to determine the course of procedure and what other Power or Powers, if any, should be consulted in the matter of suggested invitation."

"I was amused," wrote the President, "by the way in which *they* asked me to invite the two belligerents together directly on *my* own motion and initiative. It reminded me of the request for contributions sent by campaign committees to office-holders wherein they are asked to make a 'voluntary contribution of ten per cent' of their salary. It showed a certain naïveté on the part of the Japanese."

After receiving this telegram the President saw Cassini, the Russian Ambassador. "I told him," he wrote to Lodge, "to say to the Czar that I believed the war absolutely hopeless for Russia; that I earnestly desired that she and Japan should come together and see if they could not agree upon terms of peace; and that I should like to propose this if I could get the assent of Russia and then of Japan, which latter I thought I would be able to get. I could not be sure that Cassini would tell this to the Czar, for he is afraid of saying what is disagreeable; but I hardly know what to do else."

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Almost immediately following the naval battle the Kaiser began to exert himself for peace. On June 3 the German Ambassador handed this note to the President:

"The Emperor just has informed me that in the interest of all concerned he thinks Russia ought to effect peace. He has requested me to tell you that he is ready to silently support any efforts which you may feel inclined to make in the interest of peace. For both belligerents he considers this way of mediation the chiefest and most unselfish."

On the same date the American Ambassador at Berlin sent this message to the President:

"The German Emperor has asked me to say to you that he considers the situation in Russia so serious that, when the truth is known at St. Petersburg in regard to the recent defeat, the life of the Czar will be in danger, and the gravest disorders likely to occur. The Emperor of Germany has written to the Czar, therefore, urging him to take immediate steps toward peace. The Emperor said to me: 'I called his attention to the fact that the Americans were the only nation regarded by the Japanese with the highest respect, and that the President of the United States is the right person to appeal to with the hope that he may be able to bring the Japanese to reasonable proposals. I suggested to the Czar to send for Meyer and charge him with a message to President Roosevelt. Please inform the President privately, from me personally, of the steps that I have taken which I hope will be for the benefit of the world.'"

This did not meet the President's views, for he "did not desire to be asked to squeeze out of Japan favorable terms for Russia." Furthermore, "I could not be sure that Cassini would really tell his home Government what I had been doing or Lamsdorff would tell the Czar what I wished." He decided to have Meyer, the American Ambassador at St. Petersburg, see the Czar in person, and accordingly sent him on June 5 a cable message instructing him at once to call on His Majesty, saying he did so by personal direction of the President, and repeat to him what the President had said to Cassini. Meyer was also to say to His Majesty: "If Russia will consent to such a meeting the President will try to get Japan's consent, acting simply on his own initiative and not saying that Russia has consented, and the President believes he will succeed."

It will be noticed that in this message to the Czar the President was conforming strictly to Japan's wishes about the "initiative."

On receipt of the President's message Ambassador Meyer sought and obtained an audience with the Czar, and in a letter to the President under date of June 9 he described the interview at length. The Czar admitted that he had received a letter from the German Emperor urging him to make peace, and said: "If it will be absolutely secret as to my decision should Japan decline, or until she gives her consent, I will now consent to your President's plan that we (Russia and Japan) have a meeting, without intermediaries, in order to see if we can make peace." After asking if the President knew or could find out what Japan's terms were, the Czar continued: "You have come at the psychological moment, as yet no foot has been placed on Russian soil, but I realize that at almost any moment they can make an attack on Saghalien. Therefore it is important that the meeting should take place before that occurs."

The Czar, apparently, communicated at once with the Kaiser, for on June 11 the German Ambassador at Washington handed this message to the President, under directions from Berlin:

"The suspicious Czar has written to the Emperor stating that if Japan's demands are too exorbitant or too humiliating to Russia he would have to break off negotiations at once. The Emperor thinks that the best thing to start them well would be if you could ask Japan to submit her demands to you for consideration before they are forwarded to Petersburg. In case they really should be exorbitant and too humiliating you could have them held back. He reiterates that he will do all in his power to make the Czar accept any demands which you consider to be within the bounds of moderation. So far as Japan is con-

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cerned, the Emperor thinks that the negotiations better rest in your hands alone."

LOOSE RUSSIAN METHODS

The President next had what he called "a perfectly characteristic experience, showing the utterly loose way in which the Russian Government works." On June 6 Cassini showed him a despatch from his government in which they made no answer to Roosevelt's proposition, said they would not ask either peace or mediation, but requested the President to exercise a moderating influence on the demands of Japan and find out what those demands were. On the following day Meyer sent to the President a message which directly reversed the Cassini message by stating: "The Emperor authorized me to say that he accepts and consents to the President's proposition with the understanding that it is to be kept absolutely secret, and that the President is to act on his own initiative in endeavoring to obtain the consent of the Japanese Government."

No information of this message was given to Cassini by his government, and when it was shown to him he questioned its accuracy, saying: "Meyer may have misinterpreted or forgotten what the Emperor said." The President, therefore, had Cassini's assertion cabled to Meyer, and Meyer obtained the authority of Lamsdorff, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, for the statement that he had quoted the Czar correctly. Roosevelt at the time received various messages from Cassini, including a protest against his seeing so much of the Japanese Ambassador and representatives of the neutral forces. To this the President replied through the person who brought it that he considered it impertinent and requested that it be not repeated. "Cassini also protested," says the President, "that I was trying to make Russia move too quickly, and was very indignant over my order interning the Russian ships at Manila, saying 'this is not the time to establish new principles of international law.' I had declined to allow the Russian ships to make any repairs that were rendered necessary by the results of the battle, and then had them interned. I informed Cassini that it was precisely the right time to establish a new principle of international law, when the principle was a good one, and that the principle is now established."

Having obtained the consent of both belligerents, Roosevelt, on June 8, sent by telegraph an identical note to each of them stating that the "President feels that the time has come when in the interest of all mankind he must endeavor to see if it is not possible to bring to an end the terrible and lamentable conflict now being waged"; assuring them that with both the "United States has inherited ties of friendship and good-will"; urging them "not only for their own sakes but in the interest of the whole civilized world to open direct negotiations for peace with one another"; and offering to do what he properly could, if they felt that his services would be of aid, in arranging the preliminaries as to the time and place of meeting. As casting further light upon Russian methods of procedure, the President writes: "Then Cassini must have been told what had happened, for he called upon me and notified me that the Russian Government thanked me and had adopted my suggestion. I am inclined to think that up to that time he had not received the message which he then communicated to me, that his government had told him nothing whatever as to their attitude toward peace."

AN EXASPERATING INCIDENT

The text of the identical note was published by the President, and then what he calls "a rather exasperating incident" occurred. On June 10 Japan, through its Minister for Foreign Affairs, accepted the suggestion of the President and declared that it would appoint plenipotentiaries to meet those of Russia at such time and place as might be found mutually agreeable "for the purpose of negotiating and concluding terms of peace directly and exclusively between the two belligerent powers." Cassini, in his verbal statement to the President, "had accepted just as unreservedly," but on June 12 there came from Lamsdorff (Russian Foreign Affairs Minister) a cable message in which he said he had laid the note before his

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August Majesty, that His Majesty was "much moved by the sentiments expressed by the President," and that with regard to the proposed meeting, in order to see if it is not possible for the two powers to agree to terms of peace," the "Imperial Government had no objection in principle to that endeavor if the Japanese Government expressed a like desire."

The effect of this message is thus described by the President: "This note is of course much less satisfactory than Japan's, for it shows a certain slyness and an endeavor to avoid anything like a definite committal, which most naturally irritated Japan, while at the same time as it used the very words of my identical note it did not offer grounds for backing out of the negotiations. But Japan now started to play the fool. It sent a request for me to get a categorical answer from Russia as to whether she would appoint plenipotentiaries who would have full power to make peace, and hinted that otherwise Japan did not care for the meeting. Meanwhile Russia had proposed Paris for the place of meeting, and Japan Chefoo. Each declined to accept the other's proposition. I then made a counter-proposition of The Hague, which was transmitted to both governments. It was crossed, however, by a proposition from Russia that the meeting should take place in Washington. Japan answered my proposition positively declining to go to Europe and expressing its preference for the United States, as being half-way between Europe and Asia. Russia having first suggested Washington, I promptly closed and notified both Japan and Russia that I had thus accepted Washington."

The succeeding few days were very busy ones for the President. He had to soothe the Japanese Minister on the question of a categorical answer from Russia as to the full powers of the Russian plenipotentiaries and convince the Czar that having once accepted Washington as the meeting-place he could not change his mind and induce the President to reverse himself also. On June 15 he handed to Cassini a memorandum in which he said that he had received from Japan a statement of its intention to clothe its plenipotentiaries with full powers to negotiate and conclude a peace, and suggested that Russia do the same. This he showed to Takahira and explained to him that he had withdrawn it later from Cassini on receipt of a message from Russia saying that its plenipotentiaries would have full powers, since that was the meaning of the title.

ROOSEVELT "CALLS DOWN" THE CZAR

No sooner was this question settled than, on June 16, came a message from Ambassador Meyer to the effect that Lamsdorff had informed him that Russia preferred The Hague for the place of meeting. On the same date this bit of "inspired" news was sent by the Associated Press from St. Petersburg:

"The question of the place of meeting of the Russian and Japanese representatives has been reopened and there is a possibility that The Hague instead of Washington may be selected. After the announcement that Washington had been selected Russia expressed a desire to have the selection reconsidered and exchanges to that end are now proceeding between Foreign Minister Lamsdorff and Ambassador Meyer and Washington. Russia's preference for The Hague is based on the obvious advantages that it is entirely neutralized, the capital of a small state and the site of the arbitration court, and also by consideration of time."

The President's handling of this situation was thoroughly Rooseveltian, and resembles that which he used with the Kaiser in the Venezuela incident of 1902. In reply to Meyer's message he sent the following:

"June 16, 1905.

"You will please immediately inform Count Lamsdorff that I was handed by Ambassador Cassini a cable from him dated June thirteenth which ran as follows: 'As regards the place of the proposed meeting its choice is of only secondary importance since the plenipotentiaries of both Russia and Japan are to negotiate directly without any participation by third powers. If Paris, so desirable for many reasons, encounters opposition, then the Imperial Government gives the preference to Washington over all other

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cities, especially since the presence of the President, initiator of the meeting, can exercise a beneficent influence toward the end which we all have in view.' Accordingly, after having received word from Japan that she objected to The Hague, and before I received any notification whatever about The Hague from Russia, I notified Japan that Washington would be the appointed place and so informed Ambassador Cassini. I then gave the same announcement to the public. It is of course out of the question for me to consider any reversal of this action and I regard the incident as closed, so far as the place of meeting is concerned. If Count Lamsdorff does not acquiesce in this view you will please see the Czar personally and read to him this cable, stating to Count Lamsdorff that you are obliged to make the request because of the extreme gravity of the situation. Explain to Count Lamsdorff and if necessary to the Czar that I am convinced that on consideration they will of their own accord perceive that it is entirely out of the question for me now to reverse the action I took in accordance with the request of the Russian Government, which action has been communicated to and acquiesced in by Japan, and has been published to the entire world."

Promptly on the following day came these two interesting responses:

"PETERSBURG, June 17, 1805.

"President Roosevelt,
Washington.

"Have just received the following from Lamsdorff: 'Je m'empresse d'informer votre excellence que sa majesté l'empereur ne voit aucun obstacle au choix de Washington pour la réunion et les pourparlers des plenipotentiaires Russes et Japonais.'

"MEYER."

"WASHINGTON, le 17 juin, 1905.

"MONSIEUR LE PRESIDENT:

"Vu certains bruits répandus par la presse, j'ai l'honneur de porter à Votre connaissance que, conformément à un télégramm officiel que je viens de recevoir a l'instant même, Sa Majesté l'Empereur, mon August Maître, accepte definitivement Washington comme lieu de réunion des plenipotentiaires Russes et Japonais qui seront appelés à négocier les préliminaires d'un traité de paix.

"Agréez, Monsieur le Président, l'assurance de ma plus haute considération.

"CASSINI."

RUSSIAN AND JAPANESE METHODS

Roosevelt's comments upon this incident are both entertaining and valuable:

"I think it is beautiful the way in which Cassini virtually begins his note by speaking of the rumors given currency by the press, just as if his government had not explicitly informed me that it desired to change the place from Washington to The Hague. What I cannot understand about the Russian is the way he will lie when he knows perfectly well that you know he is lying.

"It is this kind of thing which makes me feel rather hopeless about our ultimately getting peace. I shall do my best, but neither the Czar nor the Russian Government nor the Russian people are willing to face the facts as they are. I am entirely sincere when I tell them that I act as I do because I think it in the interest of Russia, and in this crisis I think the interest of Russia is the interest of the entire world. I should be sorry to see Russia driven completely off the Pacific coast and driven practically east to Lake Baikal, and yet something like this will surely happen if she refuses to make peace. Moreover, she will put it out of the power of any one to help her in the future if she now stands with Chinese folly upon her dignity and fancied strength. It is a case of the offer of the sibylline books. I told Cassini, and through Delcassé (French Foreign Affairs Minister) told the Russian home government, immediately after Port Arthur, that they ought to make peace at once. I reiterated this advice as strongly as possible after Mukden. In each case my advice was refused and the result is so much the worse for Russia.

"Japan is suspicious too, and does not always act as I should like her to, but it behaves infinitely better than Russia. Of course it will make heavy demands. No power could fail after such astounding victories.

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"Remember that you are to let no one know that in this matter of the peace negotiations I have acted at the request of Japan and that each step has been taken with Japan's foreknowledge, and not merely with her approval but with her expressed desire. This gives rather a comic turn to some of the English criticisms to the effect that my move is really in the interest of Russia and not merely in the interest of Japan, and that Japan is behaving rather magnanimously in going into it. My move is really more in the interest of Russia than of Japan, but it is greatly to the interest of Japan also.

"Well, I do not have much hope of getting peace, but I have made an honest effort, the only effort which offered any chance of success at all."

JAPAN APPEALED TO

While holding the Czar inflexibly to his promise as to the meeting-place of the Conference, the President was working patiently and tirelessly with the Japanese authorities to keep them from laying too much stress on trifles. Not only did he reason daily with Takahira, the Japanese Minister, but he appealed directly to the Japanese Government. On June 16 he sent a long message to Mr. Griscom, the American Ambassador at Tokio, with directions to communicate it to the Japanese Minister for Foreign Affairs. In this message he said:

"At present the feeling is that Japan has been frank and straightforward and wants peace if it can be obtained on proper terms, whereas Russia has shown a tendency to hang back. It will be a misfortune for Japan, in the judgment of the President, if any action of Japan now gives rise to the contrary feeling. Moreover, in the President's judgment there is absolutely nothing to be gained by such action on the part of Japan. No instructions to the plenipotentiaries would be of any avail if they did not intend to make peace. But if, as the President believes, the force of events will tend to secure peace if once the representatives of the two parties can come together, then it is obviously most unwise to delay the meeting for reasons that are trivial or of no real weight."

He was far from being confident of success at this time. Writing to Lodge on June 16, he said: "The more I see of the Czar, the Kaiser, and the Mikado the better I am content with democracy, even if we have to include the American newspaper as one of its assets—liability would be a better term. Russia is so corrupt, so treacherous and shifty, and so incompetent, that I am utterly unable to say whether or not it will make peace, or break off the negotiations at any moment. Japan is, of course, entirely selfish, though with a veneer of courtesy, and with infinitely more knowledge of what it wants and capacity to get it. I should not be surprised if the peace negotiations broke off at any moment. Russia, of course, does not believe in the genuineness of my motives and words, and I sometimes doubt whether Japan does."

To Benjamin Ide Wheeler he wrote on June 17: "I do not know whether I shall get peace out of this negotiation or not. I have awfully hard sledding in the effort to get the governments to come together, and am exasperated almost to the breaking-point by such an antic as this of Russia in now wishing to retract its preference for Washington and wanting The Hague, which it knows Japan will not accept. However, I shall do my best."

FUNNY DETAILS OF THE NEGOTIATIONS

The following passage from a letter to Lodge, written just after the negotiations had begun, is especially interesting, both psychologically and historically. Note the statement of a promised Rothschild loan to Russia:

"I wish I could tell you all the funny details of these negotiations of Takahira and Cassini with us. Of course if the Russians go on as they have gone ever since I have been President—and so far as I can find out, ever since the Spanish War—they are hopeless creatures with whom to deal. They are utterly insincere and treacherous; they have no conception of truth, no willingness to look facts in the face, no regard for others of any sort or kind, no knowledge of their own strength or weakness; and they are helplessly unable to meet emergencies.

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"About the Japanese I feel as I always did. I do not pretend to know the soul of the nation, or to prophesy as to what it will do in the future. I do not suppose I understand their motives, and I am not at all sure that they understand mine—although I should think they were plain to any people. Takahira, as instructed by his Government, has evidently wanted to feel his way with me. His Government does not quite like to tell me what its plans are, but wants to develop them a little at a time. Thus, they asked me to find out how England feels as to the terms they should ask.

"Naturally England responded that it could not say until it knew what the proposed terms were; and it then transpired that Baron Rothschild had said he would raise a loan for Russia with which Russia should pay Japan the proposed indemnity if Russia could be persuaded to accept peace on such terms. Evidently the Japanese have been uncertain whether the British Government knew of this offer or not, and took the roundabout way through me to find out.

"That Japan will have her head turned to some extent I do not in the least doubt, and I see clear symptoms of it in many ways. We should certainly as a nation have ours turned if we had performed such feats as the Japanese have in the past sixteen months; and the same is true of any European nation."

On June 15 the President sent a despatch to Whitelaw Reid, who had recently arrived in London as the American Ambassador to Great Britain, asking him to sound Lord Lansdowne, British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, as to the possibility of England's exerting pressure on Japan in the interest of peace. Two days later, June 17, Reid replied, saying that he had sought and obtained an interview with Lansdowne and that the latter had said that nothing could be more abhorrent to the British Government than the thought that any action of theirs could tend to prolong bloodshed, but he added immediately, it would be quite another thing at this stage to bring any pressure upon Japan—especially when they did not even know what Japan's terms were going to be.

A CONVERSATION WITH KING EDWARD

On June 23 Reid sent to the President a confidential report of a conversation which he had had with King Edward on the preceding day at Ascot, requesting that it either be destroyed or placed among confidential papers accessible only to the President himself. In this report the King was represented as saying he thought it was best to let the contestants arrange their own terms of peace. When Reid spoke of the possibility of the Russians being driven out of Vladivostock, the King said at once: "They are likely to be beaten again; it may be going on now." Then, with great earnestness, taking Reid by the arm and whispering in his ear: "In the strictest confidence, between us personally, not to go to another human being—if they don't make peace, why should not Japan take Vladivostock, and be in a position at the end of the war to be magnanimous and give it back? Wouldn't that ease the final settlement?" When Reid asked if he might not let the President have this conversation confidentially, the King hesitated a moment and said: "Well, perhaps, if you think so, not to become in any way official, or be seen by anybody else. I will leave it to you."

All this time the President was keeping a steady pressure on Russia to convince the Russian Government of the wisdom of making peace. On June 19 he wrote a long confidential letter to Ambassador Meyer giving his reasons for thinking Russia should make peace at once. In it he said: "Peter the Great made peace with the Turks by surrendering the Crimea. In 1855 Russia made peace with the English, French, and Turks by a surrender of territory. In either case to have insisted upon going on with the war would have meant the conversion of a serious check into a possibly irretrievable disaster. The same is true now. In advising this I speak for Russia's interest because on the point Russia's interests are the interests of the world." In concluding, he wrote: "You know Lamsdorff and I do not. If you think it worth while, tell either him or the Czar the substance of what I have said, or show them

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all or parts of this letter. You are welcome to do it. But use your own discretion absolutely in this matter.

"Russia has not created a favorable impression here by the appearance of quibbling that there has been both over the selection of the place and over the power of the plenipotentiaries whom Russia will appoint. It would be far better if she would give an impression of frankness, openness, and sincerity."

A cable message from the President to Meyer on June 23 showed that the "quibbling" was not confined to one side of the controversy. He asked Meyer to suggest to the Russian Government that it send to him the names of the Russian plenipotentiaries, promising that they would be kept secret till Japan had done the same, when the President would announce both. A further effort to bring the Russian Government to the point of using plain speech was then made by the President. "The President has received from the Japanese Government the assurance that they will name as plenipotentiaries men of the highest rank. He believes that they are hesitating because they want to be sure that the Russian plenipotentiaries will also be of the highest rank." He reminds the Russian Government that it failed to say, when it consented to appoint plenipotentiaries, that they were to negotiate and conclude a treaty of peace with Japan, and this failure had "evidently made Japan feel doubtful" whether those plenipotentiaries would really be appointed for the purpose. "Before any question of an armistice is raised the President feels strongly that this point should be settled by the naming of plenipotentiaries with public instructions that they are appointed to conclude a treaty of peace, this conclusion of course being subject to the ratification of the treaty by the respective home Governments."

Writing to Senator Knute Nelson of Minnesota on the same date that he made this appeal to Russia, the President revealed his uncertain state of mind about the final outcome of his labors: "I have not an idea whether I can or cannot get peace between Russia and Japan. I have done my best. I have led the horses to water, but heaven only knows whether they will drink or start kicking one another beside the trough."

A day later, June 24, he sent a letter to Charlemagne Tower, American Ambassador at Berlin, which was clearly designed to encourage the Kaiser to continue his application of pressure to the Czar:

"I greatly appreciate the Kaiser's action. Whether we can get the Japanese and Russians to make peace I do not know; but I hope you will personally tell the Kaiser how much I value what he has done, and that in my judgment it may be imperative to get his aid in order to make the Czar conclude peace. I hope that the Japanese will be moderate in what they ask, and I shall endeavor to make them moderate; but it must be kept clearly in mind that they are the victors; that their triumph has been complete and overwhelming, and that they are entitled to demand very substantial concessions as the price of peace. The difficulty will come with Russia, for she will find it hard to make up her mind to give what it is entirely right and proper that the Japanese should ask."

Matters began to move a little faster now, but the President did not relax his efforts to expedite them. On June 26 he sent a strong hint to the Russian Government that it should send its best men to the Conference to meet the best men from Japan:

"The President in accordance with the communication from Count Lamsdorff of the 25th has informed the Japanese Government that Russia consents to the meeting taking place in the first ten days of August, but that the President hopes if possible the Japanese Government will arrange to have its envoys here on the first day of August as he earnestly desires there shall be no delay. Inform Count Lamsdorff confidentially that the President understands that the Japanese Government have under consideration as their envoys Baron Komura, the Secretary of Foreign Affairs, and Mr. Takahira, Japanese Minister at Washington. The appointment of Baron Komura represents of course the very highest appointment that can be made by the Japanese Government, being equivalent, for instance, to my appointing Secretary Hay under similar circumstances. I am great-

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ly gratified at it, for it shows that Japan is sending her best men with the earnest desire to arrange for peace. I have confidentially informed the Japanese Government that in all probability one of the Russian plenipotentiaries will be Nolidoff."

RUSSIA ASKS FOR AN ARMISTICE

On June 30 Russia sent a request to the President to seek the consent of Japan to an armistice. Why his effort to secure it failed is explained in a message to Meyer on July 7:

"I did my best to get the Japanese to consent to an armistice, but they have refused, as I feared they would. Lamsdorff's trickiness has recoiled upon the Russian Government. The Japanese are entirely confident that they can win whatever they wish by force of arms, whereas they are deeply distrustful of Russia's sincerity of purpose in these peace negotiations. Russia cannot expect peace unless she makes substantial concessions, for the Japanese triumph is absolute and Russia's position critical in the extreme. I earnestly hope the Czar will see that he must at all hazards and all cost make peace with Japan now and turn his attention to internal affairs. If he does not I believe that the disaster to Russia will be so great that she will cease to count among the great powers for a generation to come—unless, indeed, as foreshadowed in your last letter, there is a revolution which makes her count as the French did after their revolution."

A letter to Senator Lodge, July 11, throws further light on the armistice request:

"At Russia's request I asked Japan for an armistice, but I did not expect that Japan would grant it, although I of course put the request as strongly as possible. Indeed, I cannot say that I really blame Japan for not granting it, for she is naturally afraid that magnanimity on her part would be misinterpreted and turned to bad account against her. The Japanese envoys have sailed and the Russians I am informed will be here by August first. I think then they can get an armistice."

On the eve of the meeting of the Conference the President was not sanguine of success. He wrote to Mr. J. St. L. Strachy, editor of the London *Spectator*, on July 17:

"The Peace Conference is about to meet, but from what I gather of Witte's (one of the Russian plenipotentiaries) attitude the chances are unfavorable for peace. The Russians, having been entirely unable to make war, seem now entirely unable to make peace, and stupidly unwilling to face the fact that when their opponents have them at their mercy the opponents have the same right to expect terms from them that they would have if they went on and treated them without mercy. It is just like two wrestlers, when one of them has the hammer-lock on the other; the latter need not give way if he does not choose to, but if he does not his arm will be broken. That is the only alternative before him. Entirely for your information I wish to say that I undertook these negotiations only at the request of Japan."

Ten days later found him assuring the Kaiser that he was working cordially with him and was grateful for his co-operation. To Mr. Tower, the American Ambassador at Berlin, he wrote on July 27, saying:

"Express to the Emperor my great obligation to him for his courtesy, my great pleasure at the way in which Germany and the United States are working together, and my feeling that this means well for the good of the world, for its peace and its progress."

No sooner had the President received the report about the attitude of Witte, one of the Russian envoys, which he mentioned in his letter to Mr. Strachy, quoted above, than he sought to turn it to advantage by communicating it to the Japanese. On July 29 he wrote to Baron Kaneko, Japan's official representative in New York:

"Will you show this letter to Baron Komura? I told Baron Komura that I had word from France that Witte had said he would not pay an indemnity. I have received another cable stating that he said he would not pay an indemnity but would consider paying at least part of Japan's expenses in the war. I suggest, therefore, that great care be used about the word indemnity and that if possible it be avoided. Of course my in-

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formation may not be accurate, as Witte may only have been speaking for effect, but equally of course if he does not object to reimbursing Japan for her expenses in the war it does not make the slightest difference to you whether it is called an indemnity or not."

Writing to Whitelaw Reid in London on July 29 he reverted to Lansdowne's statement cited in Reid's letter of June 17, already quoted, in a further effort to get aid from England:

"I think that as regards what Lansdowne said to you the trouble comes in his own statement that the English are 'indisposed to exert any pressure on Japan about terms of peace.' If by pressure anything offensive and dictatorial is meant this is all right. But it is all wrong if it means that there is no effort to get Japan to do what is best both for herself and for England, and that is to make peace instead of insisting upon terms which may prolong the war for an indefinite period."

At the same time he was laboring with the British Ambassador at Washington, Sir Mortimer Durand, for he wrote again to Reid on August 3: "Yesterday Durand was here to say that the British wished peace between Russia and Japan, but did not feel they could bring pressure on Japan. I told him just what I wrote you in my last letter—that if they really wished peace they would advise the Japs in their own interest to make it."

ARRIVAL OF THE ENVOYS

In the latter part of July the envoys of the two nations arrived in the United States. Those of Russia were Serge J. Witte, president of the Czar's Council of Ministers and ex-Ministers of Finance, and Baron Rosen, who succeeded Cassini as Russian Ambassador at Washington; those of Japan were Baron Komura, and Takahira, Japanese Minister at Washington. Witte brought with him this autograph letter from the Czar:

"PETERHOF, July 18, 1905.

"DEAR MR. ROOSEVELT:

"I take the opportunity of Mr. Witte's departure for Washington to express to you my feelings of sincere friendship.

"Thanks to your initiative the Russian and Japanese delegates are going to meet in your country to discuss the possible terms of peace between both belligerents.

"I have instructed Mr. Witte, Secretary of State, and my Ambassador in the United States, Baron Rosen—how far Russia's concession can go toward meeting Japan's propositions.

"I need not tell you that I have full confidence that you will do all that lies in your power to bring the peace negotiations to a satisfactory conclusion.

Believe me

Yours truly,

NICHOLAS."

Soon after their arrival the envoys, each pair going separately, called upon Roosevelt at his residence in Oyster Bay, where he was spending the summer. On August 5 he received the four envoys formally on board the U. S. S. *Mayflower* in the harbor of the town. In behalf of the government, he had placed a war-vessel at the disposal of each of the two sets of envoys, and they went from New York on board these vessels to Oyster Bay. On arrival they were transferred to the *Mayflower*, on which the President was waiting to receive them. He greeted them informally, introduced the envoys of the two nations to each other, and while chatting with them slowly moved into the saloon of the *Mayflower*, where a luncheon was spread, so conducting them that as they moved into the room no one could tell who went first. There were no chairs about the luncheon-table and consequently all peril of giving offense by precedence in seating was avoided. Everything had been carefully arranged in advance by the President in order that no sign of favoritism on his part could be detected, and all passed off as planned. At the close of the luncheon the President said:

"Gentlemen, I propose a toast to which there will be no answer and which I ask you to drink in silence, standing. I drink to the welfare and prosperity of the sovereigns and peoples of the two great nations whose representatives have met one another on this ship. It is my most earnest hope and prayer, in the interest of not only these two great powers but of all mankind, that a just and lasting peace may speedily be concluded between them."

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The gathering then separated and the envoys, each pair on a separate war-ship, with the *Mayflower* in attendance for such use as might be desired by them, departed for Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where quarters had been arranged for the sittings of the Conference on arrival there.

The meeting of the envoys on the *Mayflower* was attended by a great fleet of private yachts and other water-craft, and attracted attention all over the world as a memorable historic event, unlike any that had hitherto occurred in any land. I spent the night following the meeting with the President at Oyster Bay, and found him weary but much pleased with the result. He said he had looked forward to the meeting with anxiety, realizing that a single slip of any kind on his part that could be construed as favoring one set of envoys more than the other would be fatal. No such slip had occurred and he believed that the first and a very important step toward a successful outcome had been taken. He was fully aware that the attention of the whole world was concentrated upon him, and that if he failed to secure peace, universal condemnation would be his portion. But as he said in many of his letters, so he said to me: "I thought it my plain duty to make the effort. I have done my best to succeed and shall continue to do it to the end."

ROOSEVELT MASTER OF THE CONFERENCE

From the moment the Conference began its sessions the President kept a close watch upon its proceedings, was thoroughly informed of the situation at all times, and was ceaseless in his efforts to bring about a favorable result by exerting pressure where it would be effective. It may be said with truth that he was himself the Conference, for he was its guiding and controlling force. Its final agreement was the one which at the outset he had told both the envoys and their governments that they should make. Whenever the envoys hesitated and showed signs of disposition or inability to agree, he sent remonstrance and appeal both to them and to their home governments, warning them of the serious consequences of failure. By persuading those governments to accept his views he won success in the end, for it was under direct instructions from Tokio and St. Petersburg that the envoys came to an agreement. That this is an accurate statement of the case is clearly revealed by the President's messages and letters at the time.

When late in August the envoys were virtually at a deadlock, the President sent a long cable message to Ambassador Meyer at St. Petersburg instructing him to see the Czar immediately and personally deliver it to him. In this he earnestly asked the Czar to believe that in what he was about to say and to advise he spoke "as the earnest well-wisher of Russia," and gave him the advice which he would give him were he a Russian patriot and statesman. He then told him that the Japanese had abandoned certain demands which he himself had felt it would be improper for Russia to yield to, and to his "surprise and pleasure" had offered terms upon which he thought a just and honorable peace could be obtained; that it seemed to him that it would be a "dreadful calamity" to have the war continued when such a peace was obtainable, adding: "Every consideration of national self-interest, of military expediency and of broad humanity, makes it eminently wise for Russia to conclude peace substantially along these lines, and it is my hope and prayer that your Majesty may take this view."

On the following day, August 22, he sent a confidential letter to Baron Kaneko, official representative of the Japanese Government, at New York, which he said he would be glad to have him cable to his home government. In this he said he thought he should tell Kaneko that on all sides he heard a good deal of complaint among friends of Japan as to the possibility of Japan's continuing the war for a large indemnity, and strongly urged Japan not to take that course, since if taken it would cause the spilling of an immense amount of blood, and Russia would be in no condition to give any money at all—certainly not enough to make up the extra amount spent. "Moreover," he concluded, "I feel, of course, that every interest of civilization and humanity forbids the continuance of this war merely for an indemnity."

One day later, August 23, he supple-

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mented this appeal with another in which he gave specific reasons why Japan should not continue the war in order to get an indemnity, and added: "Ethically it seems to me that Japan owes a duty to the world at this crisis. The civilized world looks to her to make peace; the nations believe in her; let her show her leadership in matters ethical no less than in matters military. The appeal is made to her in the name of all that is lofty and noble; and to this appeal I hope she will not be deaf."

A BUSY DAY FOR ROOSEVELT

August 23 was a very busy day even for the President. In addition to appealing direct to the Mikado, he sought to reach the Czar through Witte, one of the Russian envoys. A previous effort of this kind had resulted in his message reaching the Czar in a form which led to a misinterpretation of the President's meaning. On this occasion he requested that His Majesty should himself receive it so that there might be "no possible question of misinterpretation." After stating the terms of peace upon which the envoys were agreed, eliminating all others as unimportant, he said in this message: "To decline to make peace on those terms it seems to me is to invite terrible disaster to Russia, and I should hate to be responsible for the possibility of such disaster when the alternative is an absolutely just and honorable peace along the lines indicated."

Again, on August 23, he made one more attempt to induce England to bring pressure on Japan. He sent a message to Sir Mortimer Durand, British Ambassador, who was at Lenox, Mass., stating the points of agreement and disagreement between the Russian and Japanese envoys as they had developed in the Conference, and saying: "In my judgment every true friend of Japan should tell it as I have already told it, that the opinion of the civilized world will not support it in continuing the war merely for the purpose of extorting money from Russia. I wish your people could get my view." Writing to Henry White, Ambassador to Italy, on the same date, he said:

"I am in the last throes of trying to get the Russians and Japanese to make peace. The Russians are the worst, because they stand up with Chinese or Byzantine folly and insist, as Witte has just written me, that Russia will not admit itself vanquished—making it all that I can do not to tell them some straightforward truths in uncomplimentary language. On the other hand, the Japanese have no business to continue the war merely for the sake of getting money and they will defeat their own ends if they do so. The English Government has been foolishly reluctant to advise Japan to be reasonable, and in this respect has not shown well compared to the attitude of the German and French Governments in being willing to advise Russia. I have not much hope of a favorable result, but I will do what I can."

Turning his attention once more to the Czar, also on August 23, he sent a message to him through Ambassador Meyer outlining the terms he had suggested to the envoys for final agreement, and saying: "Please send this supplementary cable to His Majesty at once and further explain that I of course cannot be sure Japan will act on my suggestions, but that I know she ought to, and that if Russia accedes to them I shall try my best to get Japan to accede to them also."

The crisis arrived on August 27. On the previous day the Mikado sent this reply to the President's appeal, made through Baron Kaneko on August 22:

"The Imperial Government highly appreciate the singleness of purpose and lofty intention with which the President has always exerted his powerful influence in the interest of civilization and humanity. They beg to express their cordial thanks for the sincere and useful advice which the President having regard to the sentiment in America and other countries has been good enough, at this juncture, to tender them. The Imperial Government will have no hesitation in acting on the advice, and they will accordingly, in the matter of the amount of compensation, consent to make still further concessions."

HOPE ABANDONED BY THE JAPANESE

The promised "concessions" did not apparently reach the Japanese envoys on August 27, or if received were not satis-

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factory to the Russians, for on that day the Japanese envoys abandoned all hope of peace. Baron Kaneko forwarded to the President from New York a telegram that he had received from Baron Komura, one of the envoys, which, wrote Kaneko, caused him to "fear from its tone that the last day has come." The telegram read: "At the sitting this afternoon a confidential talk with the Russian plenipotentiaries has been held at which M. Witte expressed that there was absolutely no hope for him to obtain the consent of the Russian Government to concede to the last Japanese compromise. In reference to this he mentioned that even in regard to the matters concerning Manchuria which have already been agreed upon at negotiations, the military party in Russia considers that Russia has gone much beyond the limit, which fact leaves no room for them to seriously consider the questions of compensation and cession of Saghalien, and their feeling is bitter against any further concession. In the face of these facts M. Witte regarded that any further attempt, on his part, to a successful conclusion of the conference was absolutely beyond his power. Whereupon, after agreeing to have a final meeting on next Monday afternoon, the meeting was adjourned.

"Such being the case, I consider that the last hope for peace is gone. Therefore I request that you will kindly inform the President to that effect at once. Your telegram concerning your interview with the President and his advice has already been cabled to the Tokio Government."

On August 28 Komura sent another telegram to Kaneko, who forwarded it to the President with the remark: "I fear that before this letter reaches you we may hear an awful result of the conference."

This telegram read:

"Owing to the delay of the final instruction from the Government, Minister Takahira calling on M. Witte last evening suggested the postponement of to-day's sitting until to-morrow—Tuesday. M. Witte's reply was as follows:

"'Concerning the problems of indemnity and cession of Saghalien, on which we could not agree, the President has tendered, through the American Ambassador, an advice to the Czar, to which the latter has replied that under no circumstances could he consider any further concession whatever. For the second time, however, the President instructed the Ambassador to present his counsel to the Czar, which the former put in a letter, and requested Count Lamsdorff to present to the Czar. But, on receipt of the letter, the Czar marked on it, "No further consideration" and put it aside. Furthermore, I am under the strictest instruction, which absolutely forbids me to propose any new proposition, or enter upon discussion on a new compromise, which you may make concerning the two problems—indemnity and the cession of Saghalien. There is of course no objection as to the postponement of to-morrow's sitting. But, I do not hesitate to say there is no way now open for me to further discuss on the subject, and even if you propose a new solution of the problem, unless it comes within the scope of the Czar's reply to the President, I am unable even to transmit such proposition to the Government.'

"I am profoundly appreciating the earnest and sincere effort with which the President has been trying to assist us for the interests of peace and humanity. But the above being the Czar's position, as presented by M. Witte, I grieve extremely to put the President into so much trouble to make another attempt to persuade the Czar, through the Kaiser, which, I know, from the words of M. Witte, to be of no avail whatever."

When these cries of despair reached the President he made a final effort to force an agreement. Direct to the Kaiser he sent this message, at the same time sending a copy of it to the Mikado:

"Peace can be obtained on the following terms: Russia to pay no indemnity whatever and to receive back north half of Saghalien, for which it is to pay to Japan whatever amount a mixed commission may determine. This is my proposition, to which the Japanese have assented reluctantly and only under strong pressure from me. The plan is for each of the contending parties to name an equal number of members of the commission and for them themselves to name the

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odd number. The Japanese assert that Witte has in principle agreed that Russia should pay something to get back the north half of Saghalien and indeed he intimated to me that they might buy it back at a reasonable figure, something on the scale of that for which Alaska was sold to the United States.

"These terms which strike me as extremely moderate I have not presented in this form to the Russian Emperor. I feel that you have more influence with him than either I or any one else can have. As this situation is exceedingly strained and the relations between the plenipotentiaries critical to a degree, immediate action is necessary. Can you not take the initiative by presenting these terms at once to him? Your success in the matter will make the entire civilized world your debtor. This proposition virtually relegates all the unsettled issues of the war to the arbitration of a mixed commission as outlined above, and I am unable to see how Russia can refuse your request if in your wisdom you see fit to make it."

THE VICTORY WON

Success crowned this last appeal, for on August 29 there came to the Japanese envoys a message from Tokio, which Baron Kaneko forwarded to the President:

"The Emperor, after presiding at a Cabinet Council, decided to withdraw the demand of money payment for the cost of war entirely, if Russia recognize the occupation of Saghalien island by Japan, because the Emperor regards humanity and civilization far more than his nation's welfare."

"This is, of course," commented Baron Kaneko, "exactly the line of policy you wrote to me in your two last letters which were submitted to the Emperor."

Later on the same day Baron Kaneko again wrote to the President: "The Peace is concluded at last! Our Emperor has decided on the line of policy you suggested in your letters to me, as you know these two letters were transmitted by cable to our Government.

"Your advice to us was very powerful and convincing, by which the peace of Asia was secured. Both Russia and Japan owe to you this happy conclusion, and your name shall be remembered with the peace and prosperity of Asia."

An agreement was reached on August 29, on the terms laid down by the President, and on September 5 a treaty of peace embodying them was signed. When the agreement was announced the whole world broke into a joyous pæan of praise for Roosevelt. Newspapers of all parties and all lands joined in it. Messages of congratulation poured in upon him from crowned heads and the leading men of his own and other countries. The most interesting, of course, were the following:

"NEUES PALAIS, August 29.

"PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT:

"Just read cable from America announcing agreement of peace conference on preliminaries of peace; am overjoyed; express most sincere congratulations at the great success due to your untiring efforts. The whole of mankind must unite and will do so in thanking you for the great boon you have given it.

WILLIAM I. R."

"PETERHOF, ALEXANDRIA, Aug. 31.

"PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT:

"Accept my congratulations and warmest thanks for having brought the peace negotiations to a successful conclusion owing to your personal energetic efforts. My country will gratefully recognize the great part you have played in the Portsmouth Peace Conference.

NICHOLAS."

"TOKYO, Sept. 3, 1905.

"THE PRESIDENT:

"I have received with gratification your message of congratulations conveyed through our plenipotentiaries, and thank you warmly for it. To your disinterested and unremitting efforts of peace and humanity I attach the high value which is their due, and assure you of my grateful appreciation of the distinguished part you have taken in the establishment of peace based upon principles essential to the permanent welfare and tranquillity of the Far East.

HUTSUHITO."
(Mikado.)

Whitelaw Reid wrote from London on

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September 11 that at a luncheon where King Edward was present the latter had said to him that he "was simply lost in admiration for the President; that nobody else could have done it; and that it was not made any easier by the Czar, who was evidently afraid to have his army return."

ROOSEVELT CONSIDERED HIMSELF OVERPRAISED

Roosevelt was quite calm under it all, as he invariably was when action of his won strong approval. Writing to his brother-in-law, Douglas Robinson, on August 21, he said, with unjust criticism in the past clearly in mind:

"Don't be misled by the fact that just at the moment men are speaking well of me. They will speak ill soon enough. As Mr. Loeb remarked to me to-day, some time soon I shall have to spank some little brigand of a South American Republic, and then all the well-meaning idiots will turn and shriek that this is inconsistent with what I did with the peace conference, whereas it will be exactly in line with it in reality. Of course I am very much pleased at the outcome. I tried as far as it was humanly possible to get the chances my way, and looked the ground over very carefully before I took action. Nevertheless, I was taking big chances and I knew it, and I am very glad things came out as they did. I can honestly say, however, that my personal feelings in the matter have seemed to be of very, very small account compared to the great need of trying to do something which it seemed to me the interests of the whole world demanded to be done."

To Senator Lodge, September 2: "I am very much pleased to have put the thing through. I am almost ashamed to say that while physically in fine trim the last three months have left me feeling rather tired, because from a variety of causes I have not had at hand to advise with the Cabinet Ministers who were dealing with the subjects that were at the moment the most important, and so have had to run everything myself without any intermediaries."

To his daughter Alice (Mrs. Nicholas Longworth), on the same date:

"I have had all kinds of experiences with the envoys and with the governments, and to the two latter I finally had to write time after time as a very polite but also very insistent Dutch Uncle. I am amused to see the way in which the Japanese kept silent. Whenever I wrote a letter to the Czar the Russians were sure to divulge it, almost always in twisted form, but the outside world never had so much as a hint of any letter I sent to the Japanese. The Russians became very angry with me during the course of the proceedings because they thought I was only writing to them.

"It is enough to give any one a sense of sardonic amusement to see the way in which the people generally, not only in my own country, but elsewhere, gauge the work purely by the fact that it succeeded. If I had not brought about peace I should have been laughed at and condemned. Now I am overpraised. I am credited with being extremely long-headed, etc. As a matter of fact I took the position I finally did not of my own volition but because events so shaped themselves that I would have felt as if I was flinching from a plain duty if I had acted otherwise."

A note which the President wrote to the German Ambassador at Washington, Count Speck von Sternberg, on September 6, shows how cordially and promptly the Kaiser co-operated with Roosevelt in bringing pressure on the Czar: "If you see His Majesty tell him (but only for his own ear) that in Meyer's last audience with the Czar the latter commented upon the fact that whenever Meyer made a visit to him, simultaneously there came a cable from the German Emperor. I think this may amuse the Emperor."

To Whitelaw Reid, in London, he wrote on September 11: "The Kaiser stood by me like a trump. I did not get much direct assistance from the English Government, but I did get indirect assistance, for I learned that they forwarded to Japan my note to Durand, and I think that the signing of the Anglo-Japanese treaty made Japan feel comparatively safe as to the future."

For his services in securing peace Roosevelt was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. Never was prize more fully earned or more worthily bestowed.

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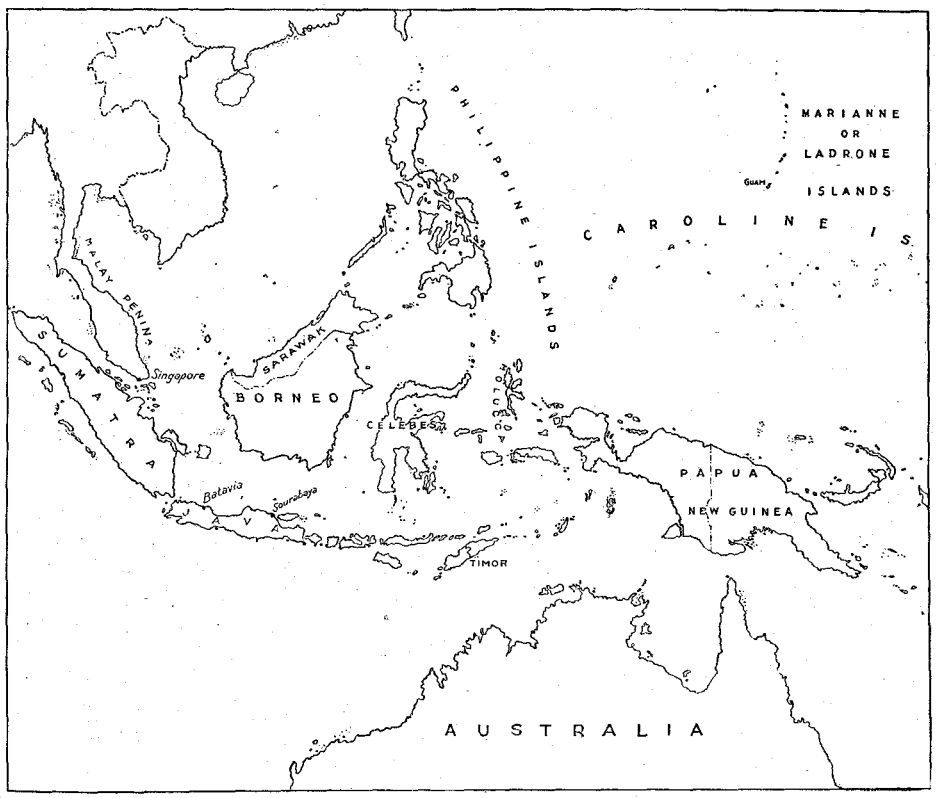

The British Indies and surrounding countries.

THE HEAD-HUNTERS OF BORNEO

BY CARL LUMHOLTZ

Author of "Among Cannibals," "Unknown Mexico," "Through Central Borneo," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

WHEN in 1914 I found myself in the Dutch Indies preparing for an exploration in New Guinea, the war broke out and prevented me from carrying out my purpose. Instead, I decided to make a journey through Central Borneo, for the realization of which I received the hearty co-operation of His Excellency, the governor-general of the Dutch Indies, and of the officials. Altogether two years were spent in that great island of the Malay Archipelago and I returned to civilization with good results both as regards the study of the native tribes and securing of specimens of natural history.

Borneo, the second largest island on the globe, and situated in the equatorial regions, has a warm and remarkably even climate, the thermometer in the inland rarely reaching above 85° F. in the shade. Rain is copious and the island is covered with vast jungles where orchids, pitcher-plants, and other tropical creations find their greatest development. Among animals may be noted, in the north, elephants, in the interior, herds of wild cattle and many wonderful species of monkeys, like the one provided

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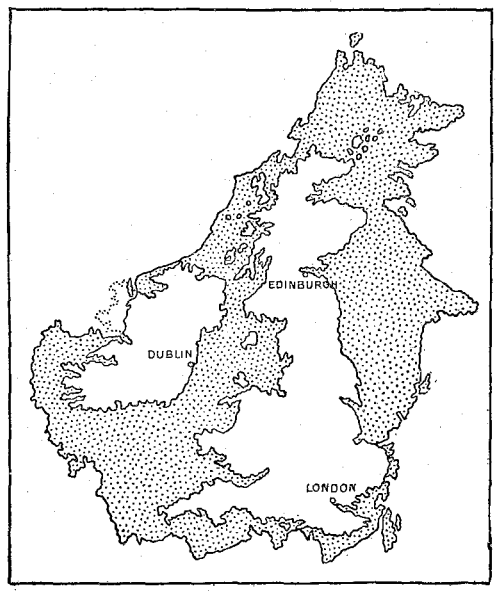
with a long nose, the gibbons, and, above all, the orang-utan, the great manlike ape.

Although the numerous tribes of Borneo do not call themselves Dayaks, still this designation is usually applied to them, and for the sake of convenience I use this name in the same way as the term American Indians is used to include a great many different tribes. These Dayaks have always, since the island was brought to the knowledge of civilization, had a good reputation with white travellers. They are trustworthy and do not tell lies. At the same time they cannot help being attractive through their artistic gifts; even the woodpile in the house is never arranged carelessly, and they make superb carvings in bone or wood.



Borneo (dotted surface) as compared in size with the British Isles (white). [After Wallace.]

On the other hand, they are distinguished by the revolting habit of taking heads from neighboring tribes and bringing them to their kampongs (villages) to serve religious purposes. During my travels through that country I was told much about head-hunting, especially when I stayed with the Penihings in central Borneo, a tribe which had never been studied before. Although this custom, through the interference of civilized governments, has now reached a stage in which it gradually will cease to exist, nevertheless, the memory is fresh in the tribes that were visited by me, and among a few like the Ibans of the British possessions, the Kenyahs in Apo Kayan, and the Penihings on the Mahakam River, head-hunting dies hard.

The Penihings still live in dread of the head-hunting raids of the Ibans of Sarawak, and the probability of such attacks no doubt caused the recent establishment of a garrison at Long Kai. The Long-Glats on the Merasi, a northern tributary to the Mahakam, are also constantly on guard against the Ibans. Until lately these inveterate head-hunters would cross the mountains, make prahus, (native boats) then travel down the upper Mahakam, and commit serious depredations among the kampongs, killing whomsoever they could, the others fleeing to the mountains. As one Penihing chief expressed it to me, "the river was full of their prahus from the Kasao River to Long Blu." Their last visit was in 1912, when the Bukats reported that a number of Ibans had arrived at the headwaters of the river, but the raid did not materialize, and they retired without making prahus. These raids have naturally brought about much intermingling of the tribes on the Mahakam River, and sometimes three or more may be found living in one kampong.

About twenty years ago there was much fighting in these remote parts of Borneo among Penihings, Saputans, Penjabongs, and Bukats, each tribe making head-hunting raids into the dominions of another, and all being constantly exposed to the fury of the Ibans from the north. Head-hunting raids may include assaults on kampongs, but very often they are cowardly attacks on small groups of unsuspecting people, men, women, and children. The heads thus secured appear to be as highly valued as those acquired under more heroic conditions. The fact is also noteworthy that the heads of

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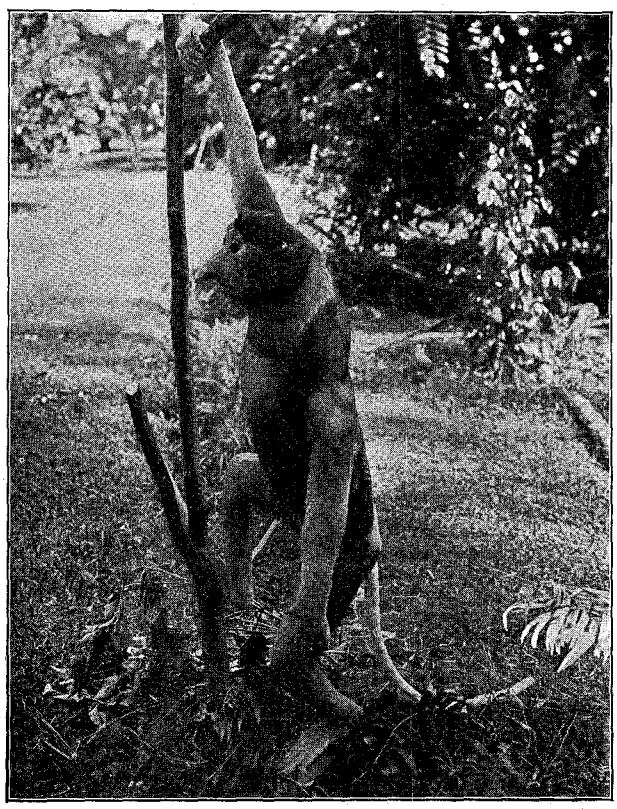
Malays are appreciated, but, with few exceptions, not those of white people. Several times I heard of Malay rattan or rubber gatherers who had been disposed of in that way. The head is severed by one stroke.

As a typical case of head-hunting I give the following description of a raid which, twelve years previous to my visit, was made by ten Bukats upon a small party of Saputans who were on a babi (wild pig) hunt. Among the Penjabongs, Saputans, Punans, and Penihings a woman may accompany her husband or another man on the chase, carry a spear, and assist in killing pig or deer. Bear she does not tackle, but, as my informant said, "even all men do not like to do that." She also carries her own parang (sword) with which she may kill small pigs and cut down obstacles in her path. The hunting-party, one man and three women, had been successful. The babi had been killed with spears and, in accordance with custom, the head had been cut off with a parang. The carcass had been cut up and the three women carried the meat in the coarse-meshed rattan bags on their backs, while the man bore the head on his shoulder, all homeward bound, when the Bukats attacked them. Only one woman escaped.



The long-nosed monkey, *nasalis larvatus*, peculiar to Borneo.

This extraordinary animal, light red in color, has sometimes been observed in droves of over one hundred passing overhead through the jungle.

The slayers hurried off with the three heads, being afraid of the people of the kampong which was not far away. As usual the heads were tied by the hair to the handle of the shield, and were thus carried to the place where the rattan bags had been left, inside of which they were then placed.

After taking heads the men are on the run for two or three days, travelling at night with torches, and in the evening they make a big fire to dry them. The brains, because of the weight, may have been taken out the first evening; this is done through the foramen, and a hole is made with a spear point in the top of the skull. The hair has first been cut off and taken care of, to be tied as ornaments to shields or plaited round the handle of the sword. The Katingans, however, throw away the hair with the flesh. Apprehensive of pursuit, they may dry the head but a little while each night, grass being tied round it when carried. Sometimes damar (resin) is used to dry the flesh and the eyes.

The last night out the head-hunters always sleep near their kampong, and early next morning, while it is still dark, they come singing. The people of the kampong waken, array themselves in their best finery, and go to meet them, the women wearing their newest skirts and bringing pieces of nice cloth to present

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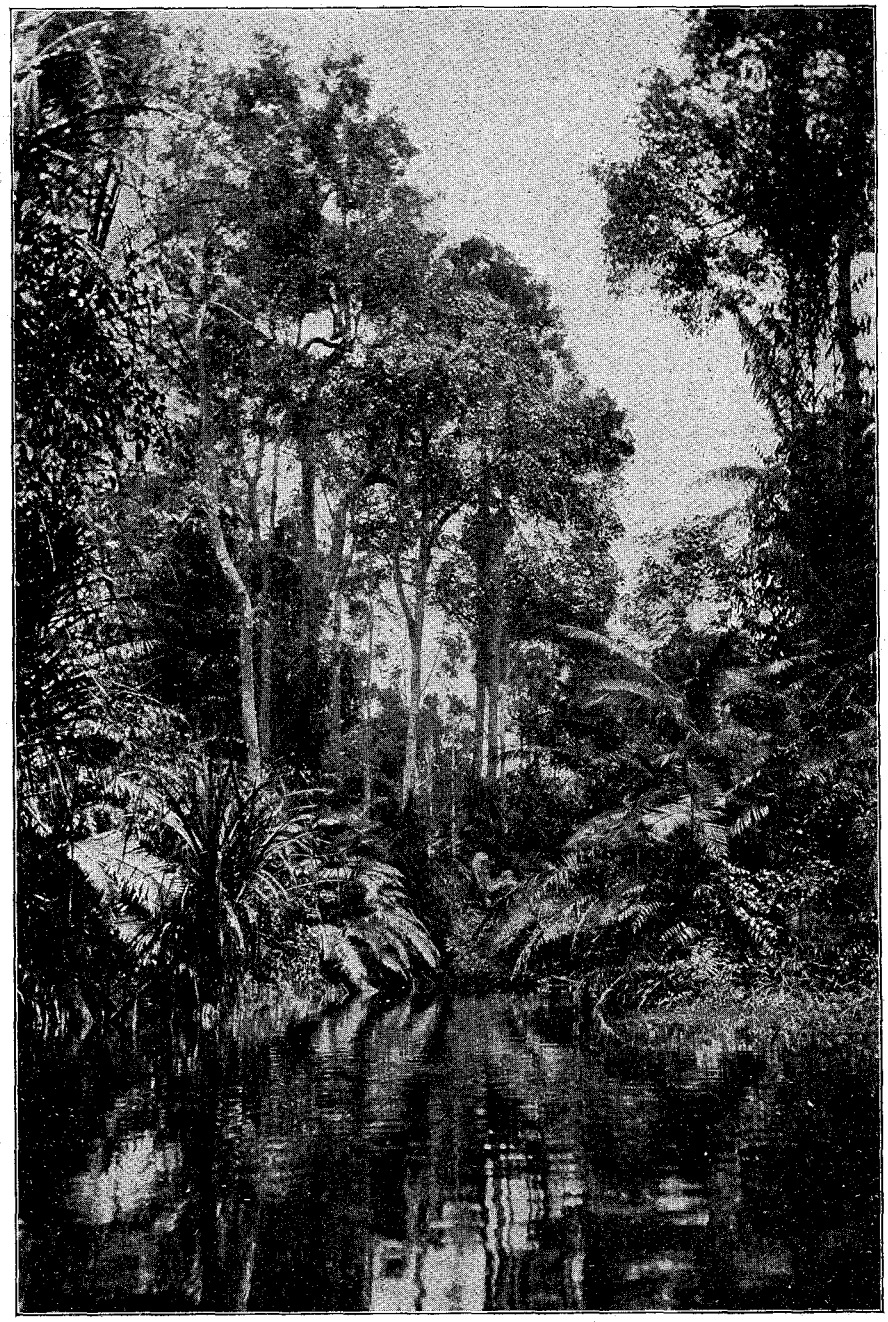

In the jungle of southern Borneo near the Sampit River.

to the conquerors. The man who cut the head carries it suspended from his neck until it is taken from him by a woman who gives him the cloth to wear instead, possibly as a badge of heroism. It makes no difference whether this service is performed by his wife, an unmarried woman, or another man's wife. The singing ceases and all proceed to the kampong, to the house of the kapala (chief),

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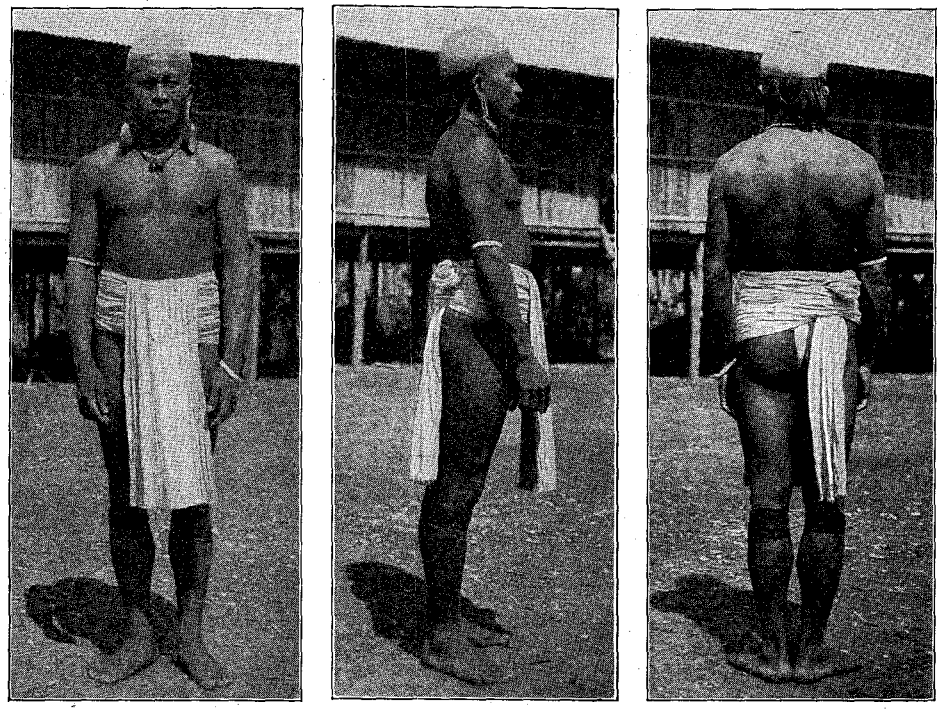

A Kenyah man, front, side, and back view.
From the kampong of Long Pelaban on the Kayan River.

where the heads are hung from the beam at the head of the ladder, and the cloths which were bestowed upon the victors are returned to the women. The heads are left hanging, while for the festivities connected with their arrival a hut, called mangosáng, is constructed, consisting of an airy shelter made of two rows of bamboo stalks supported against each other and profusely adorned with the inevitable wood shavings.

The head-hunters, who must take their food apart from their associates and in the presence of the heads, now bring water from the river to boil rice, in bamboo, outside on the gallery. When the cooking is finished the heads are brought to take part in the meal, being hung near the place where the men are to eat and about half a metre above the floor, to be out of reach of dogs. A pinch of rice is put into the hole at the top of the skull and the head is addressed in the following words: "Eat this rice first. Don't be angry. Take care of me. Make this body of mine well." During the period of restrictions imposed on the hunters the heads remain at the same place, sharing the meals as described.

For twelve days the hunters do no work and refrain from eating meat, vegetables, fish, salt, and red pepper, rice being the only permissible food. They are obliged to take their food on the gallery, and those who have never been on such expeditions before must also sleep there during that time. A man who has taken part three or more times may join his wife, but he must take his meals on the gallery. When twelve days have passed no more food is given to the heads, which are hung on the beam again, three to five being placed together in a rattan basket, with leaves around them. At the triennial festival, tása, blood of pig or fowl mixed with uncooked rice, is offered to the heads.

Usually the head-hunting raids were, and are still to a limited extent, carried far away into distant regions and may occupy several months. The Saputans, who were devotees to the custom, would

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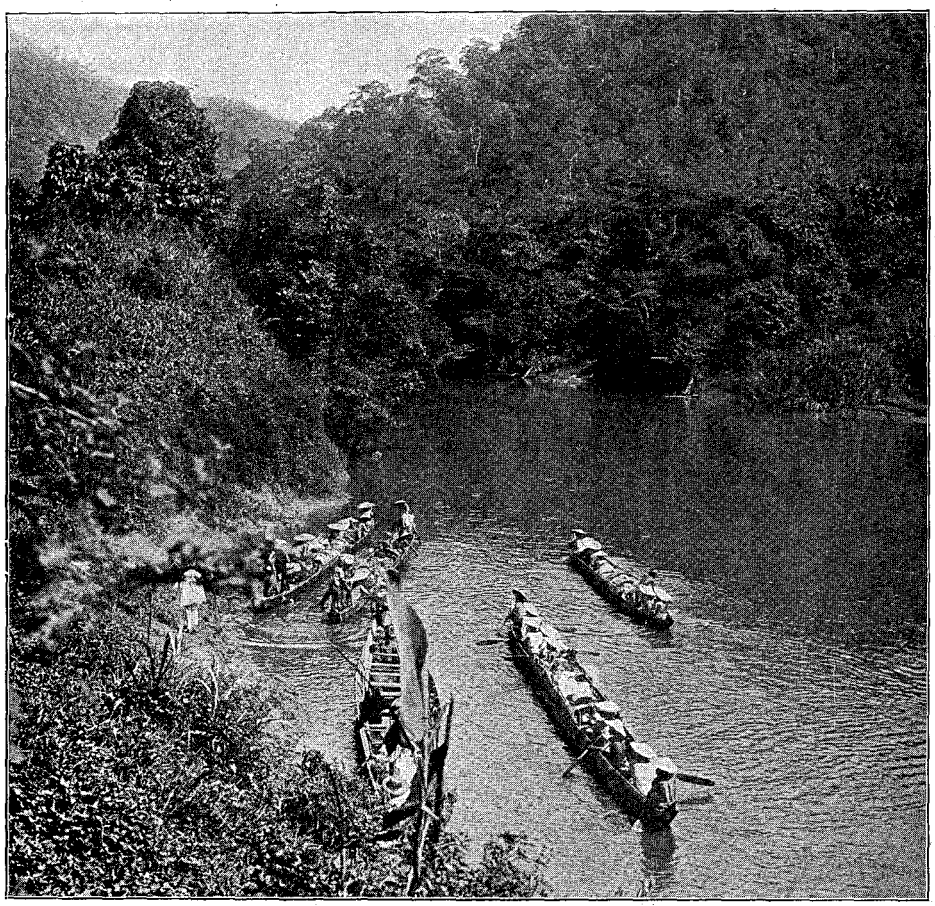
go as far as the river Melawi in the southwest, to Sarawak in the north, as well as to the Murung or Upper Barito River in the east. Sometimes only two to five men would go, but usually there were about ten—an equal number remaining behind in the kampong. Controleur W. J. Michielsen relates an instance of a Dayak from Serayan, whose daughter had been killed by a Katingan head-hunter, who pursued the marauders to their homes, and, on the occasion of the festivities incident to the return of the members of the raid, he cut the head from the murderer of his child while the celebration was in progress. His action was so sudden that they were totally unprepared, and no attempt was made to prevent his escape with the head.

In times gone by when a Saputan man, woman, or child died it was the custom for a member of the family to go forth to look for a head. In the case of an ordinary person one was deemed sufficient, but for a chief five to ten were necessary. When taking a head a cut was made in the slain man's chest with a parang; into the wound the raiders then put their forefingers and sucked the blood from them.

Each head-hunter carried rice in a rattan basket, but he depended for food mainly on sago-palms and wild animals that were killed. After such an expedition has been determined upon the preparations may occupy a year or even longer, but usually about three months. When all is ready for a start a delay of



Travelling Kenyahs starting in the morning from the kampong of Long Pangian on the Kayan River.
Two or three months may be consumed before they reach their distant homes in Apo Kayan.

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from one to four days may be caused by unfavorable interference of an omen bird. Should a bird chance to repeat the omen when another start is made, the party must return to the kampong and wait a long time. The Dayaks are very much guided in their actions by omens taken not only from birds but also from incidents, and merely to hear a certain bird is sufficient reason to change all plans.

Men of the Penihing tribe on the Mahakam River in Central Borneo.

The centre figure wears a tunic of ancient pattern which is padded for the sake of protection in fights.

When leaving their kampong to take part in an expedition to New Guinea the Penihings heard the cry of a bird called tarratjan, and requested the lieutenant in charge to wait four days. He replied, naturally, that the company (government) does not employ birds in making decisions, and while the Dayaks offered no further objection, they declared to him that one of them would surely die. According to my informant it so happened that before arriving at the island one man died. If at such a time a large tree should be seen falling, he said, then they would like to give up the trip to New Guinea entirely, but being afraid of the company they go notwithstanding the warning.

In case a head-hunting party observes a large tree to fall, the expedition is relinquished, and if any young men took part they can never join another venture of the same kind. Old and experienced men, after the lapse of a year, may resume operations. In case of meeting a centipede a head-hunting expedition must return immediately to the kampong, and for four years no such enterprise can be undertaken.

The purposes of head-hunting are manifold. The slain man is believed to change into a servant and assistant in the next life. When a chief dies it becomes an essential duty to provide him with heads, which are deposited on his grave as sacrifices, and the souls of which serve him in the next life. Heads taken for the benefit of kampong people are hung in the house of the kapala, to counteract misfortune and to confer all manner of benefits. An important point is that the presence of the heads from other tribes, or rather of the souls residing in them, compels evil antoes (spirits) to depart. A kampong thus becomes purified, free from disease. The killing of a fowl is not sufficient to accomplish this, that of a pig helps a little, a water-buffalo more; but to kill a man and bring the head makes the kampong completely clean.

With the Katingans a head hanging in the house is considered a far better

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guardian than the wooden figures called kapatongs, which play an important part in the life of that tribe. Any fear of resentment on the part of the liao (departed soul) residing in the head is precluded by their belief that the Katingan anto gave him the order to watch.

"If no heads are brought in there will be much illness, poor harvest, little fruit, fish will not come up the river as far as our kampong, and the dogs will not care to pursue pigs," I was told by a Penihing who had taken part in a head-hunt and served his sentence in Sourabaia. "But are not people angry at losing their heads?" I asked him. "No," he answered, "we give the heads food on their arrival and every month afterward, and make fire every evening to keep them warm. If they feel cold, then they get angry." The man who has taken a head is considered a hero by the women, and if unmarried is certain to secure a desirable wife, but it is erroneous to assert that the taking of a head was or is a necessary condition to marriage.

The government of the Dutch Indies, with energy and success, is eradicating the evil head-hunting custom. Military expeditions involving great expense from time to time are sent into remote regions to capture a handful of culprits. By exercising tact it is not difficult finally to locate the malefactors, and indeed the tribe may deliver them. It must be remembered that the Dayaks themselves have no idea that there is anything wrong in taking heads, and the government very wisely does not impose the death penalty, but the transgressor is taken to Sourabaia, on Java, to undergo some years of hard labor—from four to six, I understand. To "go to Sourabaia" is extremely distasteful to the natives, and has proved a most effective deterrent. On account of their forced stay at this remote island city such Dayaks learn to speak Malay and several times I have employed them. They are usually among the best men of the kampong, resourceful, reliable, and intelligent, and may serve also as interpreters.

Penihing women on their daily tour to fetch water from the river in bamboo receptacles.

Three such trips are made in a day and usually a bath is taken on each trip.

In his report on a journey to the Katingans in 1909 Captain J. J. M. Hageman says:

"By nature the Dayak is a good-tempered man. The head-hunting should not be charged against him as a dastardly deed; for him it is an adat (religious observance). In the second place, he possesses very good traits of character, as evidenced by his hospitality and generosity. Our soldiers, some sixty in number, obtained

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A Kenyah in full war attire, a brother of the chief of Long Pelaban on the Kayan River.

He had recently returned from Samarinda, where he had served one year's imprisonment for having taken a minor part in a head-hunting raid in Apo Kayan.

a meal immediately in every kampong. When a Dayak goes on a journey in a friendly region he may be sure of receiving shelter and food in every house.

"They are distrustful of foreigners, but if he has gained their confidence they give assistance freely in every respect. Loving their liberty in a high degree they

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Blians, or medicine-men, from Tumbang Marowei on the Laon River, in the tribe of the Murungs.

prefer not to be ordered. The cowardly manner in which they cut heads is no criterion of their courage."

It would not be in accordance with facts to suppose that head-hunting has altogether been eliminated in Borneo. It is too closely identified with the religious life of the natives, but in time a substitute probably will be found, just as the sacrifice of the water-buffalo sup-

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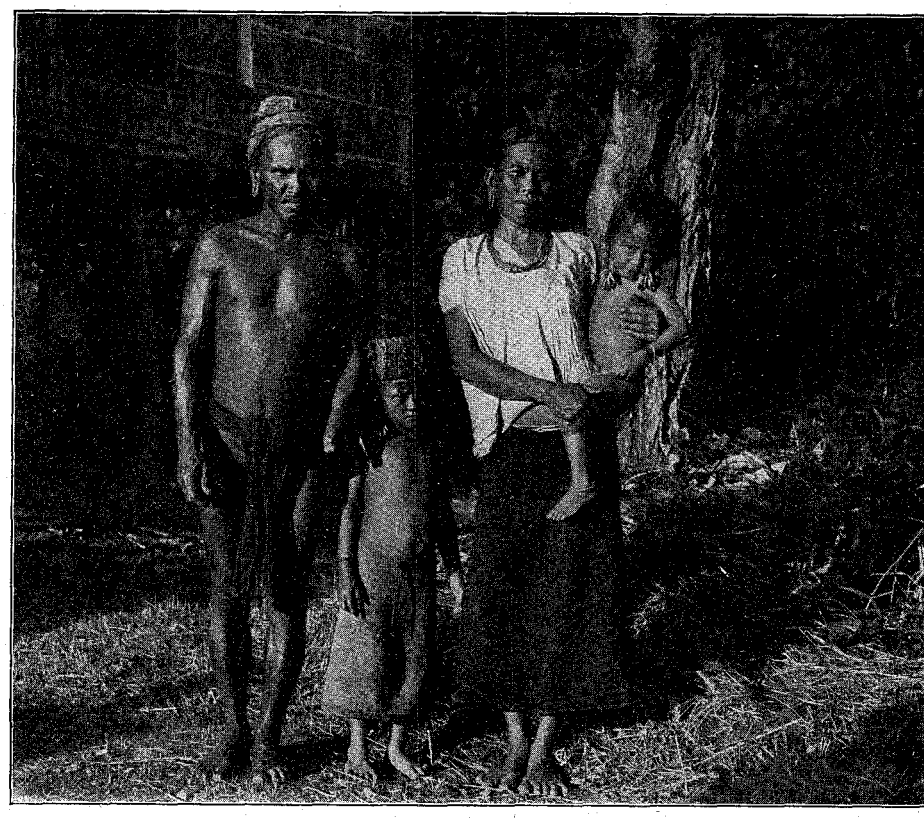

Kayan family in Kaburau on the Kayan River.
The man lost his left hand in a fight with a crocodile which attacked his boat at dawn.

planted that of slaves. The most recent case that came to my notice on the Mahakam was a Penihing raid from Long Tjehan to the Upper Barito five years previously, in which four Murung heads were taken.

It is extraordinary that such a revolting habit is practised in a race the ethics of which otherwise might serve as a model for many so-called civilized communities, these natives being free to an unusual degree from the fault of appropriating what belongs to others and from untruthfulness. The fact that the Dayaks are amiable in disposition and inclined to timidity renders this phase of their character still more inexplicable. The inevitable conclusion is that they are driven to this outrage by religious influences and lose their self-control. As of related interest I here note what Dr. J. M. Elshout, who had recently returned from Apo Kayan, communicated to me. He had spent three years at the garrison of Long Nawang among the fine Kenyahs and spoke the language. "As soon as one enters upon the subject of taking heads one no longer knows the Kenyah. Of his mild and pacific disposition little or nothing remains. Unbounded ferocity and wantonness, treachery and faithlessness, play a very great part; of courage, as we understand the meaning of the word, there is seldom a trace. It is a victory over the brua (soul) of the man who lost his head, and the slayer's own brua becomes stronger thereby. If opportunity is given they will take heads even if they are on a commercial trip. Outsiders, even if they have been staying a long time in the kampong, run a risk of losing their heads."

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TALKS WITH FOUR MONARCHS

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF GEORGE VON LENGERKE MEYER

EDITED BY M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

FOR the six years from 1901 to 1907 the late George von L. Meyer, who served from 1907 to 1913 first as Postmaster-General in the Cabinet of President Roosevelt and then as Secretary of the Navy in that of President Taft, held the important posts of United States Ambassador to Italy (1901–5) and to Russia (1905–7). Throughout this period he kept a diary, briefly recording the events of a life crowded with interesting contacts and occurrences. Especially in its record of Russia, the diary is of marked historical importance; for there Mr. Meyer's dealings with the Tsar, on behalf of President Roosevelt, were the first steps leading direct to the Portsmouth Peace Conference and the conclusion of the Russo-Japanese War; there also he witnessed the first meeting of the Duma, and the events of the 1905 Revolution. His journal enables one, moreover, to observe some of the influences which contributed to the importance of Mr. Meyer himself as an interpreter of Europe and the United States, each to the other.

From the sketch by Sargent.

George von L. Meyer.

To this position of high value he had brought himself by the diligent exercise of the personal qualities of tact, discretion, and good judgment which characterize a successful ambassador. These qualities came into special play in his intercourse with men of varied types occupying places of great power. In Rome he had established a relation with the King of Italy and other members of the royal family which gained much from a common interest in outdoor pursuits. During the period of his Italian ambassadorship he had met the German Emperor several times, and enjoyed friendly discussions not only of yachting but also, and still more, of international affairs. After his farewell audience with the Tsar, in January of 1907, it was therefore but natural for Mr. Meyer—as it was the part of a helpful ambassador—to equip himself more completely as a well-informed official returning from Europe by talking

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Mr. Meyer in his Russian sleigh.

with the Kaiser in Berlin, the King of Italy in Rome, and King Edward VII in London. This he did, in the three weeks and three days falling between January 26 and February 19, 1907.

The mere fact of meeting and talking with the four leading monarchs of Europe, each in his own capital, within this brief space of time is in itself a remarkable, perhaps a unique, circumstance. The fact that since 1907 the face of Europe has so completely changed—Russia and Germany beyond recognition, with Tsar and Kaiser put down as the mighty from their seat—gives to Mr. Meyer's narrative the value of a fresh, contemporaneous page from ancient history. This value is enhanced by the fact that three of the monarchs spoke so frankly as they did about The Hague Conference and the prospects of disarmament. In the light of later events, the expressions of the Kaiser, with his far-reaching suspicions of international conflict and his personal warning to travel armed to Rome, are perhaps the most significant of all. Each of the four rulers, however, will speak for himself, through the record of Mr. Meyer, in the ensuing passages. It needs only to be said further that in St. Petersburg his interview with the Tsar was followed by a talk with Isvolsky, Minister of Foreign Affairs, just as in London, about three weeks later, he talked with Sir Edward Grey, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, before his audience with King Edward VII. In each instance the words of the Cabinet Minister supplement significantly the interviews with Tsar and King.

M. A. DeW. H.

I

(St. Petersburg), *January* 26, 1907.

Leave the Hotel at 1.20 in order to take the train at 1.50 for Tsarskoe Selo. At the station (Imperial) in Petersburg, Prince Dolgorouki, Baron Korff, Baron Ramsay and his assistant were waiting at the station to receive me. We entered a special Imperial train and were taken over the Emperor's private line direct to Tsarskoe Selo. At the station, a gilded coach with four chestnut horses, an outrider, and two footmen on behind were waiting for me. We started without any delay and I noticed that a mounted guard rode on each side of the coach; this was for style on this occasion and not for safety.

At the Little Palace (the same one where I was first received by His Majesty

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and also on a memorable occasion when I entered privately by his own entrance direct to his study in order to give him confidentially the President's invitation to send Plenipotentiaries to Washington for a peace conference with Japan) masters of ceremonies had assembled, and again, as on the first occasion, we marched in formal procession to the Emperor's apartment. In the anteroom Princess Galitzin and Count Benckendorff* received me, and after a short salutation the two black servants in Oriental costume threw open the doors, and for the last time I was in the presence of the Emperor and Empress.

I bowed in the doorway and again after I had approached halfway. The Emperor put out his hand and then the Empress. In the latter case I kissed hers, according to the custom. The Emperor and Empress then sat down and the Emperor signified for me to sit on the Empress's right. Before we sat down, however, I had handed my letter of recall to His Majesty and informed him that the President had seen fit to recall me to Washington in order to enter his Cabinet. He asked me about my new post and said that he was sorry to have me leave, but was glad to feel that there would be in the President's Cabinet not only a friend but one who understood Russia and how difficult the problems were to solve. He thought that in the United States the Secretary of the Interior would one day be, as in Russia, one of the most important Cabinet positions. He seemed much interested in the future decision of our Courts as to the right of the State of California to make its own school regulation, and thought the decision would be far-reaching. He also spoke of the elections in Germany and of their importance. A decided victory by the Socialists would encourage the Socialists everywhere. I remarked what a part the German Socialist had taken in the first great strikes in this country more than a year ago.

We talked for half an hour on various subjects, in which the Empress joined and asked about the height of our buildings in New York. They seemed incomprehensible and unnatural to her. In taking leave the Emperor asked to be remembered to the President, and the Empress to my wife. They both expressed the hope of seeing us again and our return some day to Russia.

January 27.

On my return from Tsarskoe Selo yesterday afternoon I found a letter from Isvolsky and a box. The latter was addressed to "G. von Lengerke Meyer, Esqr.," and said that the Emperor had conferred the Grand Cordon of St. Alexander Nevsky upon me. As I was now a simple citizen I was able to accept it, and wore the decoration that Saturday evening, but not the Grand Cordon, to the dinner at the English Embassy, as it would have been too gala to have put on the ribbon too. I found Benckendorff, the Russian Ambassador to London, had done the same way. . . .

Sunday, by appointment, I called on Isvolsky at the Foreign office to express my appreciation of the honor conferred upon me. I found him most frank and interesting about the situation in Russia. Speaking of the Emperor and Empress, he said: "They are over sanguine; I am continually trying to combat the influence of the Empress and the Grand Duchess Serge.* They do not appreciate the actual conditions or understand them. They do not believe in further concessions, nor do they realize that this liberal movement for Constitutional Government is very far-reaching and must be recognized. I know and understand that we cannot go backwards.

"As you know, I am liberal, but they say in the Cabinet to me, 'You have lived so much abroad that you have got permeated with foreign ideas and therefore cannot see and understand the Russian situation.' I feel that our troubles are far from being over; the new Duma may be an improvement over the first, but it will be radical, and it is doubtful whether the Government will be able to work in conjunction with it.

"Now as to our negotiations with Japan, as you are no longer Ambassador I am going to be very frank with you and tell you what I would probably not say to you if you were still in your official

* Marshal of the Imperial Court.

* The Empress's sister, Princess Elizabeth of Hesse.

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capacity. But I should like you to consider it confidential and only to be repeated to the President. Throughout the entire negotiations the Japanese have been most exacting, and I find myself in a very embarrassing situation and almost helpless, as our army has practically evacuated Manchuria, which is not the case with Japan. We are ready to carry out our agreements at Portsmouth; nor have we any desire now for aggressions of countries in the East; but our aim is to have conditions *in statu quo* so that the balance of power shall remain unaffected.

"Our two principal contentions with Japan are the fishing rights, which they claim beyond what could naturally be expected, and the claiming of open navigation on the Sungari River, which was not raised at Portsmouth."

He realized that Japan, claiming open navigation, was apparently taking a position that was popular, but that Russia could not grant she had the right to this on account of the Portsmouth Treaty. Now then Japan was demanding that Russia should concede the privilege to Japan of making special commercial treaties with Korea and countries beyond the Malay Straits, which should not apply to the most favored nation clause of treaties with other nations, this not to become effective until treaties with other nations expired and this principle [should be] accepted by them.

"Now," he went on, "I have in my position got to make the best bargain that I can, and I am going to give in on this point and, although it is not effective until agreed to by the other nations, yet it is the small end of the wedge, and it shows the world that Japan proposes to reserve for herself a portion of the Eastern trade; and where, then, will be the Open Door of which so much has been said by Japan?

"I have seen about the school question raised by Japan on the Pacific Coast, and the change of feeling there Rosen* has reported to me fully. I would now like to have you report to the President not only the position in which Russia finds herself in these *pourparlers* with Japan, but also the evident intention of Japan to reserve for herself in trade and commerce certain sections of the East, that is, the portion beyond the Malay Straits."

* Baron Rosen, Russian Ambassador to the United States.

II

(Berlin), *February* 3, 1907.

Lunch with the Emperor and Empress at the Palace in Berlin at 1 o'clock. Arrive at ten minutes before 1. The guests were assembled in one of the ante-rooms; several of them I had met before, the Hadzfeldts, Eulenburg, Flotow, also the ladies-in-waiting. Prince Adalbert came in before 1, and while we were talking, as my back was to the door, he suddenly said, "The Emperor." I turned round and His Majesty was just entering the door. He shook hands with me as he passed and went on to greet the ladies. Then the Empress entered by another door. She went round the room, saying a few words with each person, and the gentlemen kissing her hand. When lunch was announced the ladies went in first, the Emperor, the Princes, and the rest of us following.

I found my seat was next to the Princess Alexandra Victoria of Holstein, engaged to the fourth son [August William], Oscar, who was on the other side, being on the left of the Empress, Adalbert being on the right. On the right of the Emperor were Princess Hadzfeldt, and on the left Princess Oetingen. There were twenty-four people at lunch, including the sixth son* of the Emperor and the young daughter,† who must be about fourteen now, grown quite tall.

Lunch being finished, the Empress led the way to one salon while the Emperor indicated that the men were to follow him to his smoking-room. I noticed that the young Princes went with the Empress. After we entered the smoking-room I stayed near the door as I did not want to be the first to talk with His Majesty, but preferred to be the last. He looked round the room and immediately beckoned me to come forward, saying, "You always used to smoke," and then offered me a cigar. I then took the opportunity

* Prince Joachim.
† Princess Victoria-Louise.

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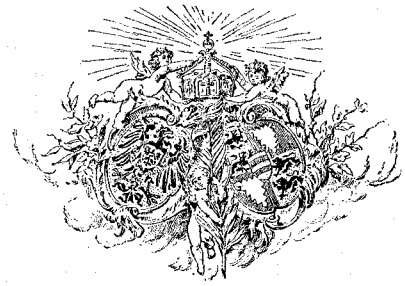
to congratulate him on the result of the elections. His eyes became very bright, and tapping me on the chest he said: "We caught the Socialists this time. It became not only the question of a Colonial policy but a patriotic one, and they did not take this into account. This morning I received telegraphic information

well as I had known Lamsdorff,* but that my relations had been very agreeable and satisfactory; that Schoen†, his Ambassador, was quite intimate with him and should be able to judge. I mentioned that I had been impressed by Russia's clever move in ordering the withdrawal of Russian troops ahead of the Japanese,



Auf Allerhöchsten Befehl Ihrer Kaiserlichen und Königlichen Majestäten

beehrt sich der unterzeichnete Ober-Hof-und Haus-Marschall

Seine Excellenz von Lostorfter

Herrn von Lengerke-Meyer

zur Frühstückstafel am 3 ten Februar 1907 um 1 Uhr

im Königlichen Schlosse zu Berlin

einzuladen.

Ueber Anzug pp. umstehend

Königl. Hofdruck. Schaefers Berlin W.

The invitation for lunch with the German Emperor.

that the Socialists have lost four more on the second elections."

I then informed the Emperor that I had my farewell audience with the Emperor of Russia a week ago yesterday and I had spoken of the elections in Germany which were taking place, and that I hoped the Socialists would receive a set-back as their success would encourage the revolutionary element in Russia.

The Emperor asked me my opinion of Isvolsky, saying, "Can he be trusted?" I answered that I did not know him as

but that I thought in that action I saw the influence of some one outside of Russia. The Emperor smiled and said:

"The Tsar did ask my advice, and I thought it very important for Russia to keep China, her neighbor, good-natured and not allowed to become too friendly with Japan. As a matter of fact, Russia will lose Siberia, and the Tsar agrees with me. The Japanese are so much

* Isvolsky's predecessor as Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs.

† Baron Schoen, afterward German Ambassador to France (1910–14).

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more active that they will overrun it with colonists and traders and commercially own it.

"You are certain eventually to have a war with Japan; they will attack you through the Philippines by sea, and Europe by land through Siberia, etc. Russia was attacked by the Japanese just as she had completed the Siberian Railroad and you, the United States, will be attacked as you are about to complete the Canal. You should have fortified Hawaii, and must get your fleet on the Pacific side. The Japanese have spies everywhere, disguised as servants, etc., they know all about your fleet and fortifications. I have furnished through Speck* statistics about the Japanese for your President. The school question in California is only an excuse. You see how they feel on your Pacific slope; it is a racial question."

Then the Emperor suddenly changed the topic, saying, "You know that the King and Queen of England have gone quite unexpectedly to Paris. Clemenceau's Cabinet is not as strong as it was; the King bought him and owns him, and he has gone on to Paris to hold him up and strengthen him. Isvolsky was invited on to London during his trip this autumn, but the Emperor instructed him not to accept. England does not like to see Germany increasing good feeling with France and the tendencies which are bringing Germany and Russia together. They should really have an alliance.

"England made an alliance with Japan which will prove to her final disadvantage; dissatisfaction is already showing commercially. If her treaty with Japan should compel her to fight with Japan for instance against you, you would lose almost at once the Philippines, but in revenge you would take Canada. The natural people to come together in such a conflict would be the Germans and Americans.

"It is not time to consider disarmament; if that is to be forced at The Hague, I will not send representatives. Stead, of the *Review of Reviews*, is trying to force it before the Conference and asked for an audience, but I have refused it. When I saw the King of England last summer, it was arranged beforehand what we were to discuss. Lascelles* and Hardinge† were present. Unexpectedly the King talked of the Hague Conference and said, 'We do not want it, there is no need of it, it interferes with our Royal prerogatives.' You should have seen the expression on Hardinge's face. Evidently the King and the Cabinet are out of accord on The Hague questions as Grey wishes disarmament discussed."

The Emperor referred to the conscript system which began in Prussia when Germany was overrun by Napoleon and has existed and been perfected since that time. Other countries are now copying but have not made the same success of it. . . . He then asked what steamer I was going on. When I said *Kaiserin Augusta Victoria*, "Oh! She is a wonderfully fine boat. I will send you a letter for the President if I can get it finished in time. Now we had better join the ladies."

The entire time had been taken up talking together; I am afraid that some of the other gentlemen were not very pleased, not getting a chance to say a word to him. We were only a moment with the ladies. As I left he said, "Do not forget my regards to your wife and the young ladies, and if you are starting for Rome take food and a pistol in case the train is blocked by the snow and you are attacked."

III

(Rome), *February* 7, 1907.

Had my audience with the King of Italy in Rome at 2.15 to-day. Arrived at the palace at 2.10, but I was not kept waiting a minute. The doors were instantly thrown open and the King came forward to the door and shook hands very cordially. He sat down on the sofa and beckoned me to sit down. I took the second chair, but he insisted on my sitting in the arm-chair next to him. He at once spoke of my going into the Cabinet and added, "I understand that it [the Postmaster Generalship] has more political influence than any other Cabinet

* Baron Speck von Sternburg, German Ambassador in Washington.

* Sir Frank Cavendish Lascelles, British Ambassador to Germany, 1895–1908.

† Sir Charles Hardinge, British Ambassador to Russia, 1904–6; Viceroy of India, 1910–16.

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office." I thanked him for his congratulations and assured him that I believed it should be run on business principles in order to give the best service. . . .

He wanted to know if I had met his two sisters-in-law* and added that they used to be very handsome. He was much interested in the Russian situation, but did not hesitate to express his opinion of the Emperor, which is not of the highest. He has not forgiven the Tsar for breaking his promise and not visiting him. Again he told me how he promised Nelidow† that when in public he would never leave the Tsar's side in order to protect him by his presence. Nelidow wanted the papers suppressed, as was done in Petersburg. This, the King said, could not be done, as his was a constitutional monarchy and anything of that sort must proceed in the regular way through the courts.

When I told the King of my two-hour talk with the Emperor he said, "I saw considerable of him when in Russia, and it was often his habit after a person had left him to snap his fingers and even make fun of what had transpired." He also criticized his having been influenced by that spiritualist Phillipe.‡ Fortunately he was dead, as his influence was very detrimental to the best interests of the country. "He (the Tsar) shuts himself up from fear, and how can he form any real judgment when he comes in contact with no men of affairs or liberal spirit?"

He agreed with me that affairs could not go backwards, and said, "In '48 we had troubles and granted a constitution, but our people were more enlightened and knew what they wanted." I referred to the small amount spent by Russia for public education. The King replied, "We spend in proportion a great deal more than Russia."

On the question of disarmament he thought Germany would make a mistake to oppose the consideration of it at The Hague, but would be wiser to get France or some other country to take that attitude, as the German Emperor was already suspected of being warlike and so disposed.

The King then asked me if it was true that I was taking an autograph from the Kaiser to the President. I said that I had not received it as yet, but the Emperor, if he had the time to finish it, was going to send it to the German steamer, *Kaiserin Augusta Victoria*, for the Captain to hand me. I should take the boat at Cherbourg or Southampton the 17th.*

I then told the King that I had felt I could not go home without coming down to Italy to take leave of my friends, that I had a tremendous attachment for Rome and the Campagna, and for me Rome was the most beautiful city in the world. He smiled with a certain expression that is peculiar to him when he is pleased. The King was very amusing about the Parliament and the new constitutional government in Montenegro; said the Cabinet had fallen on an appropriation of $62.50. At the end of half an hour, and after a most agreeable conversation, he excused himself as he had another appointment, and then wished me every success in my new position at home in the Cabinet.

IV

(London), *February* 15, 1907.

Called at 11 A. M. at the Foreign Office, Downing Street, on Sir Charles Hardinge, now permanent under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs, formerly my colleague at St. Petersburg. He was not down yet —his secretary said that he would be in a little before 12; not very early hours,—if I should attempt to keep such hours in Washington, it would not be appreciated. Return at 12 and am received almost instantly. Found Hardinge looking very well and most cordial. I told him what Stead had said in Berlin and in what an emphatic way he was quoting Sir Edward Grey. Whereupon Hardinge asked if I would like to meet Sir Edward and talk with him myself. He went upstairs and in two minutes returned escorting me himself to the Minister of Foreign Affairs and introducing me.

Grey did not look over 40, although I believe he is about 45, clean-shaven, clean-cut face with a very straightforward manner and an attractive person-

* The sisters of Queen Helena, Melitza and Anastasie, princesses of Montenegro, the wives, respectively, of the Grand Duke Peter-Nikolaïévitch, and George, Duke of Leuchtenberg.

† Russian Ambassador to Italy, 1897–1903.

‡ A French spiritualist, who preceded Rasputin in the favor of the imperial family.

* Mr. Meyer sailed several days later, on another ship.

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ality. I told him that I had not wanted to quote his words to the President about disarmament, coming as they did at Berlin through Stead, without being sure (from him direct) that they were absolutely correct and not exaggerated, and knowing as I did that the Emperor of Germany was opposed to the subject being brought up at this time in the Hague Conference.

Grey said that in the first place he did not like the expression "disarmament," but rather "limitation of expenditure for armament." He did not expect anything practical to be accomplished in that respect at the Hague Conference more than publicity and education of public sentiment. In England the matter had received considerable attention, and it was therefore important that the movement should be taken into account and receive some sort of recognition. If the Hague Conference neglected even to consider the question, the impression would go out in the world that the hands of the clock had been set back and no earnest endeavor had been made. Consequently he did not think any one nation should hold back the Conference from considering the question.

Of course if Germany should refuse to send delegates, provided the question was to be considered, it would lose its principal object; for while they recognized Germany's right to build as large a navy as their commerce required, at the same time they were stronger considerably than the German navy, and they intended to continue to be so. That was a policy which either party recognized as necessary, for they had a small army and Germany a very big one, magnificently organized. If Germany also got a larger or even equally powerful navy, they [Great Britain] would be, in their isolated position, accessible by sea, at the mercy of Germany provided any adverse wave of sentiment or incident should bring on a war. Thus this continual striving of Germany to increase her navy, and England's necessity to continually keep her navy stronger, must have its effect on the other nations' expenditure. If Germany would agree to limit her expenditures to what they had been, England would agree to keep hers to a limit, so that the proportion would not change and each would keep to the present ratio of force.

I told Grey that in my hour's conversation with the German Emperor [he never?] showed any suspicion of England on account of urging disarmament, but was [alive?] to a genuine feeling of uneasiness of a future yellow peril by the ascendancy of the Japanese and a possible coalition with the Chinese. Consequently he did not think the present the time to discuss disarmament.

On leaving he asked to give his compliments to the President and to be remembered to Mr. Root. On returning to Hardinge we chatted together about Russian affairs, and we both agreed that Russia by her game of bluff on Eastern matters could only blame herself for England finally making an alliance with Japan. Hardinge then called my attention to how much better England had kept herself informed in the past as to Japan; in fact in '93, when matters became strained, their naval experts said to fix it up, as they were in no position, so far from their base of supplies, to contend against the Japanese navy, and matters were therefore arranged. If Russia had been as well informed she would not have allowed the war to take place. Hardinge agreed that Japan will be a much more dangerous competitor commercially than even Russia would have been in the East, and that it was already beginning to be felt.

February 19, 1907.

Go to Dorchester House at 11.30 in order to go to the Levee with Carter* and the Military Attaché; the Ambassador† being in his room with influenza. We drove at once in the Ambassador's carriage to St. James's Palace, where in the ante-room were assembled the Diplomatic Corps and the members of the Government attending the Levee. (St. James's Palace has not been used as a dwelling since the Georges.) I found a number of the Diplomatic Corps were old acquaintances, Sir Edward Grey was there, Lord Lansdowne, Sir Charles Hardinge, etc.—with each of them I had a short chat. Carter presented me to

* J. R. Carter, First Secretary of the United States Embassy in London.
† Whitelaw Reid.

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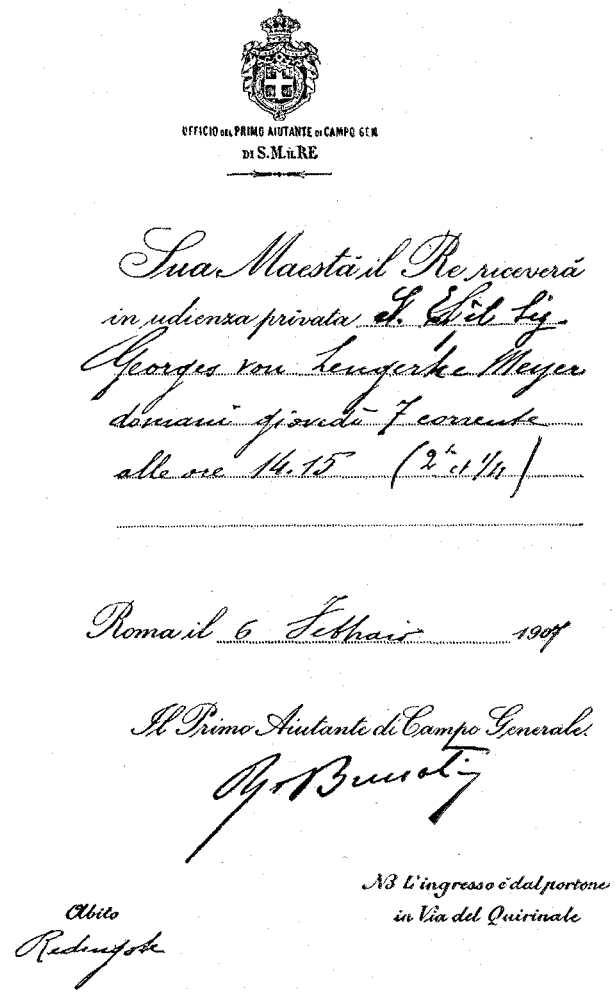
Monsieur Cambon,* who as Doyen was to present me to the King in the absence of the American Ambassador. I spoke of how much his brother had been liked in Washington and congratulated him on his brother's advance to Berlin. M. Cambon, being the Doyen, led the procession and I followed, by his instructions, directly behind him. After he had made his bow and shaken hands with the King he presented me. After I had made my bow the King nodded a second time as I withdrew—the King, standing, shaking hands with each Ambassador, without making any remarks, and they passed on, standing to the left of the throne in the corner of the room. After the last ambassador had passed, the King sat down and bowed to each minister without shaking hands, and they passed on to the end of the room. Then came the members of the government, army, navy, and those who were attending the Levee, so that there was a constant stream of people always moving on till the last was presented. The name in each case was announced by the master of ceremonies. While all this was going on I had quite an extended talk with Poklewski, the Conseiller of the Russian Embassy, who wanted to know what was to be the attitude of our government on disarmament and if there had been any changes. I told him that I could not give him any official information, as it was three weeks since I left St. Petersburg, and since then I had not been in communication with my government.



OFFICIO DEL PRIMO AIUTANTE DI CAMPO GEN.
DI S.M. IL RE

Sua Maestà il Re riceverà in udienza privata S. E. Sir Ly Georges von Langerke Meyer domani giovedì 7 corrente alle ore 14.15 (2 e 1/4)

Roma il 6 Febbraio 1907

Il Primo Aiutante di Campo Generale

N.B. L'ingresso è dal portone in Via del Quirinale

Abito Redingote

The invitation for an audience with the King of Italy.

At 2.45 the Ambassador's carriage arrived to take us to Buckingham Palace. J. R. Carter, First Secretary of the Embassy, went with me. We were met by Lord K[nollys?].* In about two minutes word came down that the King would see us. Immediately after we had reached the King's sitting-room, His Majesty entered unaccompanied. I bowed as the King came forward and shook hands with me. Turning to the other gentlemen he said, "I should like to have a talk with Mr. Meyer," and they retired instantly. He then led the way to the other end of the room, invited me to sit, taking an easy chair himself.

* Paul Cambon, French Ambassador in London.

* Private Secretary to King Edward, 1870–1910.

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"So you have just left St. Petersburg, and are going out of the Diplomatic Corps. I suppose you are sorry: it is a fascinating life." This gave me an opportunity to say that while I had been Ambassador and in the diplomatic [service] we had all looked up to him, if I might say so, as the ideal diplomat and the greatest of ambassadors. He seemed quite pleased with the compliment and smiled with a certain pleasure and probably with satisfaction as he thought of the Entente Cordiale (for which he had done so much) between England and France.

He asked me about the Emperor, how he looked, and if it was true that the Empress and her sister, the Grand Duchess Serge, had a bad influence over the Emperor as far as reforms, etc., were concerned; also inquired if the two Montenegrins were intimate with the Empress, adding, "I hear they are always scheming." His Majesty knew of the divorce of the Duchess of Leuchtenberg, but wanted to know if they would really be married (she and Grand Duke Nicolas.)*

Finally, after we had discussed conditions for some time, he said suddenly, "What opinion did you form as to the outcome, and what would happen?" I replied that I had informed my government for some months that I believed the Duma would be radical, that I did not think that it would work in unison with the Cabinet, that probably the Duma would profit by the experience of the first Duma, because they realized that the Government dared to dissolve the Duma, and the troops as a whole were loyal; that the country was one of great resources, but capital was timid and enterprise restricted. I had confidence in the final outcome: it could not go backwards, but it would take a long time.

His Majesty then spoke of the Hague Conference, and said he had no confidence in its accomplishing anything, evidently having no high opinion of it, which coincides with what the Emperor of Germany had told me.

I told him how well Nicolson* was doing in St. Petersburg, and also called His Majesty's attention to how Durand† had developed after he had announced his retirement and what good speeches he had made. "Yes," said the King, "it was quite remarkable. I hope Bryce‡ will do well. I believe you all like him. It seemed best to make a change. I have never met your President, but I have a great admiration for him, for his friendly and cordial feeling for Great Britain, which she heartily reciprocates for America. I know that Germany is making up to your country and is more than anxious to make and create the closest ties"; whereupon he laughed. I, recognizing what was implied, answered that while America desired to be on friendly terms with all nations, it was contrary to our policy to form any alliances.

"Yes," he added, "good understanding and bonds of friendship are much wiser."

After asking me to extend his cordial greeting to the President and saying he was glad to have had the opportunity to renew our acquaintance, His Majesty rose and said good-by, wishing me a *bon voyage*.

* They were married about two months later.

* Sir Arthur Nicolson (now Baron Carnock), British Ambassador to Russia, 1905–10.

† Sir Henry Durand, British Ambassador to the United States, 1903–6.

‡ British Ambassador to the United States, 1907–13.

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THE TALISMAN

By Katharine Holland Brown
Author of "Millicent, Maker of History," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS HUNT

"SELLIN' 'em out for less'n nothin'," sighed the leading and only art dealer of Canyon City. "Handsomest line of fancy photos ever carried in Arizona. Looky this one, son. Some peach."

"Sure some peach," agreed the sunburned young forester, leaning from his saddle to take the bit of cardboard. His keen young eyes perused it; a queer, wistful gleam awoke in his look. "Though it ain't just that she's so pretty. It's the way she's lookin' down at her kid. Say, she thinks he's the only kid that ever happened, all right."

"That's what a woman always thinks," yawned the art dealer. He followed the boy's glance. It was the likeness of a certain winsome movie star posed in frank and flagrant imitation of a world-renowned masterpiece. It would have made a connoisseur to tear his hair. But to the young forester's happily unknowing eyes, even its great original could have held no deeper charm.

The girl, robed in flowing white, a white Madonna veil bound round her lovely head, stood beside a cradle. The cradle was draped so closely that one glimpsed only the dim outline of the tiny sleeping body, the round of a dimpled fist. Above that precious atom, the girl's body hovered in an exquisite shielding curve. Her eyes feasted on him, her beautiful smiling mouth exulted. She was rapturous, and triumphant, and infinitely piteous, the very flesh and breath of motherhood. And striking up from the cradle, like the reflected glory of her own love and joy, there lay on her a white radiance, a still and mystic flame.

"'After Correggio. 1529.'" The forester read the typed line below. "You sure got to hand it to those dago photographers." The odd, wistful look deepened on his face. "My mother died before I can remember. Yes, I'll take it. Six bits? Here you are. Yes, I'm riding back up the canyon to-night. So long."

The great train shot past endless turns on turns, then darted into the black thunder of a tunnel. This must be the twentieth tunnel since midnight, thought Lily Sanders, flattening a small, excited nose against the pane. Her narrow little tourist berth was suffocating. Groans and snores surrounded her. A powerful aroma of peanuts, orange-peel, dead cigarettes, and hot, drowsy humanity weighed on every breath. Lily, wrapped in the proud sophistication of her brand-new black sateen "sleeping-car wrapper," knew none of these things. She was on her way to San Francisco to apply for a place as salesgirl in Seligman's Mammoth Store, where Miriam Bloch, her very best friend, had already found a position, at the delirious salary of twelve dollars a week. She carried with her one small battered trunk; the gold-filled watch and chain which, far back in her baby memories, she could see glittering on her young mother's plump breast; a box of chocolate cherries, the parting gift of her four pals at the notions counter of Mead's Basement; and not a care, not a regret. She had not a single blood-tie remaining. She was starting out to seek her fortune, as independent as a migrating swallow.

All her nineteen years her horizon had been bounded by the clamor of West Halsted Street and the hot hurry of Mead's Basement. Never, save on the flickering screen of Bernheimer's Palace Theatre, over on Cottage Grove Avenue (General Admission, 10c.; Loges, 15c.), had she glimpsed past its gray bounds. Never had she so much as dreamed the vast, dim plains, the mighty hills and forests, of these three unbelievable nights and days.

"Gee," she breathed. "Some moon!

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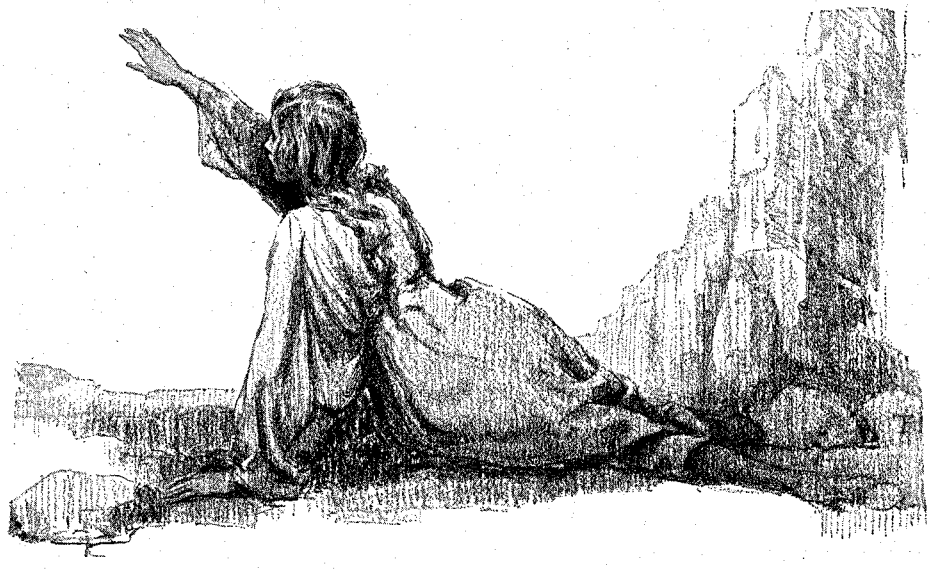
It's ten times bigger than any moon I ever laid eyes on out to Lincoln Park. An' lookit those rocks!" Her wide, half-frightened eyes stared down, down. Sheer below, flashing molten diamond in the moonlight, the canyon river brawled in icy fires. "Oh, but ain't it the *grandest!* Oh—oh!" In a breath, jagged walls leaped past the stars, blotted out the moon, gloomed on her narrow berth like the walls of the Pit. "Oh, if only I could see on both sides of the train at once! If



In that immensity of night and sky, she was a little, trapped, mad creature.—Page 299.

just I could ride with the engineer!" In the dusk, her small, rose-flushed face burned deeper rose; her wide eyes sparkled. "Like the heroine in 'Perils of Patricia.' If only——"

The train slowed down, came to a grinding stop.

"What on earth are we stopping here for? Right in the wildest place ever!"

Under her window three of the crew shouldered by. There came a high, cheerful voice:

"Well, by George, I'm glad the old man won't take the chance. With spies plantin' bombs everywhere, I'd wait to test every bloomin' trestle, orders or none."

"You said something." A second voice. "Let's sit down and have a smoke till daylight."

"Till daylight!" Lily sat up with a jerk. Tingling delicious mischief flashed like quicksilver through her veins. Till daylight! What a chance!

She thrust her little feet into her tan pumps, jerked on her coat, crammed her yellow braids inside the wide collar, and crept giggling from her berth. She glided through the murky aisle and out on the platform. There she stopped and caught her breath. The sweet, cold mountain wind poured in her face, stung in her throat like wine.

"Oh, ain't this elegant! Ain't it great!"

She slid down the steps and scrambled on the nearest boulder, an awed little dot between the starred majestic sky, the black abyss of the canyon. Torn, upflung steep on steep, the high Sierras reared their mighty barricade against the night. The sky hung like a canopy of state, star-brocaded. And mounting high, broad as a Titan's pocket-piece, gold, resplendent— "Gee! *Some* moon!"

Behind the boulder a narrow trail led upward. A moment Lily hesitated. Then she set out cautiously up the path.

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Twice she turned, half afraid, and started toward the train.

"Don't be such a piker," she adjured herself severely. "Didn't that brakeman say till daylight? Hop along!"

The trail ended on a jut of rock. She stepped on its crest, then gasped. Right at her little tan toes it yawned: down, down, a black, eternal chasm. The roar of its unseen waters came up to her like the crash of far battle-arms.

"One step more—and, believe me, that Seligman job would have waited quite some time." Lily clung to the great rock. Her heart pounded, her eyes grew wide and dark. Starved little beauty-lover, this dusk splendor caught her up, exalted her, carried her far past her cramped little world. "My, it's so grand it makes you ache all over. Set against the mountains, that whole train of cars looks like a string of beads. If the Big Man was here who piled up those mountains, that train wouldn't no more than make him a watch-chain."

Over her small face came a dreamy wonder. Drifting before her eyes gleamed ancient magical words. Where had she heard them? What did they mean?

"—Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills——"

Suddenly she bent forward, staring. That string of dark beads—it could not be moving!

She leaped to her feet with a scream. But her cry was drowned by the engine bell. Shrieking, she ran down the path. Half-way down, her foot turned on a loose stone. She pitched forward and rolled in a heap. As she staggered up, the last red lantern-gleam vanished past a bend. Tolling like a bell of doom, the last echo died away. The hush of the mountains closed in like walls of glass.

"They ain't gone and left me. They—they shan't!"

Lily stood, ashen. Her flesh grew cold, her hands began to shake. She took a step; a sharp pain stabbed through her wrenched foot, turned her sick and faint.

"They'll come back for me. They'd never quit me like this!"

The silence of the mountains answered.

"But—but——"

She crouched on a boulder. She shook from head to foot.

"But— How'd they ever miss me? Who knows I got off the train?"

The whispered words seemed to reverberate till they filled the vast dusk sky. They drummed in her ears, they blazed upon her brain.

Suddenly she sprang up with a hoarse wail. She plunged down to the track and ran with all her might. But not a hundred yards, and the track turned from the rock shelf to wind on a cobweb of trestle. Driven by terror, Lily took a dozen steps on that knife-edge rail. Then she came to her senses and stumbled back.

"Quit your foolin'," she bullied herself through chattering teeth. "You don't want to tag that train, silly. You want to climb that footpath and find a house. I'll bet there's slues of houses around, soon's it gets light enough to see 'em."

Very disposedly she sat down and gripped her icy little hands on her knee.

"Now behave," she began. But her voice broke in a scream. Panic swooped down with black, strangling wings. She stumbled up the trail to the high mesa, she screamed and screamed till her voice cracked in her throat, she ran and stumbled and fell, then picked herself up and ran and ran, only to fall, and struggle to her feet, and fall again. In that immensity of night and sky, she was a little, trapped, mad creature, held down inexorably under that gigantic crystal bowl, struggling—wailing, frenzied—for escape.

Over and over she would sink down, too exhausted to move. Then, at a whisper of wind, the fall of a pebble under some tiny stealthy foot, she would spring up and rush on and on.

After a while, her last strength gave way. Wet with sweat, she crouched behind a bunch of sage-brush, and lay there, panting. She was bruised and cut and grimed with dust. Her wrapper hung in slits, her yellow hair swept in a great tangled fleece. Staring, her body one tremor, she watched the stars blaze whiter, the moon sink behind the mountain wall. Then, marching up the east, an army with banners, the terrible and magnificent dawn.

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Never in her life had Lily beheld a sunrise that was not barred and shamed by houses. Its splendor woke a new, more agonizing fear. The night had been peopled with horrors. But its wings had shielded. Where, in this merciless light, was there a place to hide?

She stayed behind her sage-brush till the cruel sunlight drove her out. Under a cliff rim, she found a measure of shade. Mountain water bubbled from a near-by cleft. Lily cupped her hands and drank and drank. Its pure coldness filled her veins, steadied her swimming head. She tore a strip from her near-silk petticoat, already in tatters, wet it in the spring, and bandaged her wrenched foot firmly.

"Glad you've got sense enough to do that," she observed. But the sound of her own voice struck at her heart. She cried out, sprang up, and started to run again. Against that vast, dazzling, silent world her wails beat as fruitlessly as the wing of a moth against a flame. "For God's sake, ain't there any houses? Ain't there any folks anywhere? Oh, why don't the train folks come back for me! Why don't they come back!"

Had she stayed within sight of the track, she might have signalled a passing train. But her wild flight had carried her nearly two miles from the track. And by eerie ill-luck, that stretch of mesa was as bare and lifeless as the face of the moon.

The heat conquered her soon enough. She found herself pitching blindly back to her cliff rim. She barely made it. For long hours she lay motionless in its rescuing shadow. Now and then she would creep to the spring and drink.

"Where'd I be without this water?" she pondered. In all this strange, pitiless world, only the spring and the cliff shadow were kind. The rustle of the aspens down the canyon made her tremble. The shadow of a great hawk, circling high, made her cringe behind the rock.

For an eternity the day hung at a white-hot zenith. Then, suddenly, the sun had dropped down the flaming sky. A cooler air poured over the mesa. Lily's tense flesh relaxed. As the sunset dimmed, she dropped into heavy sleep.

It was long past midnight when she awoke, dazed, chilled to the bone. The moon rode high. Against the silver-blue arch, the mountains reared an inky wall. Lily sat up, staring.

"Where in the name of goodness am I?"

Then realization struck down on her.

"Oh, oh! I'm lost out on the desert! Oh, why don't the train folks come back for me! Why don't they come back!"

She lay down, crying bitterly. But the sobs died in her throat. She leaped up, gasping.

From the sheer depths below floated up a long, shrill, mournful note; a quavering howl.

"Wolves!" Lily whitened to her lips. Before her eyes flared snowy steppes, beneath a white, full moon; three galloping horses, a swaying sledge; after it, gaining at every leap, the yowling slavering pack. Yes. She had seen it all, over and over. At Bernheimer's Palace Theatre. Now it was coming true.

But even with those howls ringing in her ears, Lily could not stir. Horror held her, chained and mute. Pulseless, still as a little, terrified wild animal, she cowered there, hour on hour, till the moon slid down the hill of the sky and the east began to pale. And hour on hour, deep in a canyon fold, one lonely bobtailed coyote wept out his sobbing tenor to the moon.

With the first sunlight, Lily came to a strange and dreadful understanding.

"All this time I've banked on it that somebody would miss me. But who's a-going to miss me? Not the railroad folks. They don't even know my name. Not the girls at the store. They're countin' on my sendin' 'em some picture-postals from 'Frisco, that's all they know or care. Not my own folks. For they ain't one single soul on earth that belongs to me. No, sir. I've got to find myself, that's all. But I don't know which way to go. And I'm starved-hungry. I ain't had nothin' but buns an' coffee since I left Chicago. And my foot's 'most killin' me. Oh—oh!"

All her terror and frenzy swooped once more. Crying miserably, she pitched to her feet and started to run.

By noon, Lily, stumbling in an aimless circle, had blundered back to the spring. It was a Providential blundering. The

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Now they were passing, single file.—Page 302.

blazing mesa had had its way with her. Her own mother would not have known the girl. She was a lovely little creature, soft-cheeked, delicately framed, with the pearl skin of the worker below-stairs and a mouth like a pink flower. But now she was a weird little caricature. Her fair hair hung in a dusty tangle, her lips were bleeding, her face was wrung into an ashy mask of fear. Under the scorching sun, her body shook in an icy chill. A new dread whispered in her ears. She was no longer terrified of the solitude, for the supreme fear had seized on her: the fear of her own kind. The horror of evil human creatures that might spring upon her even in these desert wastes.

At noon, far on the horizon, she saw three horsemen. Instead of rushing to meet them, as she would have done the

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day before, she crept under the nearest sage-brush. From mere specks, the figures grew relentlessly: three Mexican herders in tall conical hats, each with his gay serape flung on his shoulder. Peering through the brush, Lily watched. Her flesh seemed shuddering from her bones.

On they came, nearer, nearer. She heard the creak of the saddles, she could see their fierce, dark faces, she could hear their guttural voices. Now they were passing, single file, so close that she could all but put out her hand and touch the clinking stirrups.

A wave of nausea swept Lily. For a time she lay almost senseless. Horror had passed too near.

At last she sat up feebly and peered out. Again they were only specks against the sky.

"I've seen 'em like that a hundred times. 'Desperate Dick' and 'The Highwayman's Last Stand,' and lots of others, too. I'll bet they've been robbing a train. Or else looting ranches. If they'd once caught sight o' me! They'd shot me down without one word. Oh, if they should come back! If they ever should find me——"

However, Pietro and Luis and cross-eyed Manuel did not ride back. Which was a pity. For they would have hoisted her on Pietro's amiable little paint horse, which was well used to carrying half a dozen small, shouting passengers at once, and carried her off to Luis's grubby little rancho away down the valley. There Luis's conchita, stout, grubby, mother-gentle, would have taken her into warm arms, and fed her fresh milk and tortillas, and put her to rest on a cerise-plush couch, twin-brother to those you can buy in Mead's Basement for $7.98, and put "The End of a Perfect Day" on the phonograph to soothe her sleep. But, never dreaming the haven she had missed, Lily lay hidden, weakly thankful. After a while she'd start for that big hill yonder. It didn't look more than a mile away. Surely, from its top, she would see houses where real folks lived, white folks like herself. "But I must wait till sundown. It's too awful hot now."

Yet it seemed as if there were two Lilys fretting and arguing at the cliff rim.

"Wait here by the spring till it's cooler," urged one Lily.

"But I dassent. If I don't start now I'll never make it at all. I'm 'most done out now," returned the other Lily. And the other Lily won. Shivering in that furnace glare, wincing with her tormented foot, she set out toward the hills.

The sun went down in a molten amber sky. Lily plodded on. She was quite light-headed now. She talked and babbled to that far blue hill. Sometimes she cried out, in pity for her throbbing foot. Often she glanced furtively over her shoulder. But the three desperadoes were nowhere to be seen. That was a wonderful comfort. Yet— Yet——

That black dot against the western sky. Could it—could it be a moving, living thing?

Lily stopped, dead. Her face worked: she wailed out in utter anguish. A man on horseback, miles away, but riding straight toward her.

"I can't run! I can't make a getaway to save my life!"

There was no sage-brush near. But she ran to a little butte close by. She lay down against it and flattened her body as tight as a chipmunk. If the man rode by on the farther side, he could not see her. If he rode on the nearer side, there was a chance that he would not notice her.

The tiny horseman grew swiftly. A young man, straight and tall, sitting his tired little mouse-gray horse like a cowboy. Lily strained her agonized eyes. A thread of a trail passed the butte on the farther side. If he took that trail, she was safe. But if he turned to the nearer side——

"He's comin' this road! Oh, my Lord! Oh—oh!"

Lily's last clutch on sanity gave way. She gave one cry of agony. Then, pitching, swaying, she ran toward the cliff.

"For the love of Mike!" The young man all but fell off his horse. Then he checked his startled pony and started in pursuit. "It's a woman! A crazy woman at that. Lost up here on the mesa— Here, sister, wait. Wait, I say. What the dickens— Hey, sister! You quit that! For God's sake! *Quit!*"

He rode down on her at a gallop. He

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leaped from his horse, seized Lily's hands, and knocked the sharp-edged stone from her grasp. Lily's face was distorted; her eyes flared, wild. A trickle of blood dropped from her right wrist. In her mad fear, she had caught up the stone and managed to cut a deep scratch in her soft arm.

The man grasped her firmly. He gaped at her in abject amazement.

"Well, what do you know about that! She ain't a woman at all. She's nothing but a kid. A little, lost, scared-to-death kid. Tryin' to kill herself right before my eyes. Why, you poor little boob!" He drew her closer. He kicked at the bit of rock in a rage of pity. "Say, can you beat it? Killin' herself because she was afraid. And it's me she's afraid of. Me!"

Lily stood like a stone.

"Come along with me, sister. We'll make camp— Here, stop that. I'm not tryin' to hurt you. Come along, now. Stop your hollerin', kid. Stop, I say!"

Lily fought with all her might. But against his iron young strength her wails and struggles made nothing. He picked up the little writhing thing, shut her beating hands into one of his, and carried her back to where his little horse stood waiting. There he put her on her feet and reached for his canteen.

"Drink this, girlie. Get some good cold water down you, you poor little boob, and you'll feel different. Drink, I say."

Lily thrust him madly back. After much effort, the boy dropped the canteen, but still held her tightly. His sunburned face was ludicrous with dismay. He was a very competent young forester, indeed, and he had proven himself equal to more than one crisis, but nothing in the whole range of government instructions, which he had so diligently scanned, had told him how to cope with one small, shrieking, half-mad girl.

"She's got me buffaloed, all right," he grunted, trying breathlessly to recapture her fighting hands. "If I keep on holding her, she'll go plumb crazy. She's mighty near crazy now. If I let her go, she'll kill herself. Throw herself over the cliff, most like. Ain't it the hell of a fix, though!"

Suddenly his face lighted. A minute he pondered, incredulous, but with growing hope.

"It won't work. Not one chance in a thousand. But I'll try it anyhow. Here goes."

Holding Lily gripped in one arm, he felt swiftly through his pockets. Finally he hauled out a dingy envelope. From it he drew a photograph; a small, unmounted photograph.

He drew Lily closer. He thrust the picture before her eyes.

"See here, sister. Looky what I got. Did ever you lay eyes on a finer kid than that? And ain't his momma the peach, though? Stop cryin', little girl. Easy, now. See!"

Almost against her face he held it; the tender, girlish Madonna face, the sleeping child.

"Ain't he the fine young husky, though? See the two fists on him. And smart? Why, he says daddy and mammy plain as you nor me. And strong? I bet he could push you over this minute. Looky, little girl. Just see!"

Slowly Lily's body ceased its tortured writhing. She put out one cold little hand; she touched the picture. Her bloodshot eyes turned to the boy with a dazed question.

"Baby?" Her swollen tongue mumbled the word. "Your—baby?"

"Why else would I be showin' you this?" The man beamed down into those pitiful eyes. His heart was jumping in his breast. Say, could you beat it! Talk about your hunches! "Isn't he the king-pin, though? And his ma, she's fine as silk. I wish they was both here. They'd admire to meet you, I know."

He put her down on the nearest boulder and stood watchfully by. But now Lily felt no impulse for flight. She had no thought, save of the picture in her hands. She pored over it; and as she gazed, the agony faded from her face, her eyes grew calm. It was as if the mere sight of the picture wrought some healing spell.

The man never took his eyes from her. He hardly dared to breathe.

Finally, with a long sigh, she held the picture out to him.

"Thank you. I sure do wish they was

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here," she said, between unsteady breaths. "I'd be pleased to meet them myself."

"I know you would." Still holding the photograph in full view, the boy took her hand and led her up the ridge. An instant she flinched back. Then she came, docile, utterly weary. Talking and laughing at high speed, he led her up the rough slope to a safe distance from the cliff rim.

"Now for some grub. Then we'll hit the trail for the Ivins ranch. Gramma Ivins will fix you up fine." He kept a wary eye on her while he rummaged for matches and bread and bacon. But Lily sat as placidly as a drugged thing, the picture still in her hands. She had fought through these last hours on the strength of madness alone. Now that all her terrors were banished, her worn-out little body was swiftly giving way. She looked at the boy with blurred eyes as he built the fire and cooked supper. She did not stir when he sat down on the rock beside her, tin cup in hand, and began to coax.

"Just one cupful, girlie. Just to please me. And try this bacon— Slow, honey, slow! Aha, you're findin' out how hungry you are. Easy, honey-girl. Easy!"

She was wide awake now, snatching at the food like the famished creature she was. He took it away from her and fed her by careful crumbs and sips. Her young body seized on the food, her pulses stirred, her dulled brain cleared. Suddenly, to the boy's distress, she flung her arm over her face and began to cry.

"There, there, sister! Don't, honey-girl! Don't!"

Lily wailed on. But now he realized that her tears were healing. Between her sobs, she was telling it all, pouring it all out, the poison of those heaped hours of fear.

"What scared me worst was to think, 'There's nobody to know, nor care. No matter what happens to you.' For I'm all soul-alone. Since Aunt Mame died I ain't got anybody. Not anybody on this earth!"

"Aw, you poor little boob, I know just how you felt." The boy put out a big, awkward hand and stroked the tangled yellow fleece on his knee. "I'm right there myself. Not one single solitary kin have I got. Gee, it's tough to have no folks of your own."

"You?" Lily clutched vaguely at his words. "But you've got folks a-plenty. Your wife, and your baby, too."

The boy gurgled, sputtered. He turned crimson to his hair.

"Y-yes. Of course, I forgot them. But, after this, girlie, mind you dassent feel lonesome any longer. Because, after this, there'll always be somebody thinkin' about you. There'll always be me."

"Yes." Lily drew a long breath. Suddenly she slid from the boulder and curled up on his poncho like a kitten. Already she was sinking into exquisite sleep. But her lips formed their contented whisper: "After this, there ain't nothin' can scare me so awful bad. For there'll always be you."

Then she sank fathoms deep in sleep, limp as a drowned thing, her small, tear-stained face as serene as a cherub's, under the blown spindrift of her flax-gold hair.

The boy looked down at her a long minute. Then he crept away, fed his pony, packed coffee-pot and frying-pan, and built up the fire. Finally he settled himself comfortably and lit his pipe.

"I'll let her sleep till moonrise. Then I'll stack her on 'Lijah, and we'll strike for the Ivins ranch. Lucky it's only eight miles. The poor little boob, she's clean beat."

He bent and watched the unconscious face. Every mark of terror had vanished. Only weariness and youth remained. One hand still held loosely to the photograph. A glint of firelight caught the faces of mother and child; the faces whose message of love and peace had called Lily back from that black, hideous gulf.

The man looked down at it. His mouth twitched in a sheepish grin.

"Wasn't I the lucky guy to think of that! Poor little boob, she swallowed it all—hook, bob, and sinker. But wait till she finds out that that baby ain't my kid at all, that I've never seen its mother —Whew! Won't she have my scalp! Wait till she finds that I bought it off that Canyon City fellow because I hadn't any folks of my own and kinder wanted to pretend to myself that they was mine. Then— *Good* night!"

He tried gently to draw the card from

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"Sleep tight, you poor little boob," he whispered softly.

her grasp. But even in her deathlike sleep, Lily's fingers tightened, as upon a precious amulet. With an amused little shrug, the boy let go. But his big fingers reached deftly to tuck the poncho closer around the limp little form.

"Sleep tight, you poor little boob," he whispered softly. And on his sunburned, lined young face there glowed the same deep, tender light, the same grave radiance that shone from the girl-mother's eyes upon her child. "Sleep tight, for you'll never be soul-alone any more. After this there'll always be somebody. After this there'll always be —me."

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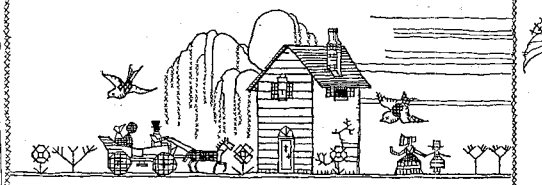

PORTRAIT OF A LADY

By Sarah N. Cleghorn

HER eyes are sunlit hazel:
  Soft shadows round them play.
Her dark hair, smoothly ordered,
  Is faintly touched with grey.
Full of a gentle brightness
  Her look and language are:—
Kind tongue that never wounded,
  Sweet mirth that leaves no scar.

Her dresses are soft lilac
  And silver-pearly grey.
She wears, on meet occasion,
  Modes of a bygone day,
Yet moves with bright composure
  In fashion's pageant set,
Until her world she teaches
  Its costume to forget.

With score of friends foregathered
  Before a cheerful blaze,
She loves good ranging converse
  Of past and future days.
Her best delight (too seldom)
  From olden friends to hear
How fares the small old city
  She left this many a year.

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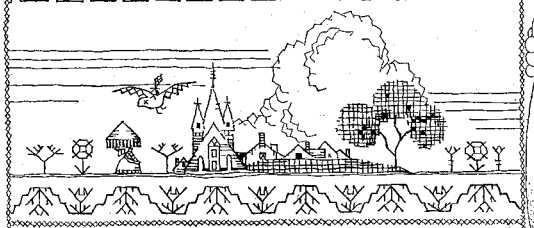
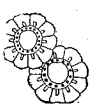


(There is a still more pleasant,
A cosier converse still,
When, all the guests departed,
Close comrades talk their fill.
Beside our smouldering fire
We muse and wonder late;
Commingling household gossip
With talk of gods and fate.)

All seemly ways of living,—
Proportion, comeliness,
Authority and order,—
Her loyal heart possess.
Then with what happy fingers
She spreads the linen fair
In that great Church of Bishops
That is her darling care!

And yet I dare to forecast
What her new name must be
Writ in the mystic volume
Beside the crystal sea:—
Instead of "True Believer,"
The golden quill hath penned,
"Of the poor beasts that perish,
The brave and gentle friend."



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THE HEADS ON THE MOUNTAIN

By Shaw Desmond
Author of "Democracy," "The Soul of Denmark," etc.

HELL had spewed itself up and about the valley of Aughrim—spewed itself in a red and black vomit that stank to high heaven in the ruined cabins, dark and smoking; in the flares of ten thousand stacks; in the rotting bodies of the fine young men that covered the hillsides.

In the valley there was the silence of death, broken only now and then by the tramp of armed men, by the screech of the war-eagle that swept from its eerie to its easily won feast, or by the banshee whose wail came down the wind.

For "Bloody" Burton, the English general, was doing his work, and doing it well. He had sworn that he would put the fear of God into the valley, and he had kept his word.

But it was the hard thing to be alive in the day of the Rebellion. Nothing but bloody murder and sudden death treading on your heels, waiting to trip you up and send you flying headlong into the pit. Every night, if you had "the sight," you could see the twin sisters, Disease and Despair, grinning and gibbering at each other around the bale-fires on the mountain. Around every ruined hearth you could hear the swoosh of the death-wings, and on the hilltops, when the black night was broken by the advance-guards of the spirits of the morning in the gray dawn, you could see the legions of the dead chased away over the edge of the world, only to return when the wings of night had swept their giant circle around the earth.

But you would be making a mistake if you thought that all the people of the valley were in the black way. Faith, it was wonderful how some of the prime boys used to be keeping their spirits up! Boon companions. Merry devils. Handfasts of the true breed.

There were black-faced Billy Muldoon and Thady the Piper with the crafty gray eye. And Pad the Mom and Jerry Condon, not forgetting long Lanty the Rat—as they used to call him.

Faith, as I said, it was little these five honest men were troubled by the burnings, and tortures, and outrages. "Divil's skewer to them that can't look after their own," as Lanty had it. But sure he didn't say it outside—only to the other four, who were sitting as snugly as you please, warming the seats of their leathers foreninst the peat fire in Lanty's cottage.

It was a sweet, retiring little spot set back in a corner of the valley, no more wishing to court notice than a man when the duns are after him. And you might be sure there was always a drop of the right sort for the right sort when it put its nose inside the door.

And there were five of the right sort in the cabin that night. Boys that could tell a story or toss off a noggin of spirit with the best in the county. And here, indeed, was little Thady telling one of his stories, and the boys around killing themselves with laughing as he turned his eyes up now this way, now that, or let the laugh slip out unbeknownst from the corner of his leathery old mouth, from which a drop of spittle would run every now and then, as though some cunning old dog were recounting the matter.

"Yes, boys," says he, "and he looked at me very solemn and fierce in his red robes, with the ould wig on the top of his pate, and says he: 'This is a hangin' matther, Timothy O'Rourke, and it is sayin' your prayers you ought to be.' And I, with the sorrowful look in me eye, spoke up as bould as brass, and tould him and all the court that I would not deny I was a pathriot and a good Irishman, but that, as the blessed saints conthrived it, I had nothing to do with the shot that killed Major Johnson. And boys," smiled the little man, "he gave me the quarest look in the eye you ever see in life."

There was a crackle of laughter from the others as though an exquisite joke were in progress.

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"And what happened then?" said Billy Muldoon, when he had finished laughing.

"Arrah is it axin' me what happened then? Why, I'll tell you what happened then. There was the divil's own talkin' amongst the lawyers— —— —— them! —and they put it this way and that, and twisted it inside out like the goatskin of Brian O'Lynn, and the crown prosecutor, with hell's own twinkle in his eye, withdrew the case, 'for,' says he, 'this man ought to be hanged, but there is no evidence against him, and anyhow——'"

"Holy Father! What's that!"

It was Billy who spoke, for there was a knock on the door—very slight.

"God save us all!" said the piper, crossing himself, "but don't go near the door; maybe it is the 'good people.'"

They all listened in silence.

Again there was a slight tapping.

"I wouldn't open that door for all the gold in England," whispered Pad. "It is a thrick of the sperits."

"Anybody at home?" came a voice from the other side of the door.

"Well, that's the voice of a creature of flesh and blood. I am going to the door," said Thady.

There was a confused sound of laughing and talking from the outside.

The bolt snapped back, and the door was flung open by the little piper.

Limned against the brightness of the moon were the figures of perhaps fifteen or twenty men. Over their shoulders they carried a queer collection of weapons. One man had a pike, another an old blunderbuss, another a musket.

The first man stepped through the door. It was big Rhoderick O'Riordan—"Rhoderick Dhu," as they used to call him, by reason of the blackness of his complexion.

A queer, conthradictory devil, Rhoderick, who always laughed when he was angry, and had the cross way when he was pleased, with a pair of blue eyes that struck sparks from whatever they looked at, as though they were flint striking against steel.

"Good evening, and God save all here," said he as he crossed the threshold, followed by some of the other men.

"Good evening, Rhoderick," said Lanty, craning forward his long neck in the way that he had, as though to get a better sight of the visitor. "Faith, it is the late hour you chose for the visit."

"Sure," said Rhoderick, "'it is never too late for friends to meet or for foes to die,' as the ould sayin' goes. We came, to tell you the truth, for a drop of the crathure, for it is dry that we will be drillin' up in the mountains."

"Drillin', is it?" said Lanty, hooking his head round. The eyes of the other four might have been those of birds as they strained to attention.

"Yes, drillin'. Sure, don't we rise to-morrow night, when the moon is at the full, and when we'll send 'Bloody' Burton to hell?"

And he broke into a hard laugh.

"And where do ye be risin'?" crooned Thady, in the soft way that he had.

"On the top of little Croagh Ardagh," replied Rhoderick.

"And how many of you will there be?" asked Jerry Condon.

"Three hundred and two, and if you five will join us, as you promised, there will be three hundred and seven—no more —no less."

"Sure, we'll do that same, and wid a heart and a half," said Jerry. "And what is more, we'll go and drill wid ye to-night."

"Well, let us have a dhrink all round, and let us be movin' on for the love of heaven, for we have our work to do and the night is spending itself."

Lanty went over to the big chimney and, moving an oak settle that fitted into the corner, took out from a recess behind a small keg of spirit. Two or three glasses were fetched out from the dresser, and were rapidly circulated from man to man until each one had his drink.

"Glory be to God!" said one of the visitors. "The redcoats are over in Dungarvan, and there is not a soldier within ten miles of us; so we can drill at our ease. Didn't little Paudeen McGrath see the whole boiling of them march out with their blasted colors at four o'clock this evening."

"Yes," broke in another, "and there was Burton at the head of them, with the purple blood of his bull neck waiting to be pricked. A little blood-letting will be good for him, and he'll get it to-morrow. Be God! we have enough surgical instru-

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ments to cure half the English army of apoplexy."

The others laughed.

"Now, Thady, go over there and fetch down the pipes," said a little man with a droll face, persuasively. "It is music we want to carry us over the hills to-night. The divil a redcoat to interfere, and never a note raised for the last six months since the country was up."

The little piper scuttled across the mud floor and took the pipes down from where he had put them.

The men crowded out of the door.

"Oh, faith! I was near forgettin'," said the leader. "What weapons have ye, boys? You must have something to drill with."

"Sure, I have nothing in the place but a few spades," replied Lanty.

"Well, bring them," said Black Rhoderick, "maybe they will come in handy."

The spades were fetched from the outhouse, and the men lined up in soldier-fashion, Thady at their head.

"March!" cried Rhoderick.

There was the swing of the feet on the hard mountain road, whilst in front strutted little Thady, working the bellows of his pipes for the dear life.

It was the mad thing that he was playing. Nothing more nor less than "Modderideroo"—one of the oldest tunes in Ireland, that they do be saying came down from the time of the flood. There are all kinds of things in it—divilment and killing and love-making. It was the strange thing entirely to hear the sound of the pipes echoing wildly among the hills—now losing itself in the wastes, and now being thrown back at the marchers by the white face of some old stone quarry. But sure it is well known that it is the queerest tune in the world.

As the tune rose on the night wind the spirits of the night-walkers rose with it. You could feel the lilt in their step on the road—the surging of the blood as it pumped itself through their veins under the impulse of the music. Every now and then a little laugh would break from one or other of the band—or a mad jest would be hurled backward and forward like you see the children when they are playing handball.

Higher and madder rose the tune. Sure, you would think there were ten thousand devils screeching in the wind. Higher and wilder it rose, I say, until it broke and finished on a high note that screamed itself out like a living thing that is having the hard passing.

"Good boy, Thady!" cried Rhoderick. "Sure, it is you have the way wid ye on the pipes. Go on—give us some more. Pipe whilst ye have the chance, for faith, maybe, what with the alarums of war and one thing and another, it might be to-morrow that you or all of us might be food for the scaldy-crows.

"Holy Mother!" he broke off, as he crossed himself, "may I never if that isn't one sitting back there on Michael Murphy's cabin."

He pointed to the blackened walls and charred rafters of a little cabin that perched bleakly upon the spur of a hillock. Sure enough, as he said, there was the thing of ill-omen, the carrion crow, with its coat of evil gray, that looked at them with its head cocked on one side, and, as they came abreast, croaked once or twice and flew sluggishly away under the moon.

"May God blast the sowl of the man that gave the crooked word to put away poor Michael in Fermoy jail, and to send him dangling between earth and sky with his young neck broken!"

The speaker was a gaunt, dark man, whose words were re-echoed in a dozen different tones by the men about.

"Yes," said another, "and there was Dennis O'Sullivan, and Shamus Moriarty, and Patrick O'Toole—and where are they this night? Where are they, I ask?"

Again a sullen Amen of curses rose from the little band.

"And there was Eileen O'Connor, Michael's sweetheart, whose mind they do be sayin' has taken its flight into the dark place since they hanged her man."

"And indeed we might meet her to-night," put in another man. "She is always walkin' round and round the house from where they tuk poor Michael to his death. Oh, it was she that was the fine girl until they desthroyed the light of her understandin'."

"Strike up another tune, Thady boy, and drive the horrors away from us," came a voice from the crowd.

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"What will ye have, gintlemin? 'The Rakes of Mallow,' 'The Cows Are in the Corn,' 'The Little Red Fox.' Give it the word," said the little piper, his eyes sparkling.

"The Dirge of Shamus Fitzgerald," shouted one.

"No," said a funny little fellow at the back, with a turned-up nose, "give us 'The Night that Thady was Stretched.'"

"The Night that Thady was Stretched," they all yelled.

"Have it afther your own wishes, gintlemin," said the piper, with a twinkle in his moist gray eye.

He struck up the tune. A fine, rollicking tune, as you know, with drink, divilment, and divarsion in the heart of it.

He walked along, beating time with his elbows, and working the bellows under his arm as though his life depended on it. There he marched, strutting along the road for all the world like a little gamecock, the natty legs of him clothed in green knee-breeches and gray stockings. Faith, you could almost see the beak of him, and the spurs on his feet that were thrown out at each step.

He was in the middle of a flourish, when all at once the pipes dropped from his hands, and he stood still in the middle of the road as though he had been touched by the finger of God.

A shrill laugh came through the night. A tearing kind of a laugh that always stays with you after you have heard it—sleeping and waking.

Shadow-like against the moonlight as it struck from the slope behind her stood a tall girl, her dark hair falling around her loosely in a wild tangle. Her eyes glittered whitely as they slanted to the moon rays.

Again the horrid sound rose on the air.

"Go on, Thady O'Rourke, go on!" It was the girl speaking.

"Go on, I tell ye. Sure, why wouldn't you be merry with my Michael drying in the wind at the four crossroads? Play on—it isn't a thrifle like a broken neck that would be stoppin' you."

"Faith, it was the start that you gave me, alannah. I will go on and that same quickly," quavered the piper. "Boys," said he, under his breath, "she is mad, and she might be puttin' the evil eye on us. It is betther to humor her."

"I'm comin' with ye, boys. I know where you are going. Sure, aren't ye getting ready to send the redcoats back to the pit from which they came before the light of that moon floods the valley of Aughrim twice more. I am comin' with ye."

The poor creature marched along just behind the piper, no man giving her the cross word.

Thady O'Rourke took up the tune again. But the life had gone out of him. The notes came in gasps, as though the little man were laboring for breath.

O'Riordan stepped up to him with a queer little smile on his face as the man stopped.

"Go on, Thady," said he, very quiet, looking steadily at him.

"Sure, it is tired that I am," replied the piper, as he wiped the sweat from his forehead, "and the divil another note do I play until I have had a rest."

"Go on, Thady," persisted O'Riordan evenly and quietly. "Go on."

"Well, if it is to plaze you, I will do my endeavors," said the piper, after he had looked at the other.

Again the notes rose, as they wound through a mountain defile. They were very high up now, and coming to the top of Croagh Ardagh, where they were to drill. The white moonlight bathed the tops of the hills at either side of them in a misty radiance, and as they broke through on to the level space, they could see, stretching far to the west, the shimmering veil of waters breathing under the silvery beams.

The little piper stopped again, his breath coming and going.

"Go on, Thady," said Rhoderick.

"I will not," said the piper, "sure, it is killin' an ould man that ye are."

"Go on—God blast you! go on," said his tormentor in a terrible voice. "Sure, you must finish what you have commenced."

"Arrah," said long Lanty ingratiatingly, throwing an eye on Rhoderick, "why don't you do what is axed of you? Isn't it . . ."

Rhoderick looked at him. It was

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enough. The words fell away in a throaty crackle.

"Go on, Thady, go on," said Eileen. "Isn't to-night the great night for the pipes! 'Tis the night to be glad in the heart of ye. Play the sowls of the fine young men and the girls that are dead into purgathory. Play them in, I say. Play them in." Again her laugh broke wildly.

The little man turned from one to the other, his eyes looking for something in their faces.

"All right, boys, if it is your sport, sure, I am satisfied." And he tried a laugh. But the laugh was strangled in his throat.

"What is it you are afther now?"

"I'll tell you, Thady boy, what we'll have now. Give us 'The Rogue's Dead March.' How will that be to your likin's, boys?"

And Rhoderick turned to the faces of the men that were whitely set under the moon.

The word was taken up by a dozen throats as the little man buckled his pipes on his arm once more.

The men formed a sort of irregular circle around the player.

You know "The Rogue's Dead March." And you know how it came to be composed in the ould ancient days when Brian Boru was King of Ireland—but it is not wearyin' you I would be with what every one knows.

And Thady himself played the tune as though possessed. The sweat streamed down his face. But still he played on. And they kept him at it in the cruel way, until at last the pipes dropped from him.

"Thank ye, Thady," said Rhoderick, "sure, it is yourself has the touch. Lay down the pipes and take up the spade, for we have some diggin' for you to do." And he smiled pleasantly at him.

The old man moved forward slowly. All at once he screamed.

"Gintlemin! Gintlemin! What is it that you are goin' to do wid me?" And his face went gray under the moon.

"Nothing at all, honest man," laughed one of the men.

"Arrah, don't be foolish, Thady," said Billy Muldoon, his own face very gray. "What is it that the boys would be doin' with ye?"

"That's right, Billy," said the little snub-nosed man, "put the quiet spirit into him. Maybe he is not the only wan that'll want it before the night is out. And maybe it is diggin' for threasure we are. Sure, it is well known that some of us are fond of the yellow-boys." And the others laughed in delight.

"Well, boys, if it is your desire, I will do anything you want. But it is you that have the great humor entirely. First a piping and then a digging."

The men walked over to the other side of the open space. Four dark masses loomed up on the grass, looking black against their green setting. As they got closer it could be seen that by the side of each mass of earth there was a deep hole in the shape of a pear going down perhaps five or six feet.

"What are those, boys?" asked Muldoon.

"Nothing more or less than four traps for catching redcoats," said a big man, over the head of Thady.

"How do you bait them, boys?" asked Muldoon, the corners of his mouth moving queerly.

"Nothing easier in life," said Rhoderick. "It is well known that the divil looks well after his own, and it is the redcoats that look well after their friend the informer. All you have to do is to put an informer in each, when up come the redcoats, and there you are."

Lanty wheezed out a laugh. "Well, anyhow, it is as injanious a conthraption as the divil himself," he said. "But where are the informers?"

"Oh, sure, we are waitin' for them," said one of the men.

"Now, then, Thady, my bucko," said Rhoderick, "take up the spade."

"What for?" said the old man piteously.

"Well, we want another trap, and you are the man to make it."

"But, gintlemin, savin' your presence . . ."

He had hardly got the words out of his mouth when O'Riordan, with a terrible oath, had stepped up to him and struck him heavily in the mouth.

The spittle, flecked with blood, ran loosely from the old man's lips. Turning a gray look upon his tormentors, without

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another word he picked up a spade and started digging, whilst the others laughed and talked about him.

"Sure, it is he that has the great hand with the spade."

"Well, he has sent enough fine men under the sod, anyhow," cried another.

"He might be ould Jimmy the sexton," said another.

"Ah, sure, it is the spade that is his instrument—not the pipes," laughed a fourth.

The old man labored in the soft earth. Gradually his feet and then his knees disappeared from view as he dug. The sweat poured coldly from his face, as though the death-dews were already there, his eyes turning from side to side at the men about him.

"Go on, Thady, go on," said O'Riordan encouragingly, and as softly as a mother might speak to her child, as the old fellow showed signs of exhaustion, and half fell, half scrambled to the edge of the pit.

"Take a rest now, Thady, whilst you are raising the tune with the pipes," said one of the men.

"Wan more tune before you go," shouted another in a very ecstasy of mirth.

The old man was given his pipes as he sat on the edge of the hole, his feet dangling in the pit. They did not tell him what to play this time, but as they waited they heard "The Passing of Owen Roe O'Neill" rise on the wind. The dirge swept eerily out over the edge of the green plot of ground into the spaces beyond.

"—— —— it! I can't bear it!" A man had broken from the others, his eyes staring, his hand clutching at his neck-clout. It was Pad the Mom.

"But you'll have to bear it," said O'Riordan.

"What is it that is troublin' you, honest man?" crooned Eileen, and she laughed quietly to herself.

"Nothing, nothing," muttered Pad as he went back again.

The notes rose and fell. There was an infinite sorrow in the music—the sorrow of the soul that is passing.

"Take up the spade now," said O'Riordan.

The old man went on with his task dumbly.

Gradually, as he threw out the dark earth, he disappeared, until only his neck was visible, his four friends looking on as though it was fascinated they were.

"Put down your spade now, Thady—you are goin' to have the long rest from your troubles."

The old man threw out his spade and scrambled out of the pit, falling exhausted on the edge, his little legs dangling into it.

"Well, boys, the night is flyin', and we have our drillin' to do. We have the thraps. Now for the bait."

The word had hardly passed Black Rhoderick's lips, when a heavy boot was thrust against the small of the piper's back, knocking him into the pit, where he stood clambering at the sides, with his cunning little head bobbing up and down over the edge. In a moment the men had flung themselves upon Muldoon, Lanty, Pad the Mom, and Jerry Condon, and had forced them, screaming and blaspheming, into the pits, and, seizing the spades, started to fling in the earth. Scream after scream tore through the night.

"Oh God! you are killin' me . . ."

"For the love of Christ, boys . . ."

"I didn't do it, I tell . . ."

The holes were filled in and the earth stamped down hard around the necks of the living men, who turned their eyes in horrid silence upon their sextons as they hurried away from the place, laughing and talking as though possessed.

But after the others had gone down the hill, Eileen O'Connor remained behind. For three days and three nights she kept her vigil with Death by the Heads on the Mountain, and as she sat she told them the things that had to be told. And what she said to them and what the Heads said to her is not known, and never will be known, but for three days and nights the people in the valley beneath thought they heard the voices on the wind, and when, at the long last, the soldiers found their way to Croagh Ardagh, the scaldy-crows had been there before them, and the sight that came to their eyes . . . but I don't think I will tell you the sight that came to the soldiers on the top of Croagh Ardagh.

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ARMISTICE DAYS IN PARIS

BY MARY KING WADDINGTON

ARMISTICE . . . 11TH NOVEMBER, 1918

Monday, November 11th.

WE could not believe it this morning, when we heard the cannon telling Paris that the long tragedy was over and that "peace on earth, good-will toward men" would be more than words or prayers in our Christmas services this year. I was at the Embassy late yesterday afternoon, saying like so many others, that I was sorry it had come so soon! I would have liked a victory (it was so near), and a triumphant army crossing the Rhine, and burning and devastating at least a few villages and towns. We, who live in the devastated regions, and have seen and still see such terrible misery, all our beautiful plains and valleys a bare black mass, full of obus holes as deep as wells, and trenches with barbed wire still hanging on them, and the piteous bands of women and children, half-clothed, half-starved, frightened, but all flocking back to their "pays" in search of homes that no longer exist, have a very bitter feeling against the barbarians who brought so much suffering into our lives. It would be very difficult, indeed impossible, for any of us to have patience with the enemy and show ourselves generous victors. The Ambassador came in for a few moments, and told us the armistice would certainly be signed, and that the conditions were so hard that we would be more than satisfied when they were announced. Francis, who was at home on leave, was decidedly sceptical this morning when the first shots were heard, but as they continued in regular succession there was no doubt possible, and the shouts and hurrahs in the street would have told us if we hadn't heard the cannon. Flags appeared like magic at all the windows; everybody rushed into the street; everybody shook hands with everybody; a great many women were crying, some with joy, some poor things in anguish, thinking of those lying in their lonely graves all over France and Flanders, fallen too soon to know that their sacrifice had not been in vain. I wonder do they know; I think something must tell them and that they will hear in their long sleep the tramp of retreating armies, and know that at last their beloved country is free from the hordes of barbarians, who have left such terrible traces of their occupation.

We all went out, and the street—the wonderful Paris street which has seen so much—was most interesting. All sorts of pathetic little incidents. Our concierge has lost two sons, one early in the war, the youngest about two months ago. She was very brave, poor thing; put out her modest little flag, with the tears streaming down her cheeks. I can't tell you the effect the cannon made on us. We have heard it so often, that terrible long-distance gun, always a sinister menace of worse to come, and even when it was not in our quarter, we knew it meant death and destruction somewhere. We couldn't realize that this time it brought the heavenly message of peace. I was lunching with Mme. de J. across the river, and thought I never should get there. Impossible to get a taxi; all were full, and had already flags on their carriages, and a tricolor ribbon on the neck of the dog who so often sits up alongside of the driver. I finally got a place standing in a tram; just as I was getting in, two poilus, one limping badly, came along and wanted to get in, but neither had any money on him, so they were turning sadly away, when there came almost a roar from the people inside; hands were stretched out to help them in, all saying "montez, montez," and a voice, a man's, from a corner of one of the cars said "On vous payerait vos places en or aujourd'hui, mes amis. Où serions-nous sans vous? Vive le poilu." (We would pay your

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places in gold to-day, my friends, where should we be without you?) The young fellows looked so pleased. We were only four at luncheon, one the Cte. d'I.—who had his beautiful château sacked very early in the war. Priceless treasures, books, papers, tapestries, pictures, the collection of years, carried off, or destroyed. He of course feels the armistice has come too soon; would have loved to see a victorious army cross the Rhine and burn a few châteaux and villages in Germany. I walked home by the Place de la Concorde, which was black with people, bands playing before the statues of Lille and Strasbourg, and processions of all kinds, men and women struggling through the dense mass of people! A group of girls in uniform carrying French and American flags were making their way through the crowd with difficulty, singing or rather humming a tune. A procession of boys and young men, some poilus too, coming in the other direction barred their way, saying: "Allons les gosses, un peu de courage. Chantez nous la Marseillaise." There was a pause, and then a fresh young voice began timidly the famous air. The crowd instantly joined in, and it was a mighty wave of sound that filled the place before the first verse was finished.

I heard laughing and nervous little screams as I went on, and cries of "Vive la France." A band of American soldiers, meeting a group of pretty little midinettes, had seized the girls by the waist, lifted them high in the air and kissed them on both cheeks, then they put them down. The crowd was delighted as the girls ran away laughing; a lady of mature years, who I think would not have been molested, looked smilingly at the Americans saying: "les beaux gars." Everywhere people were cheering and singing, but there was always a certain dignity and reserve which the French have shown so strongly all through the war. It was late when I got home; the Frances's came still later, they had been out with their friends the Dampierres who had been at the Chambre des Députés when the armistice was announced. They said it was a wonderful scene; the house packed, perfect silence when Clemenceau, his voice trembling with emotion, announced the armistice, then roars of applause that almost shook the house. They went off to dine with the Jeans the other side of the river.

Wednesday 13th.

Same beautiful weather. C. and I went to the first meeting of the Women's Peace Day Relief Committee, American Red Cross. On our way down, we met a procession toiling up the hill—our two boys, a friend and a poilu dragging along a cannon, quite a big one on wheels which they brought from the Place de la Concorde. Clemenceau had said they could be taken, "there would be plenty more." They are going to put it on the lawn at Mareuil, our poor lawn where German cavalry horses were picketed. When we got down to the Place de la Concorde, it didn't look as if any meeting would take place. Everybody was out on the balcony, looking down at the Place, which is always crowded and most interesting. One feels there the pulse of Paris, every emotion, every passing incident sends a thrill through the crowd. One of the ladies, talking to Charlotte of the various sights in the streets, said, "I saw a pretty sight to-day in the Avenue d'Iéna, two little fair English boys, their hats off, their cheeks flushed with the effort, dragging a cannon up the hill, with a poilu helping them, and everybody stopping to look at them." She was much interested when C. said to her proudly, "Those were my boys." We finally had our meeting. The chairman explained what the committee would have to do—apparently to keep on the same good work in France and the "regions dévastées" when the American Red Cross goes home.

Saturday 16th.

Life is still abnormal—no one seems able to settle down to anything and everybody has a different version of how the German Peace delegates were received, and how they behaved. Even for a German, it was an extraordinary want of tact on the part of Genl. W. to wear the decoration of the Légion d'Honneur, particularly as the wearer had been so well treated in France when he was wounded. He was asked to take it off, which surprised him and made him angry.

Francis went back to-night, having no

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idea where he should join his corps. If they are sent to Germany, I think he would volunteer for a few months more, but everything is most uncertain. The armies move so quickly now. Charlotte and the boys have gone to the station with him and I am alone at home with Anzac, the little toy terrier, to keep me company. Poor little Zax went through the bombardment of Hazebrouck with the family, and was terrified with the noise and the falling shells. He was always the first to hear the noise of the Gothas, even before the British sergeant would give the alarm, and order all lights out, and everybody to the basement or cellars. He would run in and hide under Charlotte's petticoats. I don't mind the loneliness to-night, as this parting is nothing and we shall soon have our man back with all his arms and legs and eyes. One hardly dares to rejoice, so many of his friends have gone—others with an arm or a leg gone—I suppose we are all still nervous, and under the impression of the cannon. A sudden sharp noise in the street makes me start—! I hope I shall never again have the feeling of anguish and helplessness I had that first morning of the Bertha. We had had an awful night of Gothas, but had all gone to bed and slept peacefully once the berloque had sounded; we were wakened at eight in the morning by that terrible noise that shook the house as if it were made of paper. For a moment, my heart stopped beating; I couldn't get my breath. However, we lived through it, and through many others——

18th.

Yesterday was an interesting day; the civil procession, men and women, parading through the Champs-Elysées. Every description of society and work was represented. We breakfasted early, and went down to the Hôtel Crillon (American Red Cross) where we saw beautifully. The tribune from which Poincaré, Joffre, and other celebrities were to speak was directly opposite the balcony, but too far off to hear anything, except the cheers when well-known people like Joffre, Clemenceau, and others drove up. The procession was not pretty at all. No uniforms except the very sober ones of the Red Cross workers; very little color, a few flags and banners, and not much order; straggling groups of women. But it was curious; it expressed the relief and pride of thousands of people, who had borne bravely the burden and anguish of these four tragic years. Of course a great many women were in mourning. It was hours passing. We started for home about five, literally carried by the crowd—no taxi visible anywhere, but a good-natured crowd. We tried to cross at the rue de Berri, but the procession was still moving down, though it had started from the Arc de l'Etoile at one o'clock. It was a curious sight—as far as one could see up and down the avenue, the long line of women, walking really triumphantly down the Champs-Elysées between the rows of German cannon, but no cries of "à bas les Boches"—"Vive la France"—all quite quiet. We should never have got across if it had not been for our white "coupe-fil" which makes a passage through everywhere unless it is absolutely impossible. Two stalwart policemen opened a way for us through rows of women of all ages and sizes. They were all quite good-natured, one of them looking smilingly at me, saying, "Maman est fatiguée." We started again at six and went to the Te Deum of St. Honoré d'Eylau. The church was brilliantly illuminated, flags and banners everywhere, and the curé made his entrée with his clergy and choir-boys carrying the tricolor. It was most impressive, though the music was a little disappointing.

I was sorry not to have been at the American church in the Avenue de l'Alma, which they say was very fine—all the centre nave given up to the soldiers, a military band, and the hymn "Onward Christian Soldiers" sung by the whole congregation. Of course everybody is talking about the Kaiser and his flight into Holland. I must say I didn't think he would finish so ignobly. He had still such a "beau geste à faire" to put himself at the head of his army and confess himself beaten—the world against him, but he had kept his promise to his people—not one foreign soldier had set foot on German soil—then let himself be killed. When one remembers his parents; his mother so spirited, so keenly alive to the duties and example a great position entails, it is impossible to realize that her son could fail so utterly.

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Almost all the soldiers we see regret that the armistice has come so soon. They say another fortnight of fighting would have meant the capitulation or annihilation of the whole German army. Could we go on with victory really ours, though not perhaps the great military victory that we all longed for. However the peace negotiations will show us how strong military Germany still is. The report seems to be gaining ground that President Wilson is coming over. It will be a curious precedent for the United States President to establish, and I shouldn't think it would be altogether approved of by the country.

Wednesday 20th.

Breakfasted with Mme. T. She is giving up her hospital which she has run since the beginning of the war. She has done a splendid work, been most generous and untiring. The general* is Alsatian-born, and I think she will interest herself very much in Alsace. It is going to be a very difficult question, and opinions are much divided; some people say all this generation of Alsatians are more German than French; don't want to become French again. I think they are in the minority. In the country generally there seems to be a wave of feeling for Alsace-Lorraine. Is it only a half-sentimental, half-poetic feeling for the lost provinces, or do they really feel that a part of their country that had been torn from them is at last restored to the mother country? It will take a great many years to eliminate all the German population. En attendant everything is being done for Alsace—Christmas-trees, distributions of toys, clothes and food. Our poor little villages in the north, which are still in terrible need, are being a little neglected, and the Germans are playing all sorts of tricks as they evacuate—burning, stealing, blowing up bridges and factories. It is incredible the harm they have done in so many small places. All over the departments of the Oise and Aisne and Somme, there are quantities of small farms and market-gardens. All the gardens have been ruined, everywhere fruit-trees razed to the ground, vines pulled up, and utter havoc. It is pitiful to see what is left of pretty prosperous little hamlets, where for generations peasants have toiled in the sun and the frost, tilling every inch of their two or three acres, quite satisfied with their life, unconscious of the passions and ambitions and strife in the outer world so near, and yet so far from them. Many of these people had never been two miles away from their own homes.

Friday 22d.

German fleet arrived in England, received in perfect silence, not a hostile demonstration of any kind. The British tars not too exultant when they boarded the famous dreadnoughts. It was a proud day for England, and well deserved. She guarded the seas magnificently. When one thinks of the thousands of transports that brought our American troops, artillery, provisions, ammunition, everything in fact that must come with big armies, it seems even now incredible that all should have arrived safely. Every one is talking peace negotiations. There is a great distrust of the Boche and many people are uncertain about America's attitude. Will she be stiff enough with the Germans?

Wednesday 27th.

Paris is making great preparations to receive King George—British flags are floating everywhere alongside of the tricolor and one sees many British soldiers, tall, well-set-up Tommies in the streets, rather a rare sight in these days, as the British officers don't care to have their men in Paris.

Thursday 28th, Thanksgiving Day.

I lunched with a friend at the Princess Hôtel on the corner of the rue de Presbourg, and the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, and we had an excellent view of the procession and the Avenue du Bois. The cavalry looked very well, a long blue line stretching up to the gates of the Bois. It was a cold, gray, showery morning, but that didn't prevent the people from turning out. There were crowds all along the route, with every description of cart, planks on trestles, ladders with children clinging to them like bunches of grapes on a vine; a great many people wearing little pins with French and English flags

*See "Impressions of Alsace under the Armistice," by Gen. Emile Taufflieb, in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, May, 1919.

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entwined. The King and his two sons must have arrived very punctually, for exactly at two o'clock we heard the cannon and saw the usual forerunners of all official cortéges, the Préfet de Police, and some smaller functionaries, civil and military, coming down the Avenue. The cortége was very simple, no escort, merely a squad of dragoons in front and behind the carriages—there were not more than a dozen. King George in tenue de campagne was in a victoria with President Poincaré, very well turned out, as all the Elysée carriages are. The tradition has remained since Marshal MacMahon's time. He looked very well—a little older, but sitting very straight, and returning the salutes most smilingly. The Prince of Wales and his brother, both too in uniform, followed in the next carriage, with one of the ministers, Clemenceau, I suppose. They were enjoying themselves immensely, smiling and saluting, taking in everything and much amused with the crowd, and the boys clustered on the lamp-posts, and the ladders. They were all most enthusiastically received. I think the King must have been very pleased. I went later in the afternoon to the American Embassy—where they had tea and dancing, with a very good military band, for two hundred American officers. The big room was crowded, and I wondered where so many "danseuses" had been found, but I soon discovered they were all nurses, canteen workers, chauffeuses, etc. They were all dressed alike in short dark skirts and white blouses, and there were a great many pretty faces. I said to a young soldier standing at the door:—"This is better than the trenches, I think." "I don't know," he said—"I never got so far, I wish I had."

Saturday 30th.

Our next royal visitors will be the King and Queen of the Belgians, they will have a great reception; they have both been so wonderfully plucky. It was hard for her, as she is German-born, a Hohenzollern. The question of mixed marriages, so often discussed, plays a great rôle now. Some French and English girls married in Germany have had awful experiences. Of course a woman must stand by her husband, but it must be awful to be wife and mother to a Boche. I heard a curious story the other day from a man who accompanied some of the poor people of the "pays évacués" who were struggling back to their homes. He talked to some of them—said there were many old men and women who didn't look as if they had strength to walk a few yards. He said to one old woman: "Why didn't you stay where you were, at least you were housed and fed—" "Ah, non, monsieur, I am very old, but if I have only a few days to live, I want to die in my own home." All said the same thing.

He noticed one young woman who was carrying a baby, but she didn't seem to notice it or care about it—looked straight before her with big tragic eyes. He said: "Vous avez un bel enfant"— "Non" was the answer. ("But yes, he is a strong fine child." "It is a Boche—I keep it because one mustn't abandon little children—I will bring him up and when he is big, I will send him to Germany to kill his father.") ("Mais si, il est beau, fort." "C'est un Boche, je le garde parce que on ne peut pas abandonner les petits; je l'éleverai, et quand il sera grand, je l'enverrai en Allemagne pour tuer son père.")

DECEMBER, 1918

Thursday, December 5th.

It is anything but December weather, mild, foggy. We hoped the sun would come out for the arrival of the King and Queen of the Belgians. It didn't, but there was no rain, so the cortége could be in open carriages. The ceremonial was exactly the same as for King George, except that this time Mme. Poincaré accompanied the President. They had a magnificent reception, the King of course in uniform with the President, the Queen with Mme. Poincaré. She looked very well, dressed in gray, a little pale but very smiling. One could hardly see anything except the head, she was smothered in flowers. There was the usual set of officials following and the crowd dispersed slowly, cheering whenever it could, on any pretext. When the soldiers marched back to their quarters, particularly the artillery and the 75, there was much cheering and many people gave the men cigarettes.

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Friday 6th.

Bessie and I lunched with Mme. T. and discussed the Alsace-Lorraine question. It is going to be very delicate. When the first excitement of being French has passed and people settle down to any kind of normal life, there will be great jealousies and heart-burnings, before all the German functionaries are dismissed, and replaced by French and *Alsatians* as much as possible; but various names are being put forward which one doesn't quite understand, men from Bordeaux, Toulouse, etc., who can't know very much about Alsace.

Sunday 8th.

Our breakfast at Ségur's was pleasant. Dolia arrived this morning, looking very well. It is interesting to hear the talk on all sides. He says the discipline of the Austrian troops is very good and that the men are good fighters, but the officers. . . .

Tuesday 10th.

We had an agreeable luncheon at the Princess. Doctor Watson was there; we were delighted to see him. There were also Doctor M. Prince and Charlie Caroll. They all talked hard, a great deal about President Wilson and his journey. He will of course have a magnificent reception, but I hope he won't want the Allies to be too generous. I don't think Clemenceau will stand for much poetry in dealing with the Huns.

Wednesday 11th.

I was all the afternoon at the Vente for "L'Aisne dévastée." Of course all the Aisne ladies were there, Mmes. de Lubessac, d'Aramon, Firino, La Rochefoucauld, and others. It was crowded. I think they must have made very good affairs. Ctsse. d'Aramon is very plucky. Her place is quite destroyed, nothing left but a bit of wall and a cemetery. She had Germans there for months. They buried their soldiers, some French ones too, on the lawn under her drawing-room windows, and when they finally left, destroyed everything. Pinon the fine old Courval château has gone. All the beautiful trees which M. de Courval had planted with so much care cut down. It was pathetic to hear the scraps of conversation on all sides, ruin, devastation, misery. How can we ever build it all up again!

Friday 13th.

Paris is making splendid preparations for President Wilson. American flags everywhere, and hotels asking fabulous prices for windows. We had to-day a long, most interesting visit from our great friend Abbé Maréchal, who was shut up in Laon for four years. He is the Chanoine of the Cathedral and had some pretty hard experiences during the German occupation. They had very little to eat, and never knew from one day to another how the Germans would behave. The beautiful old Cathedral was not much hurt, though they had soldiers, and I think horses, at the bottom of the church. He looks worn and thinner, says no words can describe the effect on the people when they heard the French bugles in the distance, and saw the first blue uniforms actually at the gates. They had services several times in the Cathedral when Catholic German troops were stationed there. He never participated in them, but one day there was a grand Mass, a German bishop officiating. He was notified that he was invited and expected to be present. He slipped in, in one corner of his own church and came away as soon as the Mass was over.

Saturday 14th.

I walked about all the morning but didn't see Wilson, only the end of the cortége which was naturally just like the others—Mrs. Wilson, like the Queen of the Belgians, disappearing under a mass of flowers. The reception was extraordinary—all sorts of people out—flags everywhere, great American lorries piled with soldiers, standing at the corner of the Champs-Elysées, and the streets leading to it, and people seated or standing up on every description of bench or table. Ladders, chairs, carts with planks stretched across and chairs on top of them (they looked a most unsolid resting-place), wooden armchairs, with lighter cane chairs on them, barrels and even pails turned upside down. One of our friends was standing on a very rickety table, and said she had seen everything perfectly and that the cheering of the crowd was contagious. She found herself

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waving frantically a small American flag she had bought from a boy in the street. All the people on her table were French and when they realized that she was an American, they all shook hands with her solemnly, saying: "Quel beau jour pour nos deux pays, madame."

The crowd was already dispersing as I stood there, and the street was most interesting. Everybody carrying away their chairs and tables. There were several women, evidently ladies just as well dressed as I was, carrying ladders. I walked about some little time and saw a great many people I knew. The general impression seems to be that it is a very good thing the President has come over—when he sees with his own eyes the misery and devastation of the "pays occupés," he will understand how impossible it would be for the French to have anything but the bitterest feelings toward such savage enemies. They say the Champs-Elysées and Place de la Concorde were féerique to-night, brilliantly lighted, the German cannon showing up well in the strong light.

Monday 16th.

Paris is still excited, crowds always on the route of the President. We had a nice visit from Jusserand before dinner. He looks extremely well; says the President was delighted with his reception.

Wednesday 18th.

Charlotte and I breakfasted at the Ritz with Mrs. M. A great many people there, every nationality and uniform under the sun. All the Americans delighted with the reception at the Embassy last night for the Wilsons. Both Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Sharpe were very well dressed, the whole thing beautifully done. Mrs. T. told me she didn't often go out at night, but she couldn't resist such an "historic evening." When she arrived a group of three was just coming out into the hall—Cardinal Amette, Marshal Foch, and Clemenceau. I don't believe any one will ever again see those three personalities under the same roof.

Thursday 19th.

To-day was our last royal reception for the King of Italy and the young Prince of Piedmont. The weather was just as unpropitious as it had been for all the Allies, not absolutely raining, nor snowing, but cold and dark and muddy. The King looked very well, always does sitting, as he holds himself well and one loses the sense of his shortness. The young Prince had a great success. It is an interesting young face, rather like his mother as I remember her, and he looked happy and smiling when he returned the salutes. There were a great many Italian flags, and I suppose Italians in the crowd, but I didn't hear any Italian spoken about me. I was a little surprised at the enthusiasm as I don't think there is much sympathy between the French and the Italians.

Monday 23rd.

The days are all alike, not cold but gray and damp. I lunched with Madeleine de L. to meet Harry White. He looks very well, a little older perhaps, but that happens to all of us—these awful years of war and mournings don't make any of us younger. He seems quite pleased to be in Paris again, and see all his old friends. We were very discreet, didn't ask him too many questions, and he wouldn't have answered them if we had. I think he understands already, even before the preliminary séances take place, what a difficult task the Peace Commissioners will have.

Tuesday 24th, Christmas Eve.

A horrid day—rain and melted snow; however Charlotte and I went out in quest of some last little things for our tree, and vaguely hoping that we might find a plum pudding left over at the last moment, but we always met the same response—"Nothing left, everything taken by the Americans." We had a quiet Christmas dinner. We four, three Sallandrouyes, and Henry O. who always dines with us on Xmas Day. My great nephew had sent me a turkey from the country. They were selling in the Paris markets at 100 fcs. a piece. I don't think I could have bought one at that price even for a Xmas *peace* dinner. We lit our small tree after dinner. It wouldn't have seemed Christmas without one. Charlotte and the boys went off to midnight mass—the first one since the war. In all the sad years, no lights were al-

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lowed in the churches nor in the streets, and at midnight very few people were abroad. To-night it was very different, streets and churches full of people; the churches brilliantly illuminated, a great many soldiers, permissionnaires with their whole families, even babies in arms and everybody putting something, if only a penny, in the plate. I heard the noise of footsteps and voices in the street, even through the closed windows.

Christmas Day.

I went to the American church which was filled with soldiers. They didn't sing the old-fashioned Christmas hymn "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," which was a disappointment to me. It always takes me back to the first Christmasses in America (so many years ago), the first ones I remember at Cherry Lawn, New Jersey, and later ones at Oyster Bay, when Henrietta and I were the choir—she playing the organ and I singing with a collection of village children who had not much voice nor much idea of singing, but who soared the "Hallelujahs" and "Shout the glad tidings," and Faust the big Newfoundland dog would come and tell us if we were late! He knew quite well the last strokes of the bell.

We all four, Charlotte and I and the boys, dined with Mme. T. who had a real Christmas dinner—small Xmas trees on the table, a present for every one and a splendid plum pudding, with a fine blaze. There were three or four English and American officers, and we had a cheerful evening. The British officers spoke most contemptuously of the German naval officers who brought their ships to Portsmouth—said there wasn't an English sailor, from an admiral to a stoker, that wouldn't have sunk their ships and gone to the bottom with them sooner than hand them over to the enemy. I have heard that there were not many superior officers, mostly non-commissioned men who probably didn't have the same feeling. . . .

Friday 27th.

The papers are full of Wilson and his triumphant progress through London. Here we are rather disappointed and astonished that he didn't go to the "pays dévastés" before he went to England.

Tuesday 31st, New Year's Eve.

Usually such a festal night in Paris, balls and reveillons everywhere, and bells ringing in the New Year, but all is quiet to-night—no signs nor sounds of rejoicing—a few bells only to welcome the New Peace Year. One can hardly believe it yet. All these war years, New Year's Eve has been so fraught with memories and fears and mournings. One couldn't help wondering sometimes if it was right to continue the struggle, and face another year of strife and death, but no one dared voice such a feeling. To-night we feel that the sacrifice has not been in vain.

JANUARY, 1919

January 1st, New Year's Day.

It is a horrid day, but nobody cares. The New Year opens so happily for us. I went to the American church, heard a very good sermon from Bishop Perry, and we all breakfasted with Madame L. The poor woman who sells flowers at the corner of the Avenue de l'Alma (a war widow with three children) was radiant. She had sold all her stock. Every one was paying her much more than she asked. I dined with Frances Stanley and one or two British officers at Larue's in the rue Royale. The place was crowded with officers and a great many pretty women, very much dressed, with pearls and aigrettes, very short skirts and pretty little shoes, not at all the war public we were accustomed to see—nurses and canteen workers, pretty too, but severely attired in uniform—just coming in for the meal and going away before the closing hour. That was not changed; at 9:30 some of the lights were put out, waiters brought coats and hats and by 9:45, the restaurant was emptied. It was blowing and raining, impossible to get a cab—all were taken at once by the officers who streamed out of the café. After waiting quite a time, one of our Englishmen reappeared saying he had got a private car with footman, as well as chauffeur, who would take us to the Etoile for a consideration (and a very fair consideration), if we would come at once. We accepted of course gladly and were whirled up the Champs-Elysées, the chauffeur and footman looking so pleased we felt that they had been well treated. I suppose all our

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chauffeurs do the same thing when we are out.

Tuesday 7th.

Always the same horrid weather and no means of getting about. Circulation impossible. I went to the American Red Cross to ask about some cases they are sending for us to Hazebrouck (as the misery in all that part of France is terrible), and it was crowded with American officers all saying the same thing. "I say, old fellow, when are you going home?" "I am off to-morrow, just got my orders." I dined with Gen. T. just back from Strasbourg. General T. is Alsatian, was born there. It is going to be a very difficult question for the French Government—there must be some Alsatians who are Germans in every sense of the word. For forty years, they have known only German rule, have had very little communication with France, nothing to feed the flame of patriotism. They tell us that quantities of girls between sixteen and twenty are engaged to Germans. It is quite natural; they have never seen any French, and have grown up with all these men who are soldiers now.

Friday 10th.

Charlotte decided quite suddenly to go off to Hazebrouck last night. Her friend Mlle. de B. one of the Hazebrouck ladies, President of the Croix Rouge, whose house has been knocked to pieces by the bombardment, has been in Paris for a few days, trying to get some things together for the refugees. She was going back last night, and was most anxious to take Charlotte with her so that she might see with her own eyes the condition of the people. She has two or three rooms in one corner of her house which have no shell-holes and where the window-panes are not broken. I am afraid they had a very cold, long journey.

Sunday 12th.

We had an interesting luncheon at Ségur's. He, the only man; his Belgian niece Mme. de Mérode and her daughter were there. They had not left Brussels since the German occupation, remained in their own house, quite unmolested, though always in dread of what might be in store for them. They had some hours of anguish, when some of the principal inhabitants of Brussels were deported and imprisoned. They saw all the diplomats who had remained, and followed, hour by hour, the trial and execution of Miss Cavell, the English nurse. Couldn't believe (no one could) such an atrocious crime could be committed in the nineteenth century, even by Germans. The Spanish ambassador, the Marquis de Villacota, kept them informed of everything that was taking place. He did all he could to prevent the execution of the nurse and was really ill when he realized that his last appeal was in vain. Bissing, the governor, wouldn't see him, said it was not possible to approach the Kaiser on the subject; he then tried to make some impression on Lanken, whom we had all known here as military attaché. *He* finally agreed to make one more effort with Bissing, but there was nothing to be done but to pray that the unfortunate woman would be killed at once—a bullet in her heart. The whole world knows how bravely and calmly she met her fate.

I had a few visits at tea-time; one or two American officers and Harry White. He didn't say much about the Peace Conference, but we all did, and opinions differed very much. He has implicit confidence in President Wilson; says he is the only man who can deal with the situation. It is a terrible responsibility for any one man, but unless he sees the ruins of all our northern towns and villages, and the miles of black burnt plains in our beautiful valleys of the Somme and the Aisne, he can't understand all we have gone through and the hatred in our hearts for the Germans.

Monday 13th.

Charlotte came home last night by express-train from Lille. She found Hazebrouck half in ruins; the house of Mlle. D. where she stayed, much damaged, holes in the roof and the walls. They lived in two small rooms, which had escaped shells, but there were no panes of glass in her windows. It was such a charming old-fashioned house, as I remember it, half French, half Flemish, with high rooms, big windows, a lovely garden—almost a park, at the back—and an enormous Flemish kitchen built separately from the house in the court with

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rows of glistening coppers shining in the firelight. However, it can be repaired; not like some of the others, which have simply collapsed, a heap of stones. She says the misery in all that region is terrible. There are many "œuvres," and a great deal of help has been given in the way of clothes, provisions and tools, but it is a drop in the ocean. Lille she found less damaged than she expected, but Armentières, La Bassée, Bailleul, and the neighboring villages don't exist—but the people do, and the women and children find their way back to their homes, tramping along the road, and taking little paths in woods and across fields, to find—what?

Sunday 19th.

The armistice is prolonged for another month, and people say with much stiffer terms for the Germans, but no one really knows anything; the papers say very little, and one always has the feeling that what they do say is arranged to give satisfaction to the public, which is getting uncomfortable. The Germans are so long in carrying out what they promised.

Thursday 23rd.

I have been very mondaine this week, have had two big dinners—that meant festal garments of some description. I could not go and dine with the President of the United States (Le Roi, as they call him here) in a cloth dress, which is all I have worn since the war; however, a brocade dress made before the war was produced from the depths of a trunk and was remodelled sufficiently to be possible, I having some difficulty in making the dressmaker understand that it must not be in the present fashion, up to my knees almost in front, with the ridiculous little fish-tail for a train. I must have the "robe classique" of a grandmother. Mme. F.'s dinner on Tuesday was pleasant, all the women American married to Frenchmen, except the Duchesse d'Houdancourt who, born French, married an Englishman, who wasn't there.

I had Lord Robert Cecil next to me, who is always interesting, though of course the Peace Conference men can't say anything about anything; we could only talk of all the horrors we had been through and our hopes and fears for the future. "Why fears now," he said, "when victory is ours?" "On account of the commercial and business spirit of our time. Soon the soldiers will all come home—normal life will begin again as soon as it is possible; people will get accustomed to the lonely graves and ruined hamlets all over France, and those awful years of fighting will gradually fade away into a dim past, which many people won't care even to recall." Then the conversation became general and we plunged into a discussion as to how far Germany was to be boycotted and kept out of all trading with civilized nations.

Wednesday's dinner at the Hôtel Crillon given by Secretary and Mrs. Lansing in honor of the President and Mrs. Wilson, was very handsome and agreeable. There were a great many interesting people. I sat directly opposite the President, so was able to have a very good impression of him. He seemed to talk easily with his neighbors; has a clever, thoughtful face—perfectly the American type. I had a little talk with him after dinner, and complimented him in my dual nationality (French-American) on his speech at the Senate, which gave much pleasure to the French people. He said he was very glad people were pleased, as every word came from his heart; he could never say enough what he thought of the French soldiers and the French nation. I was sorry not to have a little longer talk with him, but all the men went off to smoke. I found Mrs. Wilson very easy, with a simple, polite manner. There was a reception (all men) in the evening—all members of the Peace Conference. A great many people, generals, admirals, finance commissioners, etc., were introduced to me, and I enjoyed my evening very much. I so rarely see that type of American.

Monday 27th.

Yesterday was a horrid day of snow and slush, but I managed to get over to Ségur's for breakfast, by bribing the taxi-chauffeur of course. They are perfectly unsupportable. Ségur being of the "vieux régime," breakfasts at twelve o'clock, and fumes if one is five minutes late. I always tell him I begin to put my hat on on Saturday night, or else I should never get there on time. We were all women

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to-day. He said the talk of the club was interesting. One of Marshal Foch's aides-de-camp was there telling them of the conditions of the second armistice. Foch was much pleased when the German delegates arrived; they said they were quite prepared to discuss the conditions. The Marshal replied that there was no discussion; the terms were there—"à prendre ou à laisser." They demurred a little, wanted time to consult. He said he would allow one hour for them to make up their minds. Before the hour was ended one of them drew out of his pocket the paper, already signed.

The month of January is finishing, and we are apparently no nearer the peace than we were at the end of the year. I think people are a little disappointed. It is very difficult to know what to do with the quantity of demobilized men, who are coming back all the time, a great many, particularly those who have been in the trenches, have no health; none of them have any money, and all find it very difficult to get anything to do. They give up their uniforms when they come home, but the clothes they give them in exchange are often impossible coats and trousers made of such poor stuff they can't stand any wear, and shoes—when they can get them—made apparently of paper. Private societies and committees do a great deal, but they can't dress and employ millions. Of course these men are discontented; they feel that *they* have won the war and can't understand that more is not being done for them. Perhaps when peace is actually signed, things will be easier.

IN MOROCCO

BY EDITH WHARTON

[THIRD PAPER]

FEZ

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

I

THE FIRST VISION

MANY-WALLED Fez rose up before us out of the plain toward the end of the day. The walls and towers we saw were those of the upper town, Fez Eldjid (the New), which lies on the edge of the plateau and hides from view Old Fez, tumbling down below it into the ravine of the Oued Fez. Thus approached, the city presents to view only a long line of ramparts and fortresses merging into the wide tawny plain and framed in barren mountains.

Not a house is visible outside the walls, except, at a respectful distance, the few unobtrusive buildings of the European colony; and not a village breaks the desolation of the mountains.

As we drew nearer, the walls towered close over us, and skirting them we came to a bare space outside a great horseshoe gate, and found ourselves suddenly in the foreground of a picture by Carpaccio or Bellini. Where else had one seen just those rows of white-turbaned majestic figures, squatting in the dust under lofty walls, all the pale faces ringed in curling beards turned to the story-teller in the centre of the group? Transform the story-teller into a rapt young Venetian, and you have the audience and the foreground of Carpaccio's "Preaching of St. Stephen," even to the camels craning inquisitive necks above the turbans. Every step of the way in North Africa corroborates the close observation of the early travellers, whether painters or narrators, and shows the unchanged character of the Oriental life that the Vene-

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tians pictured, and Leo Africanus and Windus and Charles Cochelet described.

There was time, before sunset, to go up to the hill from which the ruined tombs of the Merinid Sultans look down over the city they made glorious. After the savage massacre of foreign residents in 1912 the French encircled the heights commanding Fez with one of their admirably engineered military roads, and in a few minutes our motor had climbed to the point from which the great dynasty of artist-Sultans dreamed of looking down forever on their capital.

Nothing endures in Islam, except what human inertia has left standing and its own solidity has preserved from the elements. Or rather, nothing remains intact, and nothing wholly perishes; but the architecture, like all else, lingers on half-ruined and half-unchanged. The Merinid tombs, however, are only hollow shells and broken walls, grown part of the brown cliff they cling to. No one thinks of them save as an added touch of picturesqueness where all is picturesque: they survive as the best point from which to look down at Fez.

There it lies, outspread in golden light, roofs, terraces, and towers sliding over the plain's edge in a rush dammed here and there by barriers of cypress and ilex, but growing more precipitous as the ravine of the Fez narrows downward with the fall of the river. It is as though some powerful enchanter, after decreeing that the city should be hurled into the depths, had been moved by its beauty, and with a wave of his wand held it suspended above destruction.

At first the eye takes in only this impression of a great city over a green abyss; then the complex scene begins to define itself. All around are the outer lines of ramparts, walls beyond walls, their crenellations climbing the heights, their angle fortresses dominating the precipices. Almost on a level with us lies the upper city, the aristocratic Fez Eldjid of painted palaces and gardens; then, as the houses close in and descend more abruptly, terraces, minarets, domes, and long reed-thatched roofs of the bazaars, all gather around the green-tiled tomb of Moulay Idriss, and the tower of the Almohad mosque of El Kairouiyin, which adjoin each other in the depths of Fez, and form its central sanctuary.

From the Merinid hill we had noticed a long façade among the cypresses and fruit-trees of Eldjid. This was Bou-Jeloud, the old summer-palace of the Sultan's harem, now the residence of the Resident-General, where lodgings had been prepared for us.

The road descended again, crossing the Oued Fez by one of the fine old single-arch bridges that mark the architectural link between Morocco and Spain. We skirted high walls, wayside pools and dripping mill-wheels; then one of the city gates engulfed us, and we were in the waste spaces of intramural Fez, formerly the lines of defence of a rich and perpetually menaced city, now chiefly used for refuse-heaps, open-air fondaks, and dreaming-places for rows of Lazaruses rolled in their cerements in the dust.

Through another gate and more walls we came to an arch in the inner line of defence. Beyond that, the motor paused before a green door, where a Cadi in a silken caftan received us. Across squares of orange-trees divided by running water we were led to an arcaded apartment hung with Moroccan embroideries and lined with wide divans; the hall of reception of the Resident-General. Through its arches were other tiled distances, fountains, arcades; beyond, in greener depths, the bright blossoms of a flower-garden. Such was our first sight of Bou-Jeloud, once the summer-palace of the wives of Moulay Hafid.

Upstairs, from a room walled and ceiled with cedar, and decorated with the bold rose-pink embroideries of Salé and the intricate old needlework of Fez, I looked out over the upper city toward the mauve and tawny mountains.

Just below the window the flat roofs of a group of little houses descended like the steps of an irregular staircase. Between them rose a few cypresses and a green minaret; out of the court of one house an ancient fig-tree thrust its twisted arms.

The sun had set, and one after another bright figures appeared on the roofs. The children came first, hung with silver amulets and amber beads, and pursued by negresses in striped turbans, who bustled

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up with rugs and matting; then the mothers followed more indolently, released from their ashy mufflings and showing, under light veils, long earrings from the *Mellah** and caftans of pale green or peach color.

The houses were humble ones, such as grow up in the cracks of a wealthy quarter, and their inhabitants doubtless small folk; but in the enchanted African twilight the terraces blossomed like gardens, and when the moon rose and the muezzin called from the minaret, the domestic squabbles and the shrill cries from roof to roof became part of a story in Bagdad, overheard a thousand years ago by that arch-detective Haroun el Raschid.

II

FEZ ELDJID

It is usual to speak of Fez as very old, and the term seems justified when one remembers that the palace of Bou-Jeloud stands on the site of an Almoravid Kasbah of the eleventh century, that when that Kasbah was erected Fez Elbali had already existed for three hundred years, that El Kairouiyin is the contemporary of Sant' Ambrogio of Milan, and that the original mosque of Moulay Idriss II was built over his grave in the eighth century.

Fez is, in fact, the oldest city in Morocco without a Phoenician or a Roman past, and has preserved more traces than any other of its architectural flowering-time; yet it would be truer to say of it, as of all Moroccan cities, that it has no age, since its seemingly immutable shape is forever crumbling and being renewed on the old lines.

When we rode forth the next day to visit some of the palaces of Eldjid our pink-saddled mules carried us at once out of the bounds of time. How associate anything so precise and Occidental as years or centuries with these visions of frail splendor seen through cypresses and roses? The Caïds in their multiple muslins, who received us in secret doorways and led us by many passages into the sudden wonder of gardens and fountains; the bright-earringed negresses peering down from painted balconies; the pilgrims and clients dozing in the sun against hot walls; the deserted halls with plaster lace-work and gold pendentives in tiled niches; the Venetian chandeliers and tawdry rococo beds; the terraces from which pigeons whirled up in a white cloud while we walked on a carpet of their feathers—were all these the ghosts of vanished state, or the actual setting of the life of some rich merchant with "business connections" in Liverpool and Lyons, or some government official at that very moment speeding to Meknez or Casablanca in his sixty h. p. motor?

We visited old palaces and new, inhabited and abandoned, and over all lay the same fine dust of oblivion, like the silvery mould on an overripe fruit. Overripeness is indeed the characteristic of this rich and stagnant civilization. Buildings, people, customs, seem all about to crumble and fall of their own weight: the present is a perpetually prolonged past. To touch the past with one's hands is realized only in dreams; and in Morocco the dream-feeling envelopes one at every step. One trembles continually lest the "Person from Porlock" should step in.

He is undoubtedly on the way; but Fez had not heard of him when we rode out that morning. Fez Eldjid, the "New Fez" of palaces and government buildings, was founded in the fourteenth century by the Merinid princes, and probably looks much as it did then. The palaces in their overgrown gardens, with pale-green trellises dividing the rose-beds from the blue-and-white tiled paths, and fountains in fluted basins of Italian marble, all had the same drowsy charm; yet the oldest were built not more than a century or two ago, others within the last fifty years; and at Marrakech, later in our journey, we were to visit a sumptuous dwelling where plaster-cutters and ceramists from Fez were actually repeating, with wonderful skill and spontaneity, the old ornamentation of which the threads run back to Rome and Damascus.

Of really old private dwellings, palaces or rich men's houses, there are surprisingly few in Morocco. It is hard to guess the age of some of the featureless houses propping each other's flanks in old Fez or old Salé; but people rich enough to re-

*The Ghetto in African towns. All the jewellers in Morocco are Jews.

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build have always done so, and the passion for building seems allied, in this country of inconsequences, to the supine indifference that lets existing constructions crumble back to clay. "Dust to dust" should have been the motto of the Moroccan palace-builders.

Fez possesses one old secular building, a fine fondak of the fifteenth century; but in Morocco, as a rule, only mosques and the tombs of saints are preserved—none too carefully—and even the strong stone buildings of the Almohads have been allowed to fall to ruin, as at Chella and Rabat. This indifference to the completed object—which is like a kind of collective exaggeration of the artist's indifference to his completed work—has resulted in the total disappearance of the furniture and works of art which must have filled the beautiful buildings of the Merenid period. Neither pottery nor brass-work nor enamels nor fine hangings survive; there is no parallel in Morocco to the textiles of Syria, the potteries of Persia, the Byzantine ivories or enamels. It has been said that the Arab is always a nomad, who lives in his house as if it were a tent; but this is not a conclusive answer to any one who knows the passion of the modern Moroccan for European furniture. When one reads the list of the treasures contained in the palaces of the mediæval Sultans of Egypt one feels sure that, if artists were lacking in Morocco, the princes and merchants who brought skilled craftsmen across the desert to build their cities must also have imported treasures to adorn them. Yet, as far as is known, the famous fourteenth-century bronze chandelier of Tetuan, and the fine old ritual furniture reported to be contained in certain mosques, are the only important works of art in Morocco later in date than the Roman *sloughi* of Volubilis.

III

FEZ ELBALI

THE distances in Fez are so great and the streets so narrow, and in some quarters so crowded, that all but saints or humble folk go about on mule-back.

In the afternoon, accordingly, the pink mules came again, and we set out for the long tunnel-like street that leads down the hill to the Fez Elbali.

"Look out—'ware heads!" our leader would call back at every turn, as our way shrank to a black passage under a house bestriding the street, or a caravan of donkeys laden with obstructive reeds or branches of dates made the passers-by flatten themselves against the walls.

On each side of the street the houses hung over us like fortresses, leaning across the narrow strip of blue and throwing out great beams and buttresses to prop each other's bulging sides. Windows there were none on the lower floors; only here and there an iron-barred slit stuffed with rags and immemorial filth, from which a lean cat would suddenly spring out, and scuttle off under an archway like a witch's familiar.

Some of these descending lanes were packed with people, others as deserted as a cemetery; and it was strange to pass from the thronged street leading to the bazaars to the profound and secretive silence of a quarter of well-to-do dwelling-houses, where only a few veiled women attended by negro slaves moved noiselessly over the clean cobblestones, and the sound of fountains and runnels came from hidden courtyards and over garden-walls topped with pomegranate boughs.

This noise of water is as characteristic of Fez as of Damascus. The Oued Fez rushes through the heart of the town, bridged, canalized, built over, and ever and again bursting out into tumultuous falls and pools shadowed with foliage. The central artery of the city is not a street but a waterfall; and tales are told of the dark uses to which, even now, the underground currents are put by some of the dwellers behind the blank walls and scented gardens of those highly respectable streets.

The crowd in Oriental cities is made up of many elements, and in Morocco Turks, Jews and infidels, Berbers of the mountains, fanatics of the confraternities, Soudanese blacks and haggard Blue Men of the Souss, jostle the merchants and government officials with that democratic familiarity which goes side by side with abject servility in this land of perpetual contradictions. But Fez is above all the city of wealth and learning, of universi-

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ties and counting-houses, and the merchant and the *oulama**—the sedentary and luxurious types—prevail.

The slippered Fazi merchant, wrapped in white muslins and securely mounted on a broad velvet saddle-cloth anchored to the back of a broad mule, is as unlike the Arab horseman of the desert as Mr. Tracy Tupman was unlike the Musketeers of Dumas. Ease, music, money-making, the affairs of his harem and the bringing-up of his children, are his chief interests, and his plump pale face with long-lashed hazel eyes, his curling beard and fat womanish hands, recall the portly potentates of Hindu miniatures, dreaming among houris beside lotus-tanks.

These personages, when they ride abroad, are preceded by a swarthy footman, who keeps his hand on the embroidered bridle; and the government officers and dignitaries of the *Makhzen*† are usually escorted by several mounted officers of their household, with a servant to each mule. The cry of the runners scatters the crowd, and even the panniered donkeys and perpetually astonished camels somehow contrive to become two-dimensional while the white procession goes by.

Then the populace closes in again, so quickly and closely that it seems impossible it could ever have been parted, and negro water-carriers, muffled women, beggars streaming with sores, sinewy and greasy "saints," Soudanese sorcerers hung with amulets made of sardine-boxes and hares'-feet, long-lashed boys of the Chleuh in clean embroidered caftans, Jews in black robes and skull-caps, university students carrying their prayer-carpets, bangled and spangled black women, scrofulous children with gazelle eyes and mangy skulls, and blind men tapping along with linked arms and howling out verses of the Koran, surge together in a mass drawn by irresistible suction to the point where the bazaars converge about the mosques of Moulay Idriss and El Kairouiyin.

Seen from a terrace of the upper town, the long thatched roofing of El Attarine, the central bazaar of Fez, promises fantastic revelations of native life; but the dun-colored crowds moving through its checkered twilight, the lack of ornamented shop-fronts and gaily adorned coffee-houses, and the absence of the painted coffers and vivid embroideries of Tunis, remind one that Morocco is a melancholy country, and Fez a profoundly melancholy city.

Dust and ashes, dust and ashes, echoes from the gray walls, the mouldering thatch of the *souks*, the long lamentable song of the blind beggars sitting in rows under the feet of the camels and asses. No young men stroll through the bazaar in bright caftans, with roses and jasmine behind their ears, no pedlars offer lemonade and sweetmeats and golden fritters, no flower-sellers pursue one with tight bunches of orange-blossom and little pink roses. The well-to-do ride by in white, and the rest of the population goes mournfully in earth-color.

But gradually one falls under the spell of another influence—the influence of the Atlas and the desert. Unknown Africa seems much nearer to Morocco than to the white towns of Tunis and the smiling oases of South Algeria. One feels the nearness of Marrakech at Fez, and at Marrakech that of Timbuctoo.

Fez is sombre, and the bazaars clustered about its holiest sanctuaries form its most sombre quarter. Dusk falls there early, and oil-lanterns twinkle in the merchants' niches while the clear African daylight still lies on the gardens of upper Fez. This twilight adds to the mystery of the *souks*, making them, in spite of profane noise and crowding and filth, an impressive approach to the sacred places.

Until a year or two ago, the precincts around Moulay Idriss and El Kairouiyin were *horm*, that is, cut off from the unbeliever. Heavy beams of wood barred the end of each *souk*, shutting off the sanctuaries, and the Christian could only conjecture what lay beyond.

Now he knows in part; for, though the beams have not been lowered, all comers may pass under them to the lanes about the mosques, and even pause a moment in their open doorways. Farther one may not go, for the shrines of Morocco are still closed to unbelievers; but whoever knows Cordova, or has stood under the arches of the Great Mosque of Kai-

*Learned man, doctor of the university.
†The Sultan's government.

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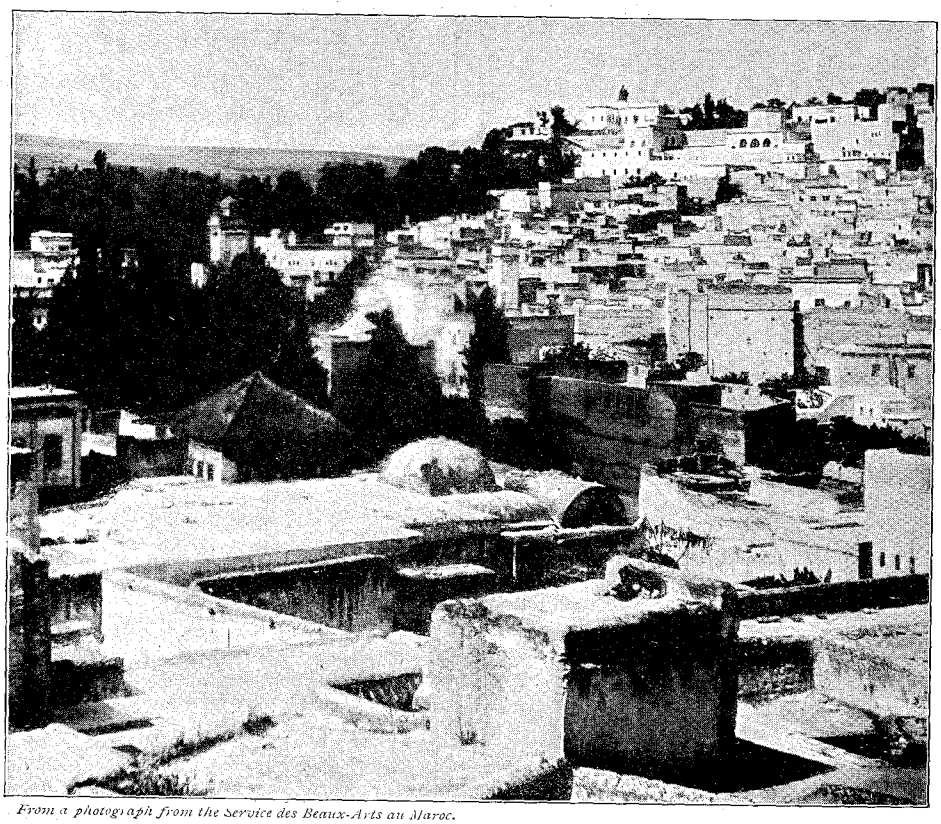
rouan, can reconstruct something of the hidden beauties of its namesake, the "Mosque Kairouan" of western Africa.

Once under the bars, the richness of the old Moorish Fez presses upon one with overwhelming beauty. Here is the graceful tiled fountain of Nedjarine, glittering with the unapproachable blues and greens of ceramic mosaics; near it, the courtyard of the Fondak Nedjarine, old-

on certain days of the week, women are admitted to pray.

Moulay Idriss was not built over the grave of the Fatimite prophet, first of the name, whose bones lie in the Zerhoun above his sacred town. The mosque of Fez grew up around the tomb of his posthumous son, Moulay Idriss II, who, descending from the hills, fell upon a camp of Berbers on an affluent of the



From a photograph from the Service des Beaux-Arts au Maroc.

Fez Eldjid (the upper city).

est and stateliest of Moroccan inns, with triple galleries of sculptured cedar rising above arcades of stone. A little farther on lights and incense draw one to a threshold where it is well not to linger unduly. Under a deep archway, between booths where gay votive candles are sold, the glimmer of hanging lamps falls on patches of gilding and mosaic, and on veiled women prostrating themselves before an invisible shrine—for this is the vestibule of the mosque of Moulay Idriss, where,

Sebou, and there laid the foundations of Fez, and of the Moroccan Empire.

Of the original monument it is said that little remains. The *zaouïa** which encloses it dates from the reign of Moulay-Ismaël, the seventeenth-century Sultan of Meknez, and the mosque itself, and the green minaret shooting up from the very centre of old Fez, were not built until 1820. But a rich surface of age has already formed on all these disparate build-

* Moslem monastery.

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ings, and the over-gorgeous details of the shrines and fountains set in their outer walls are blended into harmony by a film of incense-smoke, candle-drippings, and the grease of countless venerating lips and hands.

Featureless walls of mean houses close in again at the next turn; but a few steps farther another archway reveals another secret scene. This time it is a corner of the jealously guarded court of ablutions in the great mosque El Kairouiyin, with the twin green-roofed pavilions that are so like those of the Alhambra.

Those who have walked around the outer walls of the mosque of the other Kairouan, and recall the successive doors opening into the forecourt and into the mosque itself, will be able to guess at the plan of the church of Fez. The great Almohad sanctuary of Tunisia is singularly free from parasitic buildings, and may be approached as easily as that of Cordova; but the approaches of El Kairouiyin are so built up that one never knows at which turn of the labyrinth one may catch sight of its court of fountains, or peep down the endless colonnades of which the Arabs say: "The man who should try to count the columns of Kairouiyin would go mad."

Marble floors, heavy whitewashed piers, prostrate figures in the penumbra, rows of yellow slippers outside in the sunlight—out of such glimpses one must reconstruct a vision of the long vistas of arches, the blues and golds of the *mirhab*,* the lustre of bronze chandeliers, and the ivory inlaying of the twelfth-century *minbar*† of ebony and sandalwood.

No Christian footstep has yet profaned Kairouiyin, but fairly definite information as to its plan has been gleaned by students of Moroccan art. The number of its "countless" columns has been counted, and it is known that, to the right of the *mirhab*, carved cedar doors open into a mortuary chapel called "the mosque of the dead"—and also that in this chapel, on Fridays, old books and precious manuscripts are sold by auction.

This odd association of uses recalls the fact that Kairouiyin is not only a church but a library, the University of Fez as well as its cathedral. The beautiful Medersas with which the Merinids adorned the city are simply the lodging-houses of the students; the classes are all held in the courts and galleries adjoining the mosque.

El Kairouiyin was originally an oratory built in the ninth century by Fatmah, whose father had migrated from Kairouan to Fez. Later it was enlarged, and its cupola was surmounted by the talismans which protect sacred edifices against rats, scorpions and serpents; but in spite of these precautions all animal life was not successfully exorcised from it. In the twelfth century, when the great gate Ech Chemmâïn was building, a well was discovered under its foundations. The mouth of the well was obstructed by an immense tortoise; but when the workmen attempted to take the tortoise out she said: "Burn me rather than take me away from here." They respected her wishes and built her into the foundations; and since then women who suffer from the back-ache have only to come and sit on the bench above the well to be cured.

The actual mosque, or "praying-hall," is said to be formed of a rectangle or double cube of 90 metres by 45, and this vast space is equally divided by rows of horseshoe arches resting on whitewashed piers of which the lower part is swathed in finely patterned matting from Salé. Fifteen monumental doorways lead into the mosque. Their doors are of cedar, heavily barred and ornamented with wrought iron, and one of them bears the name of the artisan, and the date 531 of the Hegira (the first half of the twelfth century). The mosque also contains the two halls of audience of the Cadi, of which one has a graceful exterior façade with coupled lights under horseshoe arches; the library, whose 20,000 volumes are reported to have dwindled to about a thousand; the chapel where the Masters of the Koran recite the sacred text in fulfilment of pious bequests; the "museum" in the upper part of the minaret, wherein a remarkable collection of ancient astronomical instruments is said to be preserved; and the *mestonda*, or raised hall above the court, where women come to pray.

But the crown of El Kairouiyin is the Merenid court of ablutions. This inaccessible wonder lies close under the Medersa Attarine, one of the oldest and most

*Niche in the sanctuary of mosques.
†Movable pulpit.

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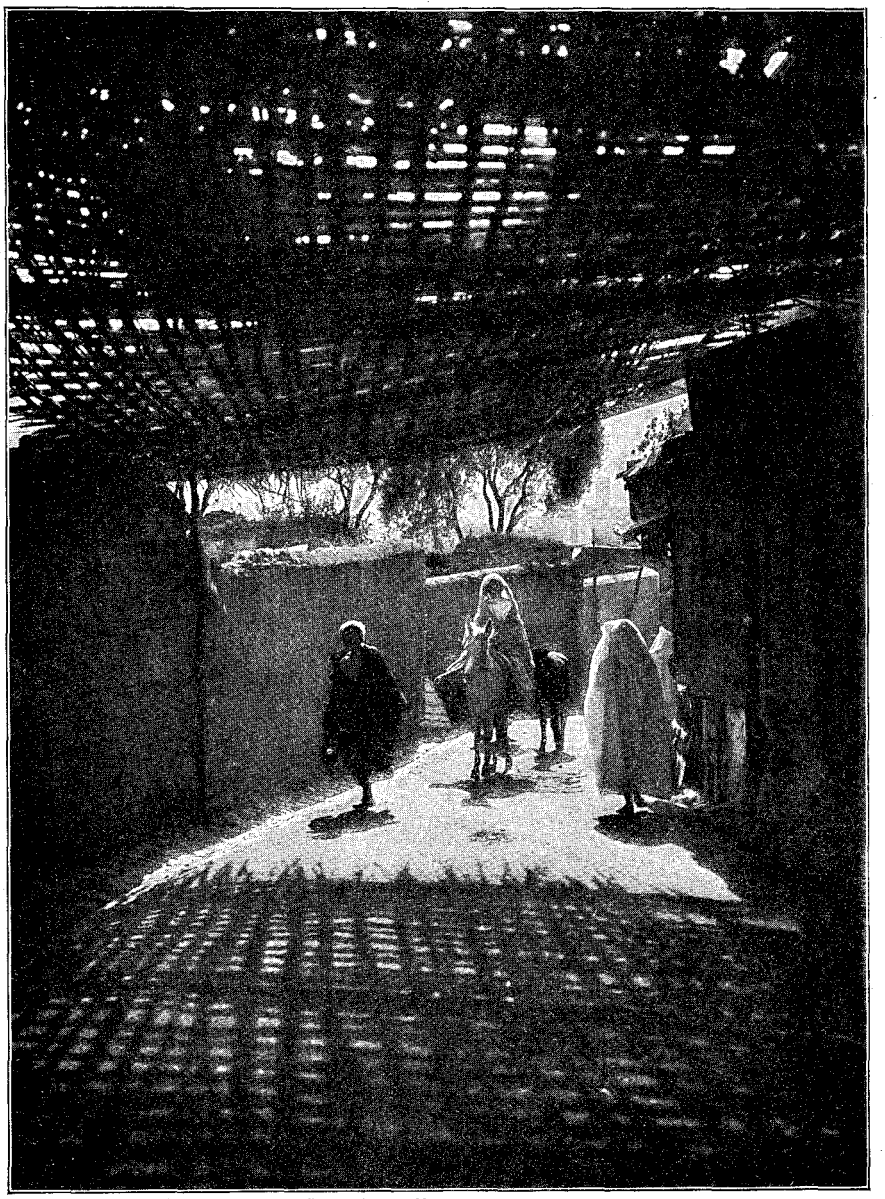

From a photograph from the Service des Beaux-Arts au Maroc.

A reed-roofed street.

beautiful collegiate buildings of Fez; and through the kindness of the Director of Fine Arts, who was with us, we were taken up to the roof of the Medersa and allowed to look down into the enclosure.

It is so closely guarded from below that from our secret coign of vantage we seemed to be looking down into the heart of forbidden things. Spacious and serene the great tiled cloister lay beneath us, water spilling over from a central basin of marble with a cool sound to which lesser fountains made answer from under the pyramidal green roofs of the twin pavilions. It was near the prayer-hour, and worshippers were flocking in, laying off their shoes and burnouses, washing their faces at the fountains and

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their feet in the central tank, or stretching themselves out in the shadow of the enclosing arcade.

This, then, was the famous court "so cool in the great heats that seated by thy beautiful jet of water I feel the perfection of bliss"—as the learned doctor Abou Abd Allah el Maghili sang of it; the court in which the students gather from the adjoining halls after having committed to memory the principles of grammar in prose and verse, the "science of the reading of the Koran," the invention, exposition and ornaments of style, law, medicine, theology, metaphysics and astronomy, as well as the talismanic numbers, and the art of ascertaining by calculation the influences of the angels, the spirits and the heavenly bodies, "the names of the victor and the vanquished, and of the desired object and the person who desires it."

Such is the twentieth-century curriculum of the University of Fez. Repetition is the rule of Arab education as it is of Arab ornament. The teaching of the University is based entirely on the mediæval principle of mnemonics; and as there are no examinations, no degrees, no limits to the duration of any given course, nor is any disgrace attached to slowness in learning, it is not surprising that many students, coming as youths, linger by the fountain of Kairouiyin till their hair is gray. One well-known *oulama* has lately finished his studies after twenty-seven years at the University, and is justly proud of the length of his stay. The life of the scholar is easy, the way of knowledge is long, the contrast exquisite between the foul lanes and noisy bazaars outside and this cool heaven of learning. No wonder the students of Kairouiyin say with the tortoise: "Burn me rather than take me away."

IV

EL ANDALOUS AND THE POTTERS' FIELD

Outside the sacred precincts of Moulay Idriss and Kairouiyin, on the other side of the Oued Fez, lies El Andalous, the mosque which the Andalusian Moors built when they settled in Fez in the ninth century.

It stands apart from the bazaars, on higher ground, and though it is not *horm* we found it less easy to see than the more famous mosques, since the Christian loiterer in its doorways is more quickly noticed. The Fazi are not yet used to seeing unbelievers near their sacred places. It is only in the tumult and confusion of the *souks* that one can linger on the edge of the inner mysteries without becoming aware of attracting sullen looks; and my only impression of El Andalous is of a magnificent Almohad door and the rich blur of an interior in which there was no time to single out the details.

Turning from its forbidden and forbidding threshold we rode on through a poor quarter which leads to the great gate of Bab F'touh. Beyond the gate rises a dusty rocky slope extending to the outer walls—one of those grim intramural deserts that girdle Fez with desolation. This one is strewn with gravestones, not enclosed, but, as in most Moroccan cemeteries, simply cropping up like nettles between the rocks and out of the flaming dust. Here and there among slabs rises a well-curb or a crumbling *koubba*. A solitary palm shoots up beside one of the shrines. And between the crowded graves the caravan trail crosses from the outer to the inner gate, and perpetual lines of camels and donkeys trample the dead a little deeper into the dusty earth.

This Bab F'touh cemetery is also a kind of fondak. Poor caravans camp there under the fierce red walls in a mire of offal and chicken-feathers and stripped date-branches prowled through by wolfish dogs and buzzed over by fat blue flies. Camel-drivers squat beside iron kettles over heaps of embers, sorcerers from the Sahara offer their amulets to negro women, peddlers with portable wooden booths sell greasy cakes that look as if they had been made out of the garbage of the caravans, and in and out among the unknown dead and sleeping saints circulates the squalid indifferent life of the living poor.

A walled lane leads down from Bab F'touh to a lower slope, where the Fazi potters have their baking-kilns. Under a series of grassy terraces overgrown with olives we saw the archaic ovens and dripping wheels which produce the earthenware sold in the *souks*. It is a primitive and homely ware, still fine in shape, though dull in color and monotonous in

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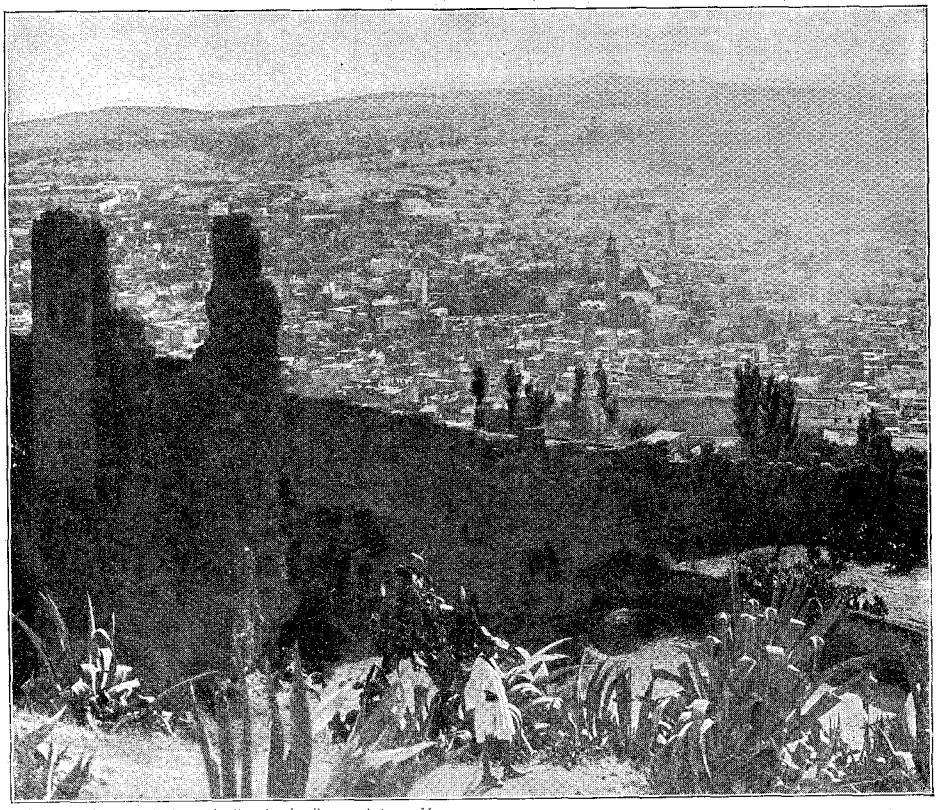
pattern; and stacked on the red earth under the olives, the rows of jars and cups, in their unglazed and unpainted state, showed their classical descent more plainly than after they have been decorated.

This green quiet hollow, where turbaned figures were moving attentively among the primitive ovens, so near to the region of flies and offal we had just left, woke an old phrase in our memories, and as our mules stumbled back over the graves of Bab F'touh we understood the grim meaning of the words: "They carried him out and buried him in the Potters' Field."



From a photograph from the Service des Beaux-Arts au Maroc.

Elbali from the ramparts.

V

MEDERSAS, BAZAARS AND AN OASIS

Fez, for two centuries and more, was in a double sense the capital of Morocco: the centre of its trade as well as of its culture.

Culture, in fact, came to northwest Africa chiefly through the Merinid princes. The Almohads had erected great monuments from Rabat to Marrakech, and had fortified Fez; but their "mighty wasteful empire" fell apart like those that had preceded it. Stability had to come from the west; it was not till the Arabs had learned it through the Moors that Morocco produced a dynasty strong and enlightened enough to carry out the dream of its founders.

Whichever way the discussion sways as to the priority of eastern or western influences on Moroccan art—whether it came to her from Syria, and was thence passed on to Spain, or was first formed in Spain, and afterward modified by the Moroccan imagination—there can at least be no doubt that Fazi art and culture, in their prime, are partly the reflection of European civilization.

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Fugitives from Spain came to the new city when Moulay Idriss founded it. One part of the town was given to them, and the river divided the Elbali of the Almohads into the two quarters of Kairouiyin and Andalous, which still retain their old names. But the full intellectual and artistic flowering of Fez was delayed till the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. It seems as though the seeds of the new springtime of art, blown across the sea from reawakening Europe, had at last given the weltering tribes of the desert the force to create their own type of beauty.

Nine Medersas sprang up in Fez, six of them built by the princes who were also creating the exquisite collegiate buildings of Salé, Rabat and old Meknez, and the enchanting mosque and minaret of Chella. The power of these rulers also was in perpetual flux; they were always at war with the Sultans of Tlemçen, the Christians of Spain, the princes of northern Algeria and Tunis. But during the fourteenth century they established a rule wide and firm enough to permit of the great outburst of art and learning which produced the Medersas of Fez.

Until a year or two ago these collegiate buildings were as inaccessible as the mosques; but now that the French government has undertaken their restoration strangers may visit them under the guidance of the Fine Arts Department.

All are built on the same plan, the plan of Salé and Rabat, which (as Mr. Tranchant de Lunel* has pointed out) became, with slight modifications, that of the rich private houses of Morocco. But interesting as they are in plan and the application of ornament, their main beauty lies in their details: in the union of chiselled plaster with the delicate mosaic work of niches and revêtements; the web-like arabesques of the upper walls and the bold, almost Gothic sculpture of the cedar architraves and corbels supporting them. And when all these details are enumerated, and also the fretted panels of cedar, the bronze doors with their great shield-like bosses, and the honeycombings and rufflings of the gilded ceilings, there still remains the general tinge of dry disintegration, as though all were perishing of a desert fever—that, and the final wonder of seeing before one, in such a setting, the continuance of the very life that went on there when the tiles were set and the gold was new on the ceilings.

For these tottering Medersas, already in the hands of the restorers, are still inhabited. As long as the stairway holds and the balcony has not rotted from its corbels, the students of the University see no reason for abandoning their lodgings above the cool fountain and the house of prayer. The strange men giving incomprehensible orders for unnecessary repairs need not disturb their meditations; and when the hammering grows too loud the *oulamas* have only to pass through the silk market or the *souk* of the embroiderers to the mosque of Kairouiyin, and go on weaving the pattern of their dreams by the fountain of perfect bliss.

One reads of the bazaars of Fez that they have been for centuries the central market of the country. Here are to be found not only the silks and pottery, the Jewish goldsmiths' work, the arms and embroidered saddlery which the city itself produces, but "morocco" from Marrakech, rugs, tent-hangings and matting from Rabat and Salé, grain baskets from Moulay Idriss, daggers from the Souss, and whatever European wares the native markets consume. One looks on the plan of Fez, at the space covered by the bazaars; one breasts the swarms that pour through them from dawn to dusk—and one remains perplexed, disappointed. They are less "Oriental" than one had expected, if "Oriental" means color and gaiety.

Sometimes, on occasion, it does mean that: as, for instance, when a procession passes bearing the gifts for a Jewish wedding. The gray crowd makes way for a group of musicians in brilliant caftans, and following them comes a long file of women with uncovered faces and bejewelled necks, balancing on their heads the dishes the guests have sent to the feast—*kouskous*, sweet creams and syrups, "gazelles' horns" of sugar and almonds—in delicately woven baskets, each covered with several squares of bright gauze edged with gold. Then one remembers the marketing of the

* In *France-Marocco, No.* 1.

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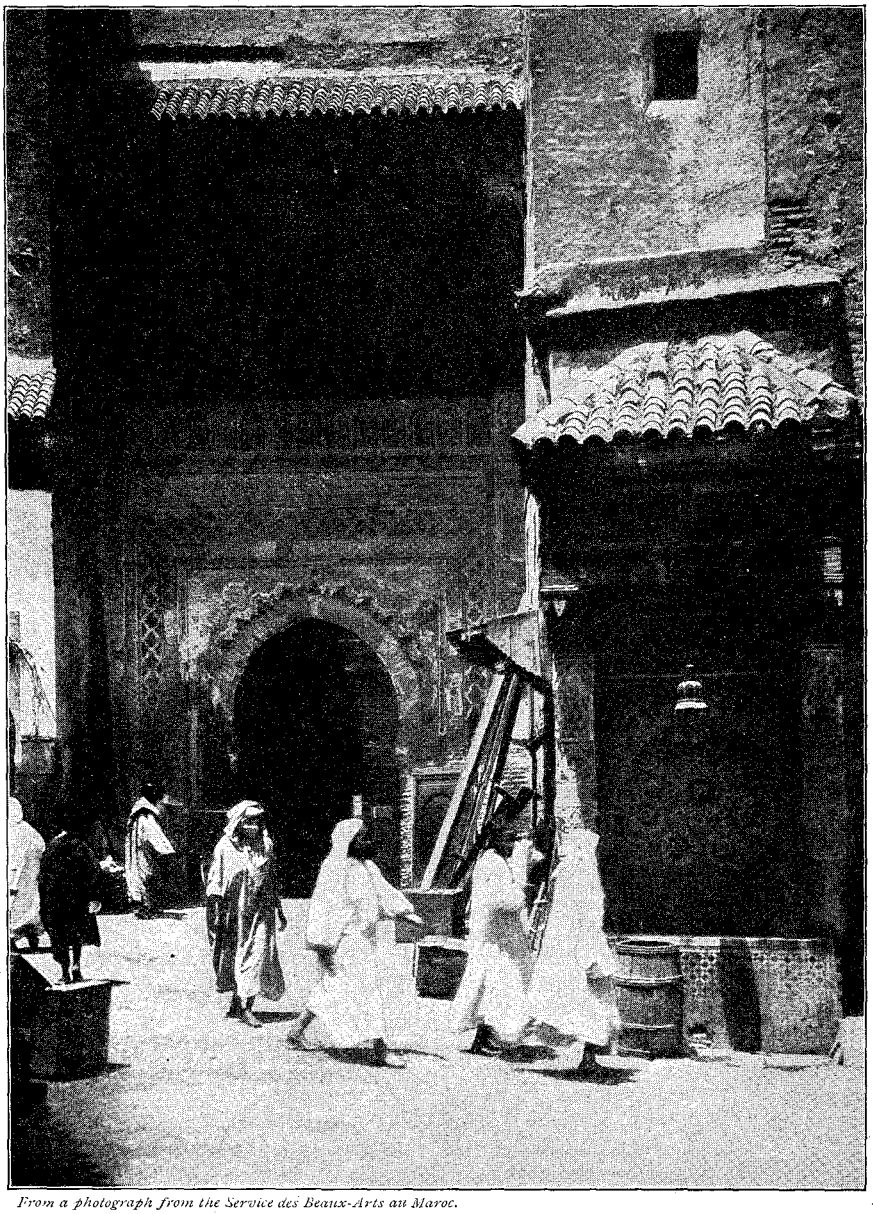

From a photograph from the Service des Beaux-Arts au Maroc.

The Nedjarine Fountain.

Lady of "The Three Calendars," and Fez again becomes the Bagdad of El Raschid.

But when no exceptional events, processions, ceremonies and the like brighten the underworld of the *souks*, their look is uniformly melancholy. The gay bazaars, the gaily-painted houses, the flowers and flute-playing of north Africa, are found in her Mediterranean ports, in contact with European influences. The farther west she extends, the more she becomes self-contained, sombre, uninfluenced, a gloomy fanatic with her back to the walls of the Atlantic and the Atlas. Color and laughter lie mostly along the trade-routes, where the peoples of the world come and go in curiosity and rivalry. This ashen

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crowd swarming gloomily through the dark tunnels represents the real Moghreb that is close to the wild tribes of the "hinterland" and the grim feudal fortresses of the Atlas. How close, one has only to go out to Sefrou on a market-day to see.

Sefrou is a military outpost in an oasis under the Atlas, about forty miles south of Fez. To most people the word "oasis" evokes palms and sand; but though Morocco possesses many oases it has no pure sand and few palms. I remember it as a considerable event when I discovered one from my lofty window at Bou-Jeloud.

The *bled* is made of very different stuff from the sand-ocean of the Sahara. The light plays few tricks with it. Its monotony is wearisome rather than impressive, and the fact that it is seldom without some form of dwarfish vegetation makes the transition less startling when the alluvial green is finally reached. One had always half expected it, and it does not spring at a djinn's wave out of sterile gold.

But the fact brings its own compensations. Moroccan oases differ one from another far more than those of South Algeria and Tunisia. Some have no palms, others but a few, others are real palm-oases, though even in the south (at least on the hither side of the great Atlas) none spreads out a dense uniform roofing of metal-blue fronds like the date-oases of Biskra or Tozeur. As for Sefrou, which Foucauld called the most beautiful oasis of Morocco, it is just an extremely fertile valley with vineyards and orchards stretching up to a fine background of mountains. But the fact that it lies just below the Atlas makes it an important market-place and centre of caravans.

Though so near Fez it is still almost on the disputed border between the loyal and the "unsubmissive" tribes, those that are *Blad-Makhzen* (of the Sultan's government) and those that are against it. Until recently, therefore, it has been inaccessible to visitors, and even now a strongly fortified French post dominates the height above the town. Looking down from the fort, one distinguishes, through masses of many-tinted green, a suburb of Arab houses in gardens, and below, on the river, Sefrou itself, a stout little walled town with angle-towers defiantly thrust forth toward the Atlas. It is just outside these walls that the market is held.

It was swarming with hill-people the day we were there, and strange was the contrast between the crowd inside the circle of picketed horses and the white-robed cockneys from Rabat who fill the market-place of Salé. Here at last we were in touch with un-Arab Morocco, with Berbers of the *bled* and the hills, whose women know no veils and no seclusion, and who, under a thin surface of Mahometanism, preserve their old stone and animal worship, and all the gross fetichistic beliefs from which Mahomet dreamed of freeing Africa.

The men were lean and weather-bitten, some with negroid lips, others with beaked noses and gaunt cheek-bones, all muscular and fierce-looking. Some were wrapped in the black cloaks worn by the Blue Men of the Sahara,* with a great orange sun embroidered on the back; some tunicked like the Egyptian fellah, under a rough striped outer garment trimmed with bright tufts and tassels of wool. The men of the Rif had a braided lock on the shoulder, those of the Atlas a ringlet over each ear, and brown woollen scarfs wound round their temples, leaving the shaven crown bare.

The women, squatting among their kids and poultry and cheeses, glanced at us with brilliant hennaed eyes and smiles that lifted their short upper lips maliciously. Their thin faces were painted in stripes and patterns of indigo. Silver necklets covered their throats, long earrings dangled under the wool-embroidered kerchiefs bound about their temples with a twist of camel's hair, and below the cotton shifts fastened on their shoulders with silver clasps their legs were bare to the knee, or covered with leather leggings to protect them from the thorny *bled*.

They seemed abler bargainers than the men, and the play of expression on their dramatic and intensely feminine faces as they wheedled the price of a calf out of a fierce hillsman, or haggled over a heap of dates that a Jew with greasy ringlets was trying to secure for his secret distillery,

* So called because of the indigo dye of their tunics, which leaves a permanent stain on their bodies.

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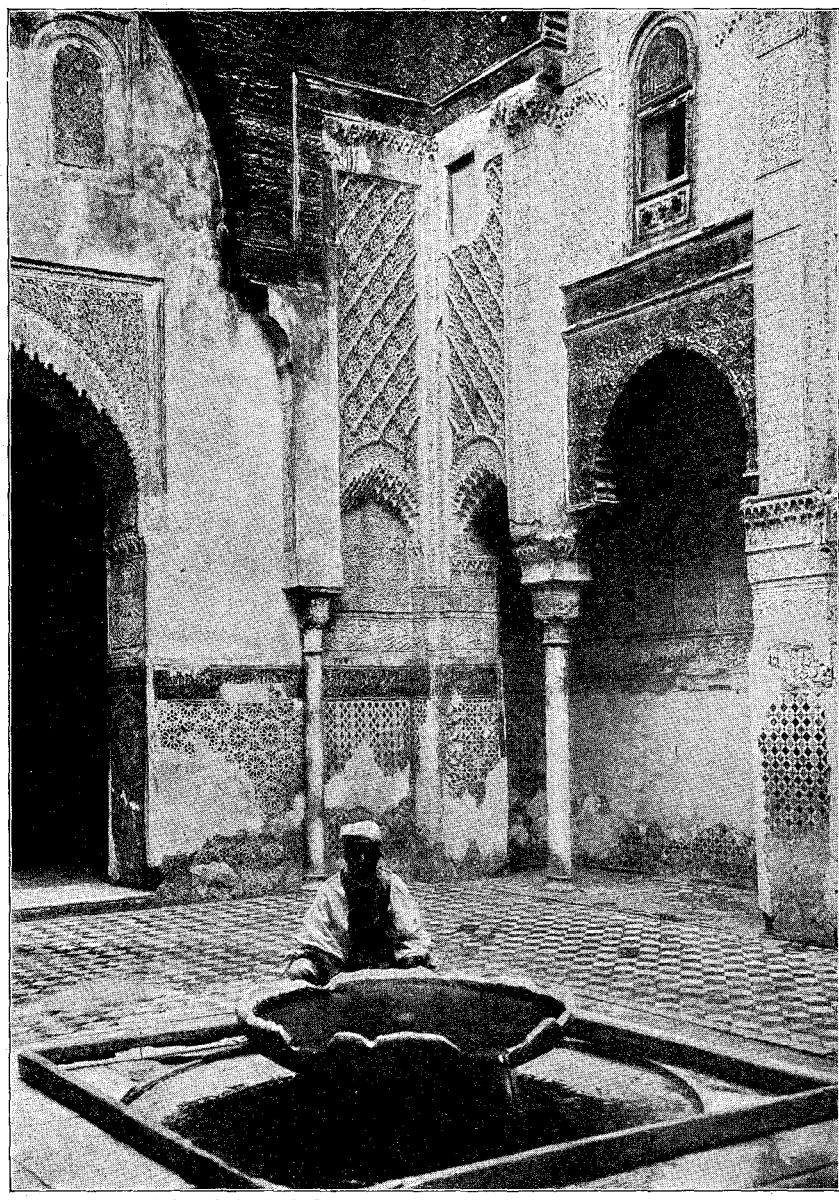

From a photograph from the Service des Beaux-Arts au Maroc.

Court of the Medersa el Attarine.

showed that they knew their superiority and enjoyed it.

Jews abounded in the market-place and also in the town. Sefrou contains a large Israelite colony, and after we had wandered through the steep streets, over gushing waterfalls spanned by "ass-backed" Spanish bridges, and through a thatched *souk*, smelling strong of camels and the desert, the French commissioner (the only European in Sefrou) suggested that it might interest us to visit the *Mellah*.

It was our first sight of a typical Jewish quarter in Africa. The *Mellah* of Fez was almost entirely destroyed during the massacres of 1912 (which incidentally included a *pogrom*), and its distinctive character, happily for the inhabitants, has disappeared in the rebuilding. North African Jews are still compelled to live in

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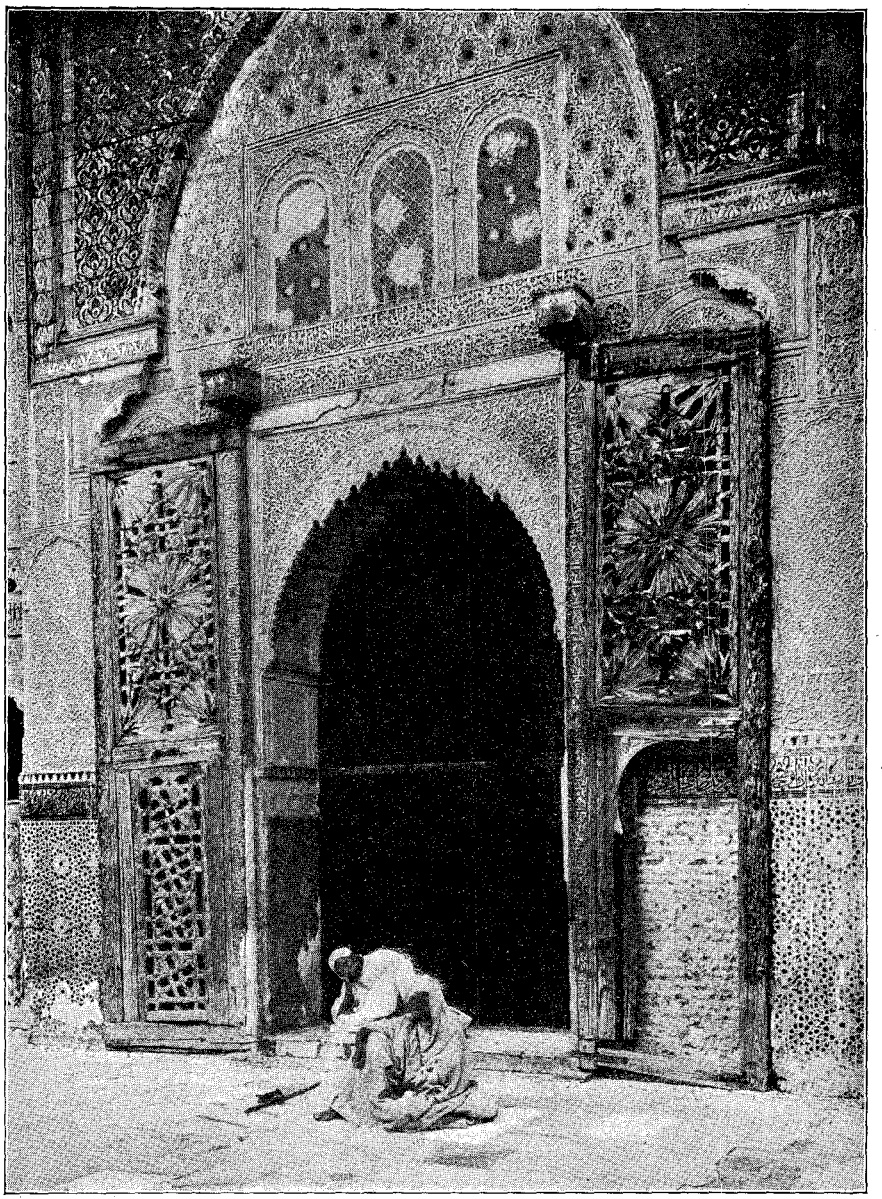

From a photograph from the Service des Beaux-Arts au Maroc.

Medersa Bonananya.

ghettos, into which they are locked at night, as in France and Germany in the Middle Ages; and until lately the men have been compelled to go unarmed, to wear black gabardines and black slippers, to take off their shoes when they passed near a mosque or a saint's tomb, and in various other ways to manifest their subjection to the ruling race. Nowhere else do they live in conditions of such demoralizing promiscuity as in some of the cities of Morocco. They have so long been subject to unrestricted extortion on the part of the Moslems that even the wealthy Jews (who are numerous) have sunk to the habits and appearance of the poorest; and Sefrou, which has come so recently under French control, offers a good specimen of a *Mellah* before foreign sanitation has lighted up its dark places.

Dark indeed they were. After wander-

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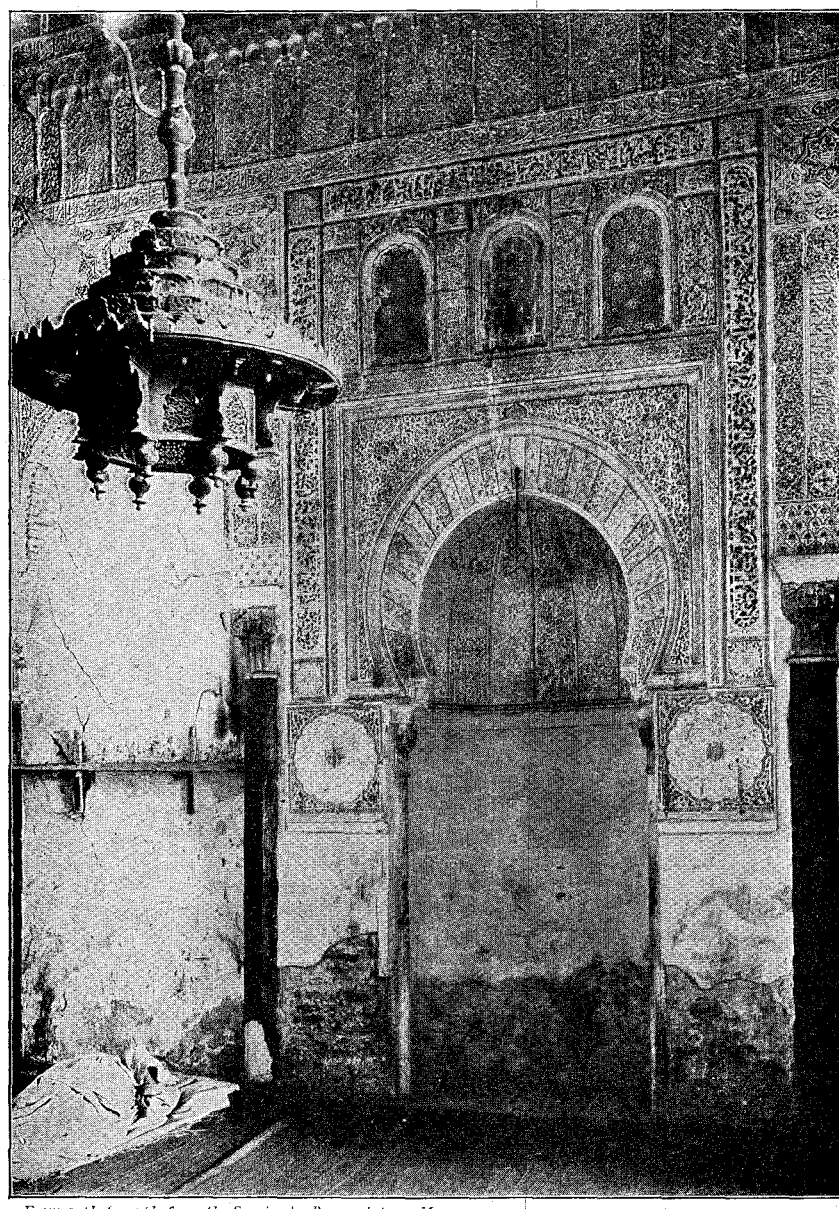

From a photograph from the Service des Beaux-Arts au Maroc.

The Praying-chapel in the Medersa el Attarine.

ing through narrow and malodorous lanes, and slipping about in the offal of the *souks*, we were suddenly led under an arch over which should have been written "All light abandon—" and which made all we had seen before seem clean and bright and airy.

The beneficent African sun dries up and purifies the immemorial filth of Africa; where that sun enters there is none of the foulness of damp. But into the *Mellah* of Sefrou it never comes, for the streets form a sort of subterranean rabbit-warren under the upper stories of a solid agglomeration of tall houses—a buried city lit even at midday by oil-lamps hanging in the goldsmith's shops and under the archways of the black and reeking staircases.

It was a Jewish feast-day. The Hebrew stalls in the *souks* were closed, and the whole population of the *Mellah* thronged its tunnels in holiday dress.

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Hurrying past us were young women with plump white faces and lovely eyes, turbaned in brilliant gauzes, with draperies of dirty curtain muslin over tawdry brocaded caftans. Their paler children swarmed about them, little long-ear-ringed girls like wax dolls dressed in scraps of old finery, little boys in tattered caftans with long-lashed eyes and wily smiles; and, waddling in the rear, their unwieldy grandmothers, huge lumps of tallowy flesh who were probably still in the thirties.

With them were the men of the family, in black gabardines and skull-caps: sallow striplings, incalculably aged ancestors, round-bellied husbands and fathers bumping along like black balloons; all hastening to the low doorways dressed with lamps and paper garlands behind which the feast was spread.

One is told that in cities like Fez and Marrakech the Hebrew quarter conceals flowery patios and gilded rooms with the heavy European furniture that rich Jews delight in. Perhaps even in the *Mellah* of Sefrou, among the ragged figures shuffling past us, there were some few with bags of gold in their walls and rich stuffs hid away in painted coffers; but for patios and flowers and daylight there seemed no room in the dark *bolgia* they inhabit. No wonder the babies of the Moroccan ghettos are nursed on date-brandy, and their elders doze away to death under its consoling spell.

VI

THE LAST GLIMPSE

It is well to bid good-by to Fez at night—a moonlight night for choice.

Then, after dining at the Arab inn of Fez Eldjid—where it might be inconvenient to lodge, but where it is extremely pleasant to eat *kouskous* under a grape-trellis in a tiled and fountained patio—this pleasure over, one may set out on foot and stray down the lanes toward Fez Elbali.

Not long ago the gates between the different quarters of the city used to be locked every night at nine o'clock, and the merchant who went out to dine in another part of the town had to lodge with his host. Now this custom has been given up, and one may roam about untroubled through the old quarters, grown as silent as the grave after the intense life of the bazaars has ceased at nightfall.

Nobody is in the streets: wandering from ghostly passage to passage, one hears no step but that of the watchman with staff and lantern. Presently there appears, far off, a light like a low-flying firefly; as it comes nearer, it is seen to proceed from the *Mellah* lamp of open work brass that a servant carries ahead of two merchants on their way home from Elbali. The merchants are grave men: they move softly and slowly on their fat slippered feet, pausing from time to time in confidential talk. At last they stop before a house wall with a low blue door barred by heavy hasps of iron. The servant lifts the lamp and knocks. There is a long delay; then, with infinite caution, the door is opened a few inches, and another lifted light shines faintly on lustrous tiled walls, and on the face of a woman slave who quickly veils herself. Evidently the master is a man of standing, and the house well guarded. The two merchants touch each other on the right shoulder, one of them passes in, and his friend goes on through the moonlight, his servant's lantern dancing ahead.

But here we are in an open space looking down one of the descents to El Attarine. A misty radiance washes the tall houses, the garden-walls, the archways; even the moonlight does not whiten Fez, but only turns its gray to tarnished silver. Overhead in a tower window a single light twinkles: women's voices rise and fall on the roofs. In a rich man's doorway slaves are sleeping, huddled on the tiles. A cock crows from somebody's dunghill; a skeleton dog prowls by for garbage.

Everywhere is the loud rush or the low crooning of water, and over every wall comes the scent of jasmine and rose. Far off, from the red purgatory between the walls, sounds the savage thrum-thrum of a negro orgy; here all is peace and perfume. A minaret springs up between the roofs like a palm, and from its balcony the little white figure bends over and drops a blessing on all the loveliness and all the squalor.

[Mrs. Wharton's fourth article, "Marrakech," will appear in the October number.]

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"WADE IN, SANITARY!"

THE STORY OF A DIVISION SURGEON IN FRANCE

BY RICHARD DERBY

Lt.-Col., M. C., U. S. A., Division Surgeon, Second Division

"Down the picket-guarded lane
Rolled the comfort-laden wain,
Cheered by shouts that shook the plain,
Soldier-like and merry:
Phrases such as camps may teach,
Sabre-cuts of Saxon speech,
Such as 'Bully!' 'Them's the peach!'
'Wade in, Sanitary!'"

—BRET HARTE.

DURING the winter of 1917–1918, the Second Division, made up of a Marine and Infantry Brigade, together with the divisional trains, underwent its preliminary training in an area in the Vosges formerly used by the French for this purpose. In March the division, augmented by its artillery, was put into the front line between Verdun and St. Mihiel. We held this front until the middle of May, when we were relieved and sent up to the Fifth French Army, northwest of Paris.

While in the area about Chaumont-en-Vexin, on May 28, came a rumor that the Huns had attacked on a thirty-mile front between Soissons and Rheims. The next day this rumor was corroborated, and we heard that the enemy had broken through at the Chemin des Dames, captured twenty-five thousand French prisoners, and was advancing without opposition. On the morning of May 30 came an order that the division was to hold itself in readiness to move at a moment's notice. The enemy was reported to be within a few kilometres of Château-Thierry.

That order gave rise to a thrill which it would be hard to describe. Our entry into the war had not been too late. At last the test was at hand. Our division had been picked to be thrown across the path of one of the most determined advances of the Hun. We welcomed the test. The division was like a football team on the eve of its most important game. A team trained to the minute and fretting against the restraint which would lift only with the referee's whistle.

It was an excited group of officers collected in the office of the chief of staff that same evening when orders arrived directing the movement of the division. We stood about Colonel Preston Brown, who, with a green eye-shade pulled down over his face, read out the various embarkation points from which the different units of the division would embus during the night.

By sunrise the division was moving toward the designated concentration point at Meaux. I went by automobile with my chief, Colonel Marrow, through Pontoise, St. Denis, Sévran, and Claye. As we passed the long line of dust-enveloped buses, from the sounds of singing and joking that came from them one would have supposed this an excursion to a country fair rather than a movement into one of the grimmest battles of the war. We reached Meaux at noon.

All day long successive units of the division passed through Meaux and went out to the northeast. The roads in every direction were very much congested; troops marching toward the north and refugees moving to the south. There was a continuous procession of all sorts and kinds of oxen-drawn vehicles filled with women and children. Flocks of sheep, herds of cattle, and small collections of geese and chickens made up the motley array. The Marne, as it crosses under the La Ferté-Meaux road at Trilport, was filled with a slow-moving, densely packed column of canal-boats, moving steadily toward the south and safety.

On the night of May 31, the infantry units of the division were on the march or in bivouac along the Meaux-Vincy road. The train was halted just outside of Meaux, and during the night there were many hostile aeroplanes aloft which bombed the city and attempted to locate the position of the troops. Orders ob-

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tained from the headquarters of the Sixth French Army directed that the division should take up a position between Gandelu and Montigny, northeast of Meaux. Division headquarters was established at May-en-Multien. During the night of the 31st, however, these orders were changed and the division was ordered to concentrate at a point on the Paris-Metz road beyond Montreuil-aux-Lions.

The next morning I was summoned to division headquarters at Montreuil-aux-Lions to direct the evacuation of the forward area. I was delighted, for my chief had insisted on my being with him at Meaux, from which distance it was impossible to co-ordinate the medical activities at the front. My first duty on reaching Montreuil was to visit Field Hospital One at Bézu-le-Guéry. Bézu was a village of not more than fifty buildings, placed on the heights to the north of the Marne. It was built about one winding street. At the extreme northern end was a small church with a two-storied schoolhouse adjoining. These two buildings were taken over by the hospital and served a most useful purpose during the five weeks that the division fought on this front.

The schoolroom was high-ceilinged with one wall a blackboard. It was a room of ghosts. Under date of May 29, still stood the composition lesson of that day. "Un jour de grand vent." It must have been much more than a day of great wind to the children attending that last class. It must have been a day of great alarm, borne on the wings of a mighty Hun advance. Under the caption, "La Pensée," the lesson went on: "L'homme libre obeit à sa conscience et aux lois de son pays." Almost in the presence of the enemy, the children of France were being taught the righteousness of their fathers' cause. Then came a column of words, the last word unfinished. The lesson had been interrupted. As I gazed upon the blackboard I saw again the figures of the little children leaning over their desks and writing industriously in their copy-books. I saw the teacher pouring her soul into the sentences on the board. I heard the approach of a horse. He was reined up at the door. The loud knock was followed by the appearance in the doorway of a French soldier, who told of the oncoming enemy hordes and counselled immediate flight. Something else told me that the flight was dignified, not precipitate, that the children were reminded that it was ennobling to suffer "pour la France," and that the interrupted lesson would be continued "après la victoire."

On June 10 division headquarters moved from Montreuil-aux-Loins to Genevrois Ferme, within a very short distance of Bézu-le-Guéry. I went to the latter place, and shared the office and sleeping-quarters of the director of ambulance companies, Major Miller. Bézu was situated in almost the exact centre of the sector which we were holding and was easily accessible by good roads from any point of the front. It was an ideal location for the triage, or sorting station, for the co-ordination of the ambulance section, and for the general work of the medical activities of the front area.

In going from Bézu to the regimental aid station of the 9th Infantry at Beaurepaire Ferme, you passed through Villiers-sur-Marne and by the gateway of Madame Huard's "Home on the Field of Honor." Many times during those June days was I carried back to the early part of September, 1914, when similar scenes had been enacted in this same locality. There was the lovely old château, with its beautiful grounds and trees. And there on the lawn, placidly cropping the much overgrown grass, was the old gray donkey who, after the first battle of the Marne, had rounded up and led to the shelter of his mistress's home that pathetic group of the invaders' cast-off animals.

A little up the road from the château still lived Father Poupard with his wife and daughter and grandchildren. During the month of June the old man was evacuated by one of our ambulances because of sickness. Louis, one of his two orphan grandchildren, for whom he had walked all the way from Château-Thierry to Epernay and back, had grown to be a fine big boy.

Ambulance Company Fifteen used Madame Huard's château as their headquarters. I had wanted to establish here our hospital for non-transportable wounded, but it was considered by the

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commanding-general, division surgeon, and French corps surgeon to be too close to the front line. This hospital was doing excellent work at La Ferté-sous-Jouarre. The operating-room and wards were installed in the buildings of the French hospital, while Bessoneau tents, set up in the garden, housed the X-ray plant and the combined admission and resuscitation ward.

Ambulances were unloading at the gate when I visited this hospital late on the afternoon of June 11. I followed the four litter cases that were gently lifted out and carried to the admission ward, which was nearly full of wounded men awaiting operation. The new arrivals were placed on litter racks, which ran the length of the tent on either side of the centre aisle. Each litter rack was draped with blankets which fell to the ground, and so conserved and centralized the heat from a stove placed beneath the litter. In this way the *réchauffement* of the wounded man began from the moment that he entered the hospital, and the necessary formalities in recording and taking the history of a new arrival were not allowed to interfere with his being thoroughly warmed first. This tent was presided over by an admitting officer with a staff of one nurse and half a dozen enlisted men of the Medical Department. We had nurses at this time, who did most splendid and devoted work. Later, as the hospital-corps men became more skilled, we were able to dispense with their services entirely. The consulting surgeon of the division, Major Lee, divided his time between this tent and the operating-room. He personally saw each new arrival, examined him, and prescribed preoperative treatment. He sorted the patients out and decided, according to urgency, upon their operative priority. As the turn of each came he was carried to the adjoining tent where an X-ray photograph was taken, or fluoroscopic examination made, and the exact position of the foreign body located and noted upon the patient's history card. Thus, when he went to the operating-room, the history and examination were complete.

In one corner of the tent a badly shocked patient was receiving an infusion of normal salt solution into the median basilic vein of his arm. A nurse was holding aloft the glass container from which the fluid steadily flowed, while a surgeon bent over the patient's arm and controlled the flow. Farther down the line a young fellow, who looked more dead than alive from a severe hemorrhage, was receiving a transfusion of blood, voluntarily offered by a soldier of one of the divisions in training in our rear. The blood had been collected in a glass flask, preserved by the addition of citrate of soda, and sent forward to meet just such an emergency as this. I stood spellbound and watched the suffusion of pink, the token of returning life, that gradually showed itself in those alabaster white cheeks. As the contents of the flask steadily lowered and the color of the cheeks deepened, I could only think that the day of miracles was not past.

In the operating-room three tables were in use. The three teams, made up each of a surgeon, his assistant, and a nurse—the instrument passer—looked jaded from their long, exhausting day. On one table a perforating wound of the chest was being sewed up. On another an intestinal resection had just been completed by the operator, while his assistant was searching for a shell fragment deeply embedded in the upper thigh. On a third patient, whom I had seen less than an hour before passing through Field Hospital One at Bézu, a ligation of the brachial artery was being performed. Cases of similar gravity had been operated upon during the day, making a total of forty at this time. There was an equal number in the admission ward awaiting attention.

In another hour the night shift of operators would go on duty and would find enough work to keep them going hard until the following morning. At this time the three operating teams were working in twelve-hour shifts, but we soon found that this was too long and tiring a period, so we reduced the number of teams from three to two, and put them on eight-hour shifts.

The mortality in this hospital was necessarily very high, for only the most seriously wounded were held here. All who could stand the transportation were sent on back to Juilly. Many died here

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whose condition never justified an operation. As against these, many a man whose condition was desperate upon arrival so improved under *réchauffement* and other anti-shock treatment that he was able to live through an operation which saved his life.

Heavy fighting continued through the month of June; the 4th Brigade steadily increasing its hold upon the Bois de Belleau, until on the 25th, in one last furious assault, the Hun was driven out of it completely.

Then came the turn of the 3d Brigade, composed of the 9th and 23d Infantry, to assume the offensive and straighten out and advance their front, which lay to the south of the Paris-Metz road. The preparation for the attack on Vaux was very thorough, and involved as careful planning on the part of the Medical Department as by the infantry or artillery. On the days just preceding the proposed offensive I reconnoitred carefully the front covered by the regiments, going up to the villages of Bourbelin and Monneaux and selecting sites in them for aid and dressing stations, picking out the most protected roads for the evacuation of the wounded, and arranging for stretcher-bearer relay posts.

At 6 P. M., July 1, the attack was launched, preceded by several hours' artillery preparation concentrated upon the village of Vaux. All objectives were reached on schedule time. The enemy retaliated by throwing down a gruelling barrage across our lines of communication. Ambulances which had been sent up to Monneaux the night before were not able to leave there until after nine o'clock because of the heavy shelling of the road.

Most of the casualties, as is usually the case, occurred in the early part of the advance and numbered about four hundred. They were evacuated promptly and began coming into the regimental aid station of the 9th Infantry at Beaurepaire Ferme around seven o'clock. The battalion aid station of the 3d Battalion of the 23d Infantry was situated on the ground floor of a cottage in the village of Bourbelin. This village came under heavy artillery fire shortly after the attack was launched.

Just before seven I received word at the division report centre at Mouette Ferme that Lieutenant Brown, one of the medical officers with the 3d Battalion of the 23d Infantry, had been killed. I started in my side car for Bourbelin at once. The valley in which Monneaux and Vaux were placed was filled with smoke, and the air pulsated and throbbed with the din and roar of the combined artillery fire. The wooded top of Hill 204 rose above the sea of smoke out to the northeast. It was the only landmark clearly discernible in the thick haze. Walking wounded were coming in along the road from Bourbelin and the Bois de la Marette, and as I passed them I directed them to the aid station at Ferme Beaurepaire.

As I approached Bourbelin I could see the curtain of smoke, which represented the enemy's barrage, lying across the Paris-Metz road. The road leading into the village, which yesterday had been practically untouched by shell-fire, was now filled with craters which made the going next to impossible. Shells were breaking in the village and hissing overhead to break on the Paris-Metz road to the west. The aid station was near the southern and western end of the village. The two small front rooms on the ground floor were being used as dressing-rooms. One of these, in which Lieutenant Brown had been attending wounded, had received a direct hit. He had been killed instantly but no one else hurt.

Captain Claude A. Martin, the battalion surgeon, was hard at work with insufficient aid, so I turned to and lent a helping hand. The floor space was so covered with wounded that it was difficult to get around among them. The light from a few candles was not sufficient to see well what one was doing. It was work under most trying and difficult conditions, but through it all Captain Martin maintained his usual bubbling spirits, cracking jokes and bantering with his men as though nothing of unusual moment were happening. We had no sooner made material headway in emptying the room than others were brought in to take their place. And so the work went on until I was called elsewhere.

Later that night I returned to this station to find that it had received another direct hit upon the roof, which had

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brought the ceiling down and wounded Lieutenant Thomas who had taken Lieutenant Brown's place. Captain Martin was again laboring unaided. The enemy was using gas as well as H. E. I had gotten a whiff of it as I entered the village for the second time. You could differentiate the gas from the H. E. explosion by the hollower and less intense sound of the former. As we worked, such a shell exploded close by, and we hurriedly helped the wounded men on with their masks and pulled on our own. The work went on, punctuated only by the hiss of shells overhead or the explosion of one nearer at hand. As soon as an ambulance was signalled, out went its load followed by a temporary lull in the work until the blanket at the door was pushed aside and a wounded man brought in by a stretcher-bearer from the front.

Captain Martin received the D. S. C. as a result of his splendid work during the first two days of July at Bourbelin. In the heavy fighting in which the 3d Battalion of the 23d Infantry had taken part during the month of June and the first week of July, Captain Martin had literally had two of his medical officers killed at his very elbow. If he had not been a tower of strength and made of the finest stuff, he would have broken under the strain. He came from Jefferson Davis Park, La. He told me his history once. He had stood on his own feet from boyhood. He had gone into business at an early age and had not been satisfied. He gave up a future in business, in which success was assured, and supported himself through his medical training. He was used to hard knocks and sudden reversals of fortune. The words fear and failure were not in his vocabulary. He inspired his men and associates in like measure. He was an ideal medical officer, and one who refused to accept anything short of success.

I met him one day at Bézu after his battalion had been subjected to a seven-hour gas bombardment. His eyes were red and bloodshot and his voice hoarse. I rated him roundly for not having changed his clothing and taken a bath. I told him that he must practise what he was supposed to preach.

"But, major, I must attend to my men first," was his only answer, and not until the last of his men had gone through would he think of himself.

On July 5, the relief of the division by the 26th was begun. The next day orders came to stand fast, as an enemy offensive between Rheims and Château-Thierry was expected. The relief was continued on the 7th, and by the next day the division was completely out and the 26th Division holding the sector. The threatened German offensive did not break until the 14th.

All through June our infantry and artillery had fought valiantly with little or no protection from above. I frequently saw hostile planes flying low over our artillery positions and recording gun emplacements without molestation, aside from rifle-fire from the ground. Occasionally a few French planes were aloft, but very few days went by when one or more observations of our positions were not made by hostile planes. During the first week of July, however, we appreciated a great difference in the air protection afforded the division.

The arrival of an American squadron cheered the hearts of every one. The loud, strident hum of Nieuports was heard from daylight until dusk, and with their arrival passed the supremacy of the air from the Hun to the Yankee. This supremacy was won at a crucial time, for during the next ten days occurred those great troop movements which resulted in the death-blow to Prussian militarism—the combined American and French offensive at Soissons on July 18. Without the systematic blinding of the enemy's eyes, which the American squadron insured, the masking of the troop movement and the perfect element of surprise with which the attack was attended could never have been achieved. With this squadron was my brother-in-law, Quentin Roosevelt, a *chasse pilote*. Little did I realize on the 14th that the young eagle was doing battle in the sky just to the northeast of where I was. That day I was invalided back to Doctor Blake's hospital in Paris. It was not until two days later that I heard of his great last fight. He fell, but the photographic plane which he was protecting, reached safety and brought most important information regarding the German attack that was launched that night.

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THE CALL OF THE GODS

By Stuart Rivers
Author of "A Leading Lady of the Discards"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

IN the theatrical business after a man's acquaintances stop hailing him as "Smith, ol' boy," or "Billy, ol' scout," and preface his name with a polite "Mister," he can, without going any further for the information, know that he has reached the end of either one of two extremes—success or failure. Possibly this is not quite so true when fortune takes an upward swing, but when he is, with shirt and trouser cuffs a bit frayed, addressed with a certain lack of familiarity, it is a safe bet that he will never see his name shine on Broadway in electric lights or be pointed out in the Lambs' Club as one of the select of the select.

In rare cases they sometimes jump over the traces, smash all the rules on the calendar, and make good at the last moment; but it is not often, because the old saying about a dog and new tricks applies particularly to an actor who has shot his wad, and it is one of the hardest things in the world to make a manager believe that he can do anything except his "speciality."

Thus, when Elliot Conway came into his fortieth year and the office boys around at the different booking-offices or the casting directors at some of the studios began calling him "Mister Conway," he should have taken warning and shifted his occupation; but he had never done a great deal of thinking throughout his rather matter-of-fact life, but had rather been content to let things slide and follow wherever his nose led. When he was still a boy this had been to barnstorming in the Middle West, in a company that carried its own sets in a canvas-covered wagon; later he had drifted to Broadway and had "gone on the road" year after year, until he knew hotel clerks by their first names in almost every State in the Union. Still later, and in the days when the old Biograph was at its height, Conway had wandered into pictures, but there, as unaggressive as always, he had been content to do extra work, which, if you do in the beginning, you will continue to do until the end of time.

No doubt there is a perfectly sane reason why one man succeeds, according to the world's standards, while another, apparently just as clever in every respect, fails most dismally at the job fate wished him into. It may be only the way the cards happen to fall, or it may be ambition, but this last is only another way of saying that a man must have unbounded hope—the hope supreme—if he is to crowd past the rest of the bunch on that most precarious upward climb and finally sit, dangling his feet over the edge, at the top rung of the ladder.

It was this quality Elliot Conway lacked. He had never been inspired in his life, nor had he, even when he was doing his best, reached out mentally and hoped for better things to come. In other words, he was satisfied, and when a man is satisfied he is beaten and unconsciously acknowledges himself to be a failure.

In some respects the trouble lay with the man himself; but still it is rather hard to blame a person for the nature that was infused into his system at the beginning, and Conway's nature was of that kind which never demand the love and companionship of women, but are seemingly content to live their solitary lives without ever coming into closer touch with what was to him the mysterious feminine than a most casual nodding acquaintance. In his work, of course, he had known all kinds of girls, and, again, from his point of view, they had all been good, with some a little better than the rest—a few had even looked into his eyes and tried to

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make him read the song of their hearts, but Conway had never understood, because, as he sometimes told himself, he wasn't the kind of a man women fall in love with.

And yet, as he sat on the chair in the corner of Well's agency, with his legs crossed and the felt hat in his lap, he was not unattractive in the least degree. True, his hair was streaked here and there with gray and his face, in its deeply drawn lines, showed the life that was behind him, but his lean figure still bore a note of youthfulness, and a casual guesser might have missed his age short of a full ten years.

A more keen observer, however, could have detected the other ten, but in the examination they would probably have found other things quite as interesting as the number of years he had lived, for a little smile lurked in the depths of Conway's eyes and the wrinkles around the corners of his rather large mouth spoke enthusiastically of a fine quality of humor and understanding, doing more than offset the somewhat messy tie, the coat collar that was not quite a fit, and the hair at the back of his neck that was in sore need of a barber's attentions.

After a monotonous and seemingly endless wait, a man's head appeared at the little window over which was nailed the significant sign: "Casting Director."

"There won't be anything doing to-day," he said after looking for a moment at the half-dozen occupants of the row of chairs. "You might come in Friday. We may have something then."

With the others Conway rose to his feet, then hesitated for an instant as the rest of the company filed slowly out into the hall.

"Do you think there will be anything for me on Friday?" he asked, approaching the window, his hat still in his hand.

The other looked into the man's face critically, then nodded slightly. "You have a dress suit, haven't you, Mr. Conway?"

"Oh, yes—full wardrobe."

"Suppose you come in Friday. There's going to be a ballroom set in McNair's new picture. I may be able to fit you in—" After a slight hesitation he added: "Ah—it's five dollars."

"That'll be all right," Conway nodded. "Very much obliged. I'll be in Friday, then."

He reached the street to find a mean, wet snow-storm whirling in from Broadway, and, after standing undecided in the doorway for some minutes, he turned up the collar of his rather thin coat and, guarding his eyes from the blast with the hat brim, headed for his room in the lodging-house on West Forty-fourth Street.

"Rotten day to go around," he muttered to himself as he reached the high, brown-stone stoop and climbed the steps. "Nothing doing to-day, I guess—maybe it'll clear up this afternoon." He turned and watched the driving snowflakes for a moment, then, with a little shake of his head, he entered the house and climbed the two dingy flights of stairs to his room.

"Maybe there'll be a couple of days in McNair's picture," he muttered aloud, voicing his thoughts as he slipped the wet coat from his shoulders and hung it over the back of a chair. "Be all right——"

A knock, interrupting his musings, sounded on the door, and the man, stepping across the room, swung it open. The faint light in the hall at first only afforded him a vague impression of a woman in a dark skirt and a white waist, but in a moment he saw that she was young, quite pretty, and with a heavy mass of reddish-brown hair crowning the white oval of her face.

"I beg your pardon," she began with a little laugh, "but I wonder if I can borrow a match from you?"

"Certainly," the man answered, searching in his pockets for a box of safety-matches. "Very glad."

"Oh, but I just want one," the girl exclaimed as he held the box toward her. "I just want to light the gas."

"These don't scratch without the box," he explained. "You can bring them back if you like."

"Well—thanks," and she received the matches, gave him a quick little smile, and disappeared up the gloomy hall.

Conway closed the door and walked back to the dresser, where he stood looking absently into the glass at his reflection. Finally a little smile played around

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the corners of his mouth, and, not thinking what he was doing, produced a package of tobacco and, after rolling a cigarette, fumbled about in his pockets for a light. Realizing his absent-mindedness in a moment, he placed the cigarette on the edge of the dresser-top and, turning, stood staring at the door until, a few minutes later, the expected knock sounded gently on the panel.

"Thank you very much," the girl said as he opened the door. "I just had to light the gas in my room. It's so cold I couldn't stand it."

"Here—I've got something that will fix you up," the man answered, turning back into the room and unearthing a round tin arrangement that had been designed to fit over a gas-jet. "This was here when I moved in, but I didn't find it until I'd bought a gas-stove. I don't need it."

"Are you sure?" The girl eyed the contraption and nodded. "That's better. You have no idea how cold it is in that room."

"You're perfectly welcome to it. It isn't mine, anyway." A slight hesitation on his own part and he continued: "If you want me to, I'll come in and fix it."

"Why—thank you ever so much," she repeated with another laugh. "I wish you would, if you're sure you don't mind bothering. I'm trying to study, and I can't when my nose is as cold as it is now."

Conway laughed in response to her mood and followed her up the hall to a little inside room that was hardly big enough for a bed and a trunk, without squeezing in a chair, a dresser, and a table, not to consider the two humans. In spite of its confined space, however, there was an air of cosiness to the little apartment that Conway felt instinctively as soon as he crossed the threshold. Also there was a faint, intangible odor of perfume someway different than he was accustomed to in the dressing-rooms of the moving-picture studios. The whole air of the place was different, like a new world into which he was voyaging for the first time in his life. In a dim way he seemed to realize this, for he looked curiously about at the few pictures pinned to the walls, the sofa-cushion crumpled into a ball at one corner of the bed, and the few girl treasures on the dresser.

"If it wasn't for the trunk," she laughed, following his glances, "and the bed, and maybe the dresser, I'd have lots of room."

"You ought to see some I've lived in," Conway answered. "And mine weren't fixed up either."

"Gracious!" the girl returned. "I hope you don't think this one is fixed up! I've been too busy since I came to New York to think of anything."

He laughed again and, stepping onto the chair, unscrewed the little tip from the gas-jet. "By the way," he added, "you know you can't have light and heat at the same time with this thing; it's either one or the other."

"Heat, by all means!" she answered quickly, watching him as he placed the tin in position. "I can at least think in the dark, but that's more than I can do in the cold!"

It was dingy enough in the little room after the heater was lighted and was throwing out its blue flame, but the girl declared the light from the window looking out upon the narrow court was quite sufficient for daytime study, and at night she could take the heater off and put it on again. "Get warm, then study until I'm cold," she explained with another of her funny, quick little laughs.

"What are you studying?" Conway wanted to know as he stepped down from the chair.

"Why—you see, I came to New York to go on the stage," she answered, suddenly growing serious. "But I haven't had any success so far. One of the men I met advised me to put in my spare time studying some books on the stage and reading about stage people. That's what I am doing now; but when he said 'spare time' I don't suppose he knew it was going to mean *all* of my time!"

"That's very interesting," Conway observed, studying the girl's face. "I'm in the theatrical business myself."

"Are you? Do you mean that you have a theatre——"

"Oh, no! No, I'm sorry to say. No; I'm an actor."

"You don't mean it! Why— Oh,

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please sit down and tell me more about it! Where do you act now?"

"I don't act now," he answered, laughing a little at her quaint phrasing. "I've been in pictures for the last few years. Before that I was on the road."

"Pictures? Do you mean the movies?"

Conway nodded, then, thinking he read her thoughts, he added quickly: "Oh, you wouldn't know me. I'm only one of the extra people!"

The girl, with a tiny frown between her straight brows, stared for a moment, then motioned to the trunk with one of her slim hands. "Tell me all about it!" she demanded. "Please do! You know, I've never met any one who was really on the stage—only amateurs, at home—and you have no idea how lost I've felt since I've been here trying to make believe I'm an actress. Would it be asking too much of you to help me a little—with some suggestions?"

"Not at all, if I can do any good," Conway answered. He was finding it strangely easy to laugh with this girl and he had a queer feeling that he had known her for a long time. "I don't know if——"

"Excuse me," she interrupted as the man perched himself on the trunk. "But you can smoke if you want to—men don't talk very long unless they can smoke."

"Thanks. You let me know if I stay too long. I was going to say that I'm afraid my information won't be very valuable. To be perfectly truthful, I'm not a howling success myself, but still I think I see where I've made some big mistakes."

When he was trudging home through the swirling snow Conway would never have believed that he could sit on the edge of a trunk and talk for a whole hour to a perfectly strange girl, but he was doing it, and fairly successfully, and what is more he was telling her some of those old-time ambitions that he had hardly ever voiced even to himself—the ambitions of the half-forgotten, barnstorming days, when he used to look out across the line of the smoky oil-lamps that did duty for footlights and see in those few, scattered faces an audience of some great city, and he, a very Booth himself, playing upon their feelings as a bow upon the strings of a violin. Conway had almost forgotten he had ever dreamed those old fancies or had ever been an awkward, overgrown lad who had run away from the harvest to join those strolling mummers.

And the girl—it was all pure gold to her—tucked her feet under her dress as she curled up on the bed, drinking in his words with breathless interest and, child-like, demanding more when he showed the slightest sign of stopping.

"It's been hard work," he concluded with a shake of his head as he remembered those weary hours on some jerky, dusty train far off the trail of civilization. "Yes, I guess I used to have hopes that I'd be a head-liner, but—well, things just kind of slid along until after awhile I guess you just don't care. When I went into pictures I should have waited until I got a chance at something worth while, but the extra work came along first, and in those days no one took pictures very seriously. It was a mistake, but it's a living. Now, with you, if you decide to go into it, unless you're pressed for money, I wouldn't take any extra work; wait until you get some bits to do. The other is five dollars a day, though, and sometimes five dollars that way is worth a hundred when you have to starve a month before you get it."

"No," the girl answered, "I'm not pressed for money—at least, not quite yet. You see— I haven't told you my name, have I? It's Louise Mitchell——"

"And mine is Elliot Conway," the man put in.

"I'm very glad to know you, Mr. Conway," the girl said, laughing. "I'm afraid our introduction wasn't very prim, but you won't mind? Well—anyway, my home is out in Michigan—Ann Arbor, and last summer my aunt Louise died and left me five hundred dollars. I've always wanted to go on the stage, but of course I couldn't in Ann Arbor, and so I finally got my father to let me come to New York and try and see what I could do. I have enough money left to wait awhile; but do you think that I could make a success on the stage?"

It was a fairly large question, but Conway, after a look into the blue eyes, answered it, as he should, in the affirmative.

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"Why, yes. After you get a start, I don't see why you wouldn't do very well."

"Oh, do you really think so!" Louise exclaimed. "Of course, I did all right in high school, when we had the class play, but I've been waiting to ask some one that question—some one who knows about the real stage and real actresses."

"Why not!" Conway asked himself, dispelling his feeling of guilt as he watched the changing expressions on the girl's face. "Why couldn't she do as well as some of the rest of them!" Aloud he continued: "Have you been around to the different agencies?"

"Some of them," was her answer. "But most of the ones I found said they didn't take any one but experienced people."

"Oh, you must try some of the smaller ones. Get a piece of paper and I'll tell you where you can go this afternoon, though it isn't a very good afternoon to go around. Anyway, you can leave your name and address and you can go back later on. You'll have to have some photographs taken, but you can do that some other time."

The girl scribbled busily as the man dictated half a dozen names and addresses of those agencies that supply people for parts in companies no one ever hears of, but that was distinctly a minor detail to the girl, to whom each new name opened up a vista of rioting dreams and hopes. A half-hour later Conway watched her as she went down the stairs and waved in return as she stopped at the turn of the balustrade to smile.

"Good luck," he called softly.

"Thanks," she answered, her laughter reaching him in a bubbling note of good fellowship. "I'm going to stop in when I get back and tell you what success I have."

"Fine," he answered. "Please do. I'll be sitting here waiting to hear the returns."

She laughed again and disappeared, leaving the man leaning over the railing with a smile on his lips that was still in evidence many minutes after he had closed the door of his room and was rolling a cigarette as he looked quizzically at his reflection in the mirror.

"She's—kind of—different," he mused aloud as he applied a match to the twisted paper. "Hope she stays—bully kid—mighty nice."

He turned from the dresser and seated himself in a chair to cross one lean leg over the other and unearth a magazine from under the stray collars, the half-empty packages of tobacco, and the tangled neckties that littered the table-top.

During the long gray afternoon the smile reappeared many times on Conway's lips as he recalled to mind the girl's eager, laughing blue eyes, the enthusiastic little oval face, and the quick, funny little smile that was forever dimpling her curving red lips. The whispering snowflakes swirled about the window-panes, heaping little mounts of white on the ledges and gradually silencing the city's undercurrent of noise. The man in the loose-fitting clothes sat crouched far down in his chair, the magazine forgotten upon his knees—he was thinking.

It had been a lonesome sort of an existence he had led, friendless and selfish. Suppose he died! Who was there to give a tinker's damn about it! He would be carried to the morgue, or wherever they carried dead bodies, and that would end it. Some one else would come and take the room, the landlady would probably sell his clothes to an old-clothes man, and —no, there wasn't a single soul that would give a rap one way or another.

Conway stirred uneasily and attempted to resume the story in the magazine, but his mind had been upset; someway he was almost unnerved; nothing was normal any longer, and he tried to remember back and find out the cause of the change. Surely it was not Louise! She had, to the contrary, cheered him up and brought a ray of sunshine into his gray, uninteresting life that was as welcome as it was rare.

"Rats!" he exclaimed under his breath. "You're getting old; that's what's the matter with you! When a man begins to think of the mistakes he's made it's a sure sign that he's getting old. I ought to have gone over to Fort Lee. Thomas may be doing something more with that picture." He cast a speculative eye out of the window and regarded the leaden sky gloomily. "Guess not," he added

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after a silence. "Rotten day. Wish I hadn't sent that girl—wish I hadn't sent Louise out in all this snow. Hope she gets back all right."

After considering the dangers of a snow-storm on Broadway, he rose from his chair and, walking out into the hall, peered down the dingy recesses of the stairway. Not a sign of life broke the gloom, and his senses were only greeted by the faint, intangible, musty smell of the lodging-house.

Loath to return to the chair by the depressing window, he walked on tiptoe up the hall and stood for some minutes in doubt, staring silently at the door of Louise Mitchell's room. To him it was the embodiment of all things desirable and at the same time unattainable, and the expression on Conway's face was much the same as that of a small boy who, penniless and empty, stares through the plate glass at a man frying pancakes on a griddle. It was some moments later that he returned to his own room, but not before he had again inspected the lower recesses of the floor below.

It was nearly five o'clock before Louise climbed the stairway and paused on the top landing to catch her breath. At first no answer came to her knocking on Conway's door, and she was almost ready to pass on up the hall when she heard the man moving about inside the room.

"Hello!" he exclaimed as he threw open the door. "I'm afraid I fell asleep in the chair. You didn't have any trouble? The—snow? I was beginning to get a little nervous."

"Oh, goodness!" she gasped with a little sigh. "I'm so glad to have any one say that again I don't know what to do! My mother is always frightened to death whenever I go out, and since I've been here in New York——"

"I know," Conway put in as she hesitated. "I've lived in New York a long time; I know."

"Don't it make you terrible lonesome, and don't you hate it sometimes and wish you were back home— But I forgot; I want to tell you about the agents! Won't you come into my room? I'll call you as soon as I get on a pair of dry shoes; and my skirt is fairly soaked to the knees."

"I'll wait right here," the man answered as he drank in the girl's personality with hungry eyes.

"I won't be a minute," she declared as she disappeared into her room, but it was nearer fifteen before Conway saw the door open and Louise beckon to him with one crooked finger.

"Well," she began when he had taken his seat on the trunk, "I went to every one you told me to, and they were as nice as they could be; they all said I was to come back! Isn't that fine?"

"Great," he answered, but he could not help smiling when he remembered how many thousands of times he had been asked to do the same thing. "Now, all you have to do is to keep going enough, and some day you'll get the chance you want."

"I hope so," she answered earnestly, "because even all the money I have can't last forever, and pretty soon I'll have to earn some more."

"Never mind, you can always go into pictures. But, in the meantime, what are you going to do about dinner? You can't go out again in all this snow—at least, you don't want to, do you?"

"Indeed I don't," she exclaimed. "The snow is terrible!" A moment of hesitation and she glanced quickly into the man's face, adding: "What are you going to do? Maybe I can do the same thing!"

"Exactly what I was thinking," he answered, and this time his laugh had actually taken on a boyish quality which, if he had stopped to analyze it, would have surprised him more than anything had ever done in his life. "I'll tell you what we can do. I've been thinking it over. Suppose I go around to the delicatessen store and lay in a stock of things, and we can have supper here, and afterward——"

"Yes—please go on!" she exclaimed as Conway stopped. "And afterward—What were you going to say?"

"Well—afterward—" Again he hesitated, and the girl tossed her head impatiently.

"*Please* tell me what you were going to say!"

"Why, afterward—well, I thought, maybe—if you are interested in stage things—I would read you a play I wrote

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some years ago. I've never done anything with it, never exactly finished it even, but I was thinking this afternoon, after you left, that maybe you'd like to hear it?"

"Don't you know I'd love to hear it!" she exclaimed, her eyes snapping with interest. "And the supper here will be lots of fun! It will be Dutch treat, of course, because I invited myself to the party."

"But it's your party, in your room," he protested. "I ought to pay for being allowed to come!"

"Dutch treat!" she repeated.

"Very well." He gave in. "I'll go out and get the grub. Will a couple of bottles of beer be all right?"

"I'll let you drink the beer," she answered as she rummaged in her handbag. "I drank it once, but it's bitter! Only be sure and get lots of other things, because I'm as hungry as an off ox, as my father says. Is this enough?" and she held out a five-dollar bill.

"Enough for the rest of the week," he laughed. "I've gone two weeks myself on one of those. I'll bring back the change."

Never in his life had Conway realized how much satisfaction one can derive from buying dabs of this and dabs of that in a delicatessen store. The clerk was a particularly nice sort of clerk, and the suggestions he made seemed little short of genius. It was a bit of cheese here and a bit of bologna there, with a bottle of olives, and, yes, he'd take a bottle of milk. Those pigs' feet were very nice, and Conway agreed and added a pair to his collection.

"I think that's enough," he finally admitted. "Anyway, it's all I can carry," and the store was left behind as he faced the blinding storm with his two arms clasped madly around a dozen paper bags.

It was nothing less than a feast that followed, but first everything had to be arranged just so on the table that was spead with a clean towel for the occasion. Conway remembered that he had entered a different world and assisted clumsily to garnish the pigs' feet with olives and celery, to deal out the circles of sausage in neat piles and dust out Louise's pin-tray to serve as a butter-dish. One couldn't just rip open a paper bag and eat, not in this world; the feminine touch would have been lacking, and Conway was rapidly beginning to realize that a feminine touch was very necessary to make things complete.

Not that he stopped to ask himself the why and the wherefore of it, but he was happy, and a dozen times during the meal he laughed gayly at nothing at all as he met the girl's blue eyes. Later in the evening he went into his room and delved deep into the recesses of his trunk for the manuscript. It was crumpled a bit and travel-worn, for he had not thought of it for months past, but after a hasty glance through the pages he returned down the hall and climbed back on the trunk to give the first reading of his first play.

What did it matter if Louise knew less than nothing about play-writing, construction, or continuity; she gave little pleased gasps of admiration as the plot, or rather the semblance of plot, dissolved itself, and Conway met her eyes, frankly pleased at this new and quite strange praise, for during his life praise had been sadly lacking and it was like a draft of wine to a famished soul.

"Of course, you are going to do something with it now!" Louise exclaimed when the last page had been turned and the man sat holding the bundle of papers in his hand. "You're going to finish it all nice and neat and sell it! Don't you think that would be fine! You don't know how much I like it! And you really wrote it yourself? Imagine! I think it's perfectly wonderful!"

"It don't sound so very bad," Conway answered, so drunk with the admiration his eyes fairly glistened. "Of course, there are parts that can stand fixing up a little. For instance, you remember—here——"

And for an hour more they discussed the details of play-making with the fluent ignorance of babes in the wood. Strangely enough, Louise, possibly with a woman's intuition, put her finger on the weak points, and especially in the dialogue.

"She wouldn't say that," she declared positively, her finger on the line as she leaned over his shoulder. "She would say something like this——"

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And Conway agreed with her, making a pencilled notation on the margin of the paper. "We'll write it together," he said suddenly, turning his head and looking up into her face. "Would you like that?"

"Love it!" she exclaimed. "If I can be of any help."

The little clock on the dresser pointed out that it was half after eleven long hours before it had any right to be even nine, and Conway reluctantly took his departure after saying good night four times as he stood in the open doorway. When he reached his own room and lighted the gas it was not to climb immediately into bed, but, sitting at the table, from which he swept the clutter of collars and ties with one movement of his hand, he spread the play out before him and slaved until the small hours of the morning with an inspiration for work such as had never entered his life or being before.

The days dragged themselves into weeks, the weeks into months, and it was spring. At least it was spring everywhere in the land save in the hall of the lodging-house on West Forty-fourth Street that was still dingy, still musty and damp, and the same intangible odor lurked in the recesses of the floors. The play had been finished, had been mailed out, and had returned a score of times, and after each one of these tragedies it was Louise who dispelled the resulting gloom with a laugh and declared that the play was just as good as ever only no one had had enough sense to find it out.

"Nothing doing to-day, I guess—maybe it'll clear up this afternoon."—Page 347.

The man and the girl were inseparable except when he was working. Louise, so far, had found no channel for her genius; but if Conway could spare a moment in the afternoon a walk in the park would be mutually agreed upon, and they fed peanuts to some portly old gray squirrels or watched the children along the Mall. In the evening it would be a moving-picture theatre or a couple of hours' work together in Louise's room on

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the new play that was to eclipse the old one completely and was to become the true masterpiece of the stage.

Conway, with a shock that had held him spellbound for an hour, had come into the realization that he was in love with Louise. In consequence of the discovery he had not seen her for one whole afternoon, but had gone for a walk by himself and thrashed out the problem to his satisfaction. He realized that he was in love with her, but he also made up his mind that for her to be in love with him was an utter and absurd impossibility, therefore he was to remain dumb on the subject of love and continue to live in his happiness as long as he could make it last.

"No," he had muttered to himself as he stood on a busy down-town corner, jostled and shoved by the hurrying crowd. "The best way is to keep mum. If she finds it out—the whole thing's off. She'd call me a fool and wouldn't let me see her again. A girl like Louise isn't falling in love with a fellow like me, that's a cinch!" And he sealed his decision with a little lift of his head and turned in his tracks to retrace his steps toward the lodging-house.

What Louise thought on the subject would have been, to any woman, as plain as though it were written on the wall, but Conway was not a woman, nor had he ever been trained to judge things from a woman's point of view.

Louise's stock of money, though, was running low, and it worried her. Three or four hundred dollars is a great deal, and it will, if properly managed, go a tremendous distance, but if the owner of such a reserve fund decides that her dress is not quite becoming enough, or if a new hat would add a jot to her appearance, and if this happens with too great frequency, the bank will run dry, and in a surprisingly short span of time.

And so, with exactly fifteen dollars left, Louise decided to go into pictures, and that same afternoon she broached the subject to Conway.

"But I thought you were going to wait for a chance on the stage?" he asked, looking at her in perplexity.

"I—well—well, there's no use in making any fuss about it, but I haven't very much money left—only about fifteen dollars."

"Whew!" The man whistled. "This is bad! Why didn't you speak of this before?"

"I forgot all about it."

"Well, of course, you can go into pictures. You better come around with me to-morrow morning and we'll see what we can do."

So the question was shelved for the day, that was far too beautiful to have a cloud in the sky, and after a time they found the fat old squirrel with one eye missing and laughed together like a pair of children at the new green things that were poking their noses through the winter coverings.

The next morning, or even the next and the next morning, proved to hold but little encouragement. Something might turn up in a month or so; they were going to start a new picture on the fifteenth; there might be something in that. No, no extra work at present; and had she ever done anything in pictures?

Conway looked into the mirror above his dresser many times during those days and regretted as he never had before his inability to produce money in civilized quantities. If the play would only sell! But that thing of caprice added to the general gloom by returning in the midst of the financial wreck, bringing with it, or so it seemed, bad luck, for the following morning the landlady appeared at Louise's door and threw out some very broad hints that she could use the rent quite nicely, and, as it had been due the day before——

Louise could only promise that she would have it as soon as possible, then she closed the door and threw herself on the bed to drown her sorrows in a flood of tears.

"Oh—say!" Conway exclaimed, finding her thus some fifteen minutes later. "Please—don't!"

"I want to go home!" Louise sobbed into the pillow. "And I can't, because I haven't any money to buy a ticket."

The man thought this over for a long silence, then he offered a suggestion. "Couldn't you wire to your father for money?" he said.

"Never!" Louise gasped, suddenly sit-

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Drawn by George Wright.

"You can't have light and heat at the same time with this thing; it's either one or the other."—Page 348.

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ting upright. "I wouldn't, for worlds! You don't think I should, do you?"

"Certainly not!" Conway returned with feeling. "But we'll have to think of something, won't we?" Another silence, during which the girl dabbed at her swollen eyes with a bit of handkerchief. Finally the man continued. "I have some money coming to-morrow. Do you —would you take it for your ticket? You could pay me back whenever you wanted to. That is, if you think you ought to pay it back. I'd like you to keep it, if you would."

Louise caught her lower lip between her white teeth and stared at him for a brief moment with the tears again starting in the blue eyes. "N-o," she wailed. "I—I—" But the rest was drowned in the depths of the pillow, and Conway gnawed at one finger nail as he tried to join at least one train of thought together.

"Please, Louise," he finally began. "Please don't cry any more. It—it hurts like anything to see you do that! Why won't you take my money? We've been awfully good friends, and I should think you would at least let me do that much for you! God knows I don't want to see you go. I don't know what I'll do without you, but I'd do anything on earth to get you home, if you want to get there."

"Are you going to miss me?" the girl asked suddenly, looking at him from the corners of her eyes.

"Certainly," he answered. "We've been pretty good friends. Sometimes I've wondered what you saw in an old fellow like me to be——"

"You're not old!" she exclaimed indignantly. "I won't like you if you say that any more. Old! The idea!"

"Well," he put in wonderingly, "I'm old enough."

"You're not!" she gasped, sitting erect once more and brushing the hair out of her eyes. "I won't have you say that!"

"Well," he began again. "Anyway, I'm not as young as I was once. I'd like to chop about—well, a good many years off my reckoning. If I could do that, you wouldn't—" He paused, on the verge of breaking that vow he had made to himself that afternoon as he stood on the busy street corner.

"I wouldn't what?" Louise wanted to know, leaning forward a little and staring into the man's face.

"I don't know," he answered, confused. "I—wasn't going to say anything."

"You were; what was it?"

"Nothing," he protested, refusing to meet her eyes.

Slowly Louise struggled down from the bed and for a long silence stood facing the man, looking down into his face. "Was—were you going to say that—that if you were—younger, that you—love me?" Her voice broke a little as she spoke, hurried and breathless.

He could only nod in answer, but in a moment, with a little cry, the girl dropped down on her knees and buried her head against the man's arm.

"Why didn't you tell me!" she sobbed. "We've wasted all this time—and I thought you didn't care!"

"I—I don't understand," Conway whispered. "You—you thought I didn't care?"

"Of course!" she exclaimed, looking into his face. "How did I know you loved me when you wouldn't speak and wouldn't speak."

"But I don't understand!" he asked again, meeting her eyes with a puzzled frown.

"Don't understand! Don't you know that I've loved you ever since that first night when you came in here to fix the heater? And ever since then I've been wondering if you cared for me!"

"You love *me?*" Conway asked incredulously, a look of wonder and awe crossing his face. "But why in the world do you love *me?*"

"Because. I guess that's the only reason I've got."

"But—why? I'm an old actor without any future ahead of me! Why, I'm——"

"S—h!" she hushed, her slim fingers pressed against his mouth. "I won't listen! And besides you have a wonderful future ahead of you. You're going to be a famous playwright!"

The man disregarded this possibility, and after a moment he asked again: "And you really mean that—what you said?" He waited for her to nod, then added: "But—Louise, I love you, too!"

He reached down and gathered the little body into his arms, and for a tense,

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breathless moment his lips were pressed against hers.

"My God!" he said in a stifled whisper. "I never dreamed of anything like this! I never dreamed of it! I never thought any one could really fall in love with *me!*"

"I did," was the girl's answer. "And I guess plenty more thought the same thing if you'd given them the chance. Isn't it wonderful! And won't it be wonderful when you begin to sell your plays! We can work together on them!"

"Yes," he said, a new light in his eyes. "Yes, I *can* sell my plays! Anything is possible after this! I think I could even make a success on the stage! I might go to see Martin; I used to know

They fed peanuts to some portly old gray squirrels.—Page 353.

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"Why didn't you tell me! . . . We've wasted all this time."—Page 356.

him pretty well. But first I'll have to get a suit of clothes. I can get that to-morrow, can't I?"

"And shoes," she added.

"Yes, and shoes," he returned, his mind years ahead in the future. "I'll go to see Martin to-morrow. And—do you mind if I kiss you again; the last was very nice!"

In rare cases they sometimes jump over the traces, smash all the rules in the calendar, and make good at the last minute; so, when Elliot Conway, well into his forty-fifth year, emerged from the little shoe-shop on Forty-second Street, carrying his old shoes done up in a paper bundle, he heard a somewhat familiar voice calling his name.

"Hello, there, ol' boy!" it said. "Hey, Conway, you're just the man I'm looking for!"

Conway turned and faced a short,

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plump little man in a brown derby hat. "Hello, Feeney!" he answered. "How is everything?"

"Pretty fair—kind'a slow. Say, didn't you send me a play a couple of months ago called the 'Color Line'?"

"Yes," Conway nodded. "That's mine. Why?"

"Say, d'y know I didn't know who sent that thing in to me. Lost track of it somehow. Haven't sold it yet? Good. Say, I want another crack at that play; I think I can place it."

Conway watched Mr. Feeney's back until it was swallowed up by the shifting, restless crowd, then he moved slowly to the edge of the sidewalk, tucked his bundle under one arm, and produced the tobacco and cigarette-papers. "God in heaven!" he muttered after a time. "I wonder if it's true—and I wonder what Louise'll say!"

TRANSMUTATION

By Leslie Nelson Jennings

LORD, I have worn upon my hair
  The blue dust of Your raftered skies;
On promontories of the dawn
  I've stood, and dared to meet Your eyes.

Lord, I have seen Your glories there—
  The golden ecstacy of sun,
The rapt devotionals of night—
  Lord, I have known them, every one.

My soul has beaten like a bird
  Against Your strange, invisible bars;
And like a bird has folded wings
  Beneath a wildering weight of stars.

From roof-tops of the world I've heard
  The great wheel turn, and felt my face
Glow in the radiance of Your fires,
  Blench on the crumbling edge of space.

Such has been mine. And now I ask
  The key to that low-lintelled door
Where all dear patterns are. O Lord,
  My lips would taste the earth once more!

I have not found the perfect full,
  I have not spanned the perfect round—
Tangle me with the roots of trees,
  Give me the warm grasp of the ground!

Lord, is it death to touch the loom?
  Then as a weaver let me die.
He has not lived who has not grown
  Out of the earth into the sky!

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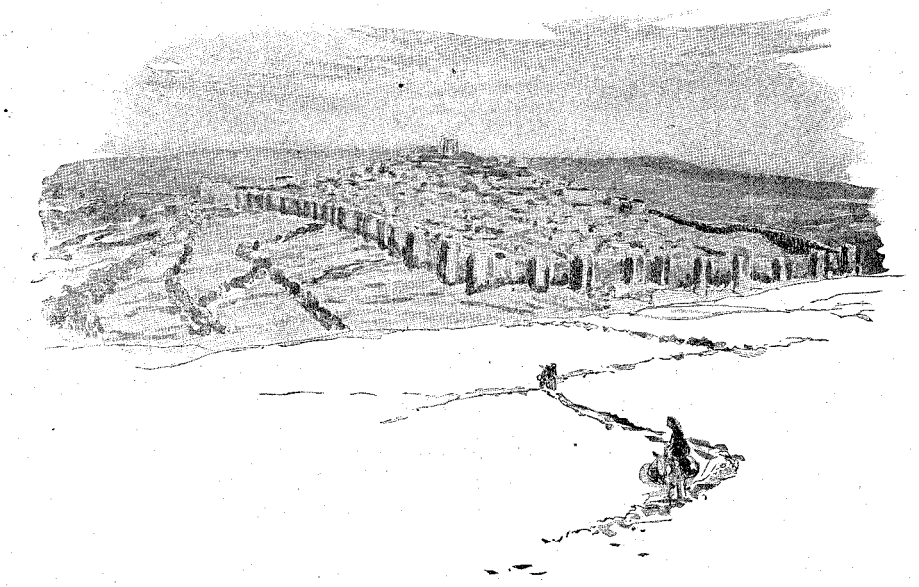

A HILL-TOWN OF OLD CASTILE

By Ernest C. Peixotto

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

OUR windows in the Fonda del Inglès (why Inglès we could never discover, for we saw no Englishmen nor heard one word of our native language while in the house) were a constant source of pleasure.

They faced the Cathedral whose castellated west front rose just opposite, massive, square, and fortress-like, obscuring the sun till midday. Its heterogeneous architecture, thoroughly characteristic of Spain, displays a Romanesque portal capped with a Gothic arch, in whose spandrils popes sail on barocco clouds; all this in turn being surmounted by a course of niches with Renaissance saints. At each side of the doorway queer, hairy "wild men"—relics of the earliest builders—stand guard. They are aided in their work by quaint old stone lions crouching on pedestals and securely fastened by means of heavy iron chains to the tower buttresses, doubtless to prevent them from running away.

The façade itself is solemn and severe.

High atop of it, we watched with interest the habitation of the bell-ringer whose windows, enlivened with flowers and hung with neat white curtains, fill the interstices of the battlements. On the unfinished south tower he has arranged a spacious pergola, where he may tranquilly enjoy the freshest breeze in all the township. How often do his old rheumatic legs descend those endless steps to tread the pavements of the city? Not many times a moon, I'm sure. For life seems cosey away up there above the city's noise, with the smoke curling from the little chimney and the washing drying under the Spanish tiles. And the bells must be gay company, swinging over and over, pealing and chiming every half-hour or so for the countless Cathedral masses.

The plaza in front of the church is neatly paved in tessellated stone with a broad walk leading up to the main portal. To the left a house of modernish appearance blocks the way, but to the right an ancient palace, retaining all its mediæval features, never ceased to hold our fancy. Its few windows, placed high above the ground and even then enclosed with stout iron grilles, and its great, donjon-like tower forming a buttressed corner, give it the air of reclusion and safety from attack needful to a feudal

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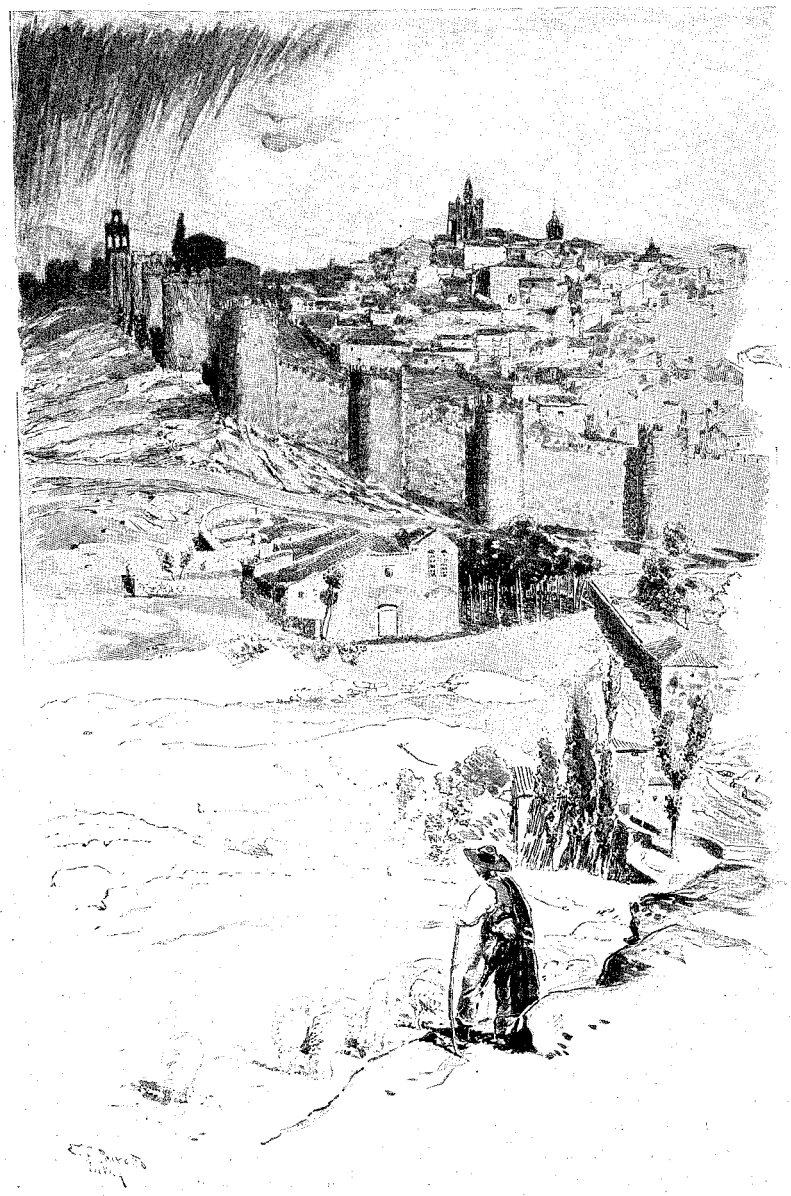

Massive walls and towers that girdle it without a breach.—Page 362.

dwelling. In the arch above its door a great stone knight in pourpoint and doublet, spear in hand, with his helmet on one side and his shield upon the other, looks down upon the passer-by.

The great doors themselves stand always closed, defying intrusion, studded as they are with huge iron nails, but furnished with three ponderous knockers, two above for equestrians—the most frequent visitors these—and one on a smaller postern-gate below for pedestrians. Nor do the upper knockers remain to-day merely for show.

Many a time we watched a horseman approach, strike the knocker, and then wait. Presently the great door would swing quietly open and horse and rider disappear within. And if you should enter with him you would find yourself in a sort of big stone antechamber, common to every Castilian *casa solar* or town house of the nobles, and you would see the rider dismount at a

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stepping-block, while a groom took his horse and led it down an incline into the stables in the cellar below. The visitor would then mount a few steps and disappear within the house.

This mediæval atmosphere lingers in every corner of Avila.

You will find it in the narrow, twisting streets, with their primitive shops filled with rude potteries, with coarsely woven basket-ware, with big sleeping-blankets and trappings for mules and donkeys. It pervades the calm cloisters of Santo Tomás where the Dominican Fathers walk in silence, and it permeates the half-abandoned Romanesque churches with their naïve statues and crumbling tombs of saints. It haunts the palaces round the Plaza de la Fruta: the home of the Abranti, with mounted knights and vassal wild men carved above the entrance, the home of the Condi di Crescenti with battlemented tower and fine old Plateresque court, whose staircases of stone are hung with rare tapestries and whose rooms are furnished as befits so historic a pile.

You will find it, too, in every external aspect of the city, for, from every point of view, the town settles itself behind massive walls and towers that girdle it without a breach.

Even its people have retained their ancient air. Sit on a Sunday afternoon in El Rastro and watch the types go by: the red-cheeked country lasses in groups, with their hair braided across the backs of their heads, decked with huge earrings and wearing bright shawls and kerchiefs, saffron, purple, and sapphire, their hips padded with numberless petticoats reaching just to the ankle, and watch them coquette with the young men tightly modelled in short jacket and trousers, their swarthy faces shaded by broad sombreros. Then, too, observe the shepherds in black velvet hats and leather apron-breeches, draped in cloaks and leaning on their staffs; the bold gypsy women in reds and yellows; the dark silhouettes of donkeys and horses, gayly harnessed, cut against the sunny shimmer of the golden city walls. And once in a while, among the wagons, there will pass a mule-cart (last descendant of the travelling-coach), with a woven worsted covering of black and ochre, alive with trembling pompoms. Inside you will discover women and men and children lounging on big mattresses among shawls and blankets and pillows, off for their mountain homes in the Sierras leagues away.

And look behind you out over the open valley and the same spirit pervades the scene—a landscape such as Patinir depicted, broad yet filled with infinite detail, the silver Adaja winding its flowing loops between soft willows; the dazzling roads, flanked by tall poplars, leading away to distant villages whose pink roofs can dimly be discerned perched on rocky eminences or sheltered in warm hollows; cypresses standing like grim sentinels on craggy hill slopes, and far away the blue Sierras, serrated and cloud-swept, dim and romantic like vision-mountains of the sky.

We arrived in Avila for the Sunday after Corpus. On that holiday, a Thursday, there had been a violent storm, so the processions had been adjourned till Sunday.

In the morning from our window we watched men sprinkle ochre-colored sand before the Cathedral—this for the clergy to walk upon—and then strew it with masses of wild lavender and rose leaves. At the windows and on all the balconies surrounding the Plaza maids appeared to *poner* or hang out bright, rich stuffs that are used to decorate the house-fronts on festive occasions. Soon the clergy of the different parishes began to appear with their standards, crosses, and carved figures of patron saints carried on stalwart shoulders.

The great doors of the Cathedral swung open, a carriage drove up, and from it stepped the bishop in his gorgeous purple robes, received at the portal by the monsignori and by the principal officers of the garrison. Inside the church the sombre majesty of the choir was all aglow with countless candles and fragrant with incense, the pillars and walls richly dressed with old rose brocade. Before carved choir-screens peasants knelt devoutly upon the pavement in picturesque groups, and in dim chapels and by the sacristy door men could be seen with bowed heads, among them knots of officers whose decorations glowed like jewels upon their coats.

The mystic ceremony proceeded behind the glowing screens. The richly vested clergy, shrouded in clouds of incense, could be dimly seen moving about against the

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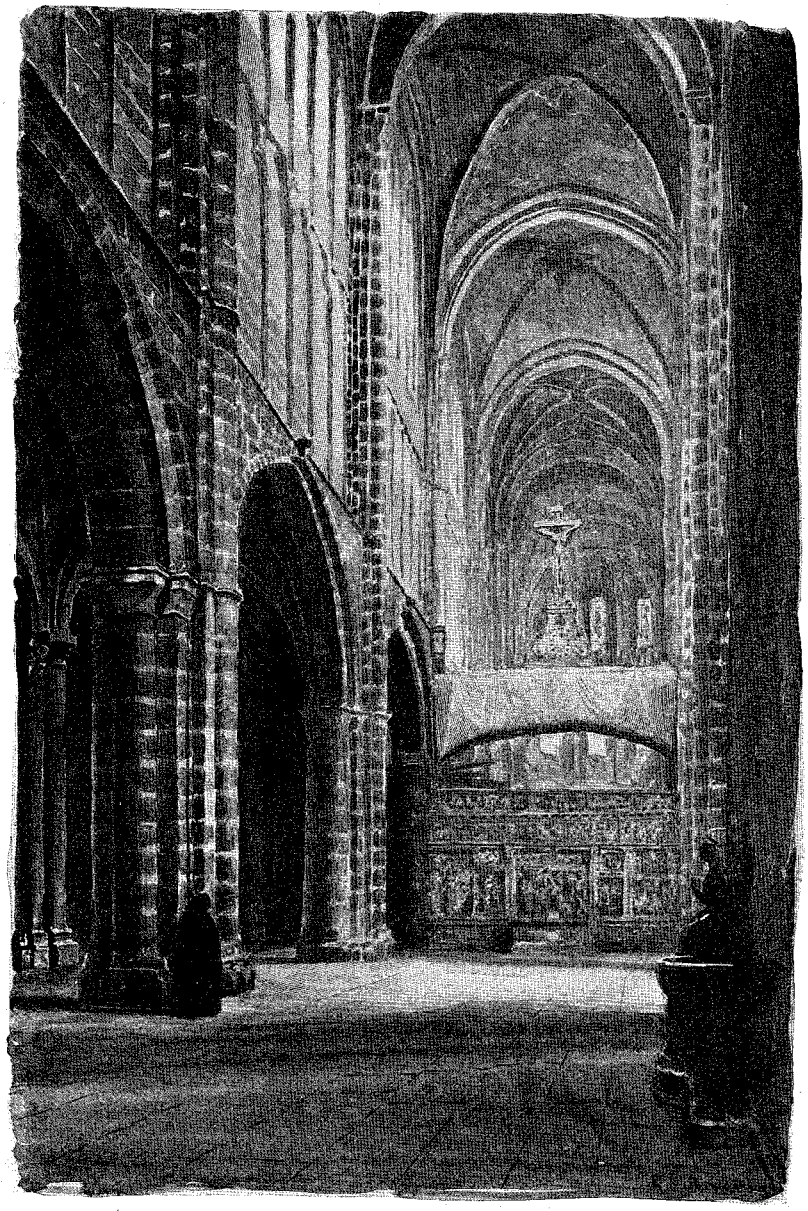

The sombre majesty of the choir.—Page 362.

golden shimmer of Berruguete's retablo among figures of saints and evangelists. A great wagon on golden wheels was now brought forth, decorated with silver temples placed one upon another and enriched with angels and cherubim and all aglow with candles. The host was put upon it. The clergy fell in to their allotted places; the organ notes swelled to their grandest diapasons; the procession formed and from the gloom of the church emerged with its crosses and banners, its saints and flowers and golden vestments and palio, into the dazzling southern sunshine, while the people fell upon their knees as it took its way through the city streets.

As the shadows lengthened on this Sunday afternoon we wandered down to Santo Tomás outside the city walls. A ring at the cloister gate and soon we were seated quietly talking to Brother Eugenio, whom we had known before—talking of

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New Orleans and New York, where he had visited. Just before high mass he took us to the convent church and found us good places on the few benches placed within the nave.

As I entered its gloom from the bright sunlight of outdoors I blinked for several minutes before I could distinguish anything. Then, out of the depth of shadow, figures took shape; women of the sisterhoods in black with white straps across their shoulders; peasants squatted upon the pavement in the ample circles of their skirts; men leaning on canes with bowed heads, and groups of children trying to keep quiet and only partially succeeding. Above them groined arches met in dim perspective. No one crowded nearer than the transept rail within whose sacred precinct Fancelli's marble monument to Prince John, only son of Ferdinand and Isabella, gleamed white and ghostly, the calm effigy, hands clasped, and occupying the very centre of the church, lying in eternal peace facing the high altar, raised in a gallery above and guarded by angels. Here were buried the dearest hopes of the Catholic kings, just as the boy had been knighted and prepared with such care for his royal work before the Conquest of Granada.

Then from the *coro alto* above the west door came the peal of men's voices, and, turning, we distinguished in shadowy gothic stalls six-score Dominican brothers, in white and black, chanting and praying in unison. Later they left the choir and disappeared, only to appear again in the space about the tomb of Prince John. Two by two and followed by their bishop (a Dominican missionary in the Far East) they then formed a procession and, followed by a reverent crowd, walked out into the cloisters.

Here Brother Eugenio was again awaiting us, and together we watched the solemn procession make its tour of the three beautiful cloister-courts emblazoned with the arms of the Catholic kings, founders of the convent. The pavements were carpeted with wild lavender, and at each corner stood a rustic "station" before which the procession halted, while the brothers, dropping upon their knees in their long white robes, seemed actually a part of the cowled figures on the mediæval tombs.

A few days later we were treated to quite a different scene. This was the *feria*, or animal fair, held twice a year just outside the city walls.

To the southward of Avila the country is as I have described it from the Rastro. But quite different is the view to the northward. As you leave the gate of San Vicente, with its massive crenellated towers spanned by a high, bridge-like parapet, you turn sharply to an eminence on the left and there dominate an extensive upland plateau stretching northward for many a league—a barren, rocky wilderness, practically treeless and almost devoid of grass, a veritable plain of Old Castile.

From the base of the towering city walls, here seen to splendid advantage—their great *cubos* or towers aligning themselves with martial precision—the land drops rapidly downward, intersected at different levels by roads leading up to the various city gates.

On this declivity, since sunrise, the country people had been gathering from far and wide, bringing with them their animals. And what an array it was! Up under the very shadow of the walls or nestled in rocky foundations of the towers, and straggling thence down the stony heights, were herds of goats and flocks of sheep, huddled in compact masses, broken here and there by the silhouettes of shepherds bargaining with traders from town. Below, more sombre masses of horses, mules, and donkeys were tethered in the shade of a few lime trees planted along the roads; while lower still, on flatter levels, great droves of cattle cut huge silhouettes against the sun-baked rocks. Trains and caravans of animals kept coming in, under the watchful eye of shouting drovers, assisted by boys heading off stragglers and having no end of trouble keeping the herds together.

Impromptu booths had been erected here and there, where blankets and bags, harness and saddles, whips and rope were sold, and one or two queer mushroom tents sheltered temporary *fondas* where the well-to-do could eat. The poorer people had brought their own food with them and could be seen sitting in picturesque groups munching their bread and cheese.

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A corner of the *feria*.

And such quaint costumes! Not the gay colors of Andalusia, to be sure, nor the reds, yellows, and greens that one is accustomed to associate with Spanish pictures, but dark, sombre, and tragic, black and dull blue predominating, costumes befitting the hardy peasants that struggle incessantly for a livelihood in these inhospitable regions. Most of the men wore berets and short smock-frocks bound round and round the

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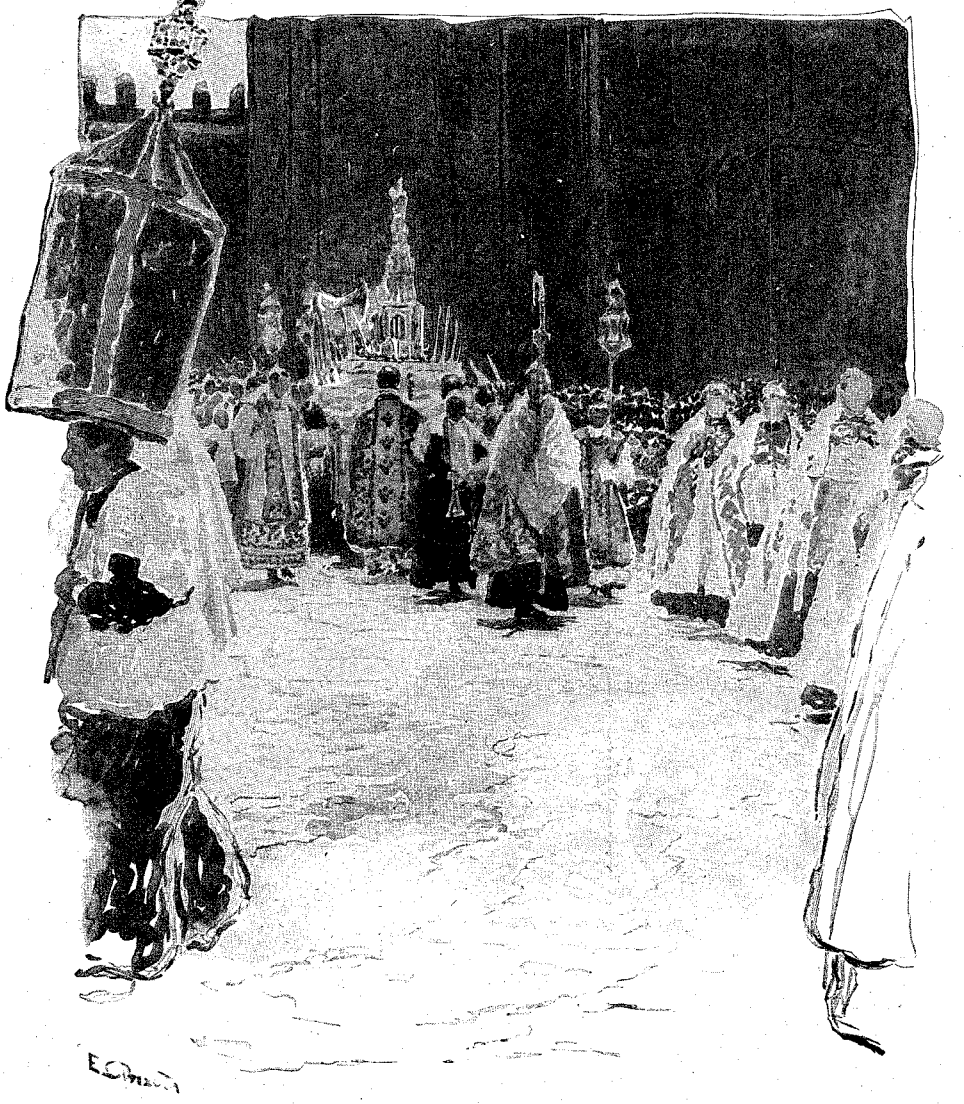
waist from armpit to hips (though it was June) with fold upon fold of black flannel —reminders of the icy winds that prevail in winter and sweep these treeless plateaux. Their feet are wrapped in cloths which are bound to the legs with leather thongs. Almost all carry over their shoulders heavy plaided blankets in which they sleep at night, either out-of-doors or in the *posada* courts, and which they throw about them in statuesque folds when the cool wind springs up at eventide.

For three days this busy scene went on. Then came the grand stampede for home. Droves that had come in from the country went off city-ward; drovers who had come in with cattle went away with pockets well lined; long trains of animals and hurrying flocks of sheep could be seen in all directions, raising clouds of golden dust along the sun-baked roads as they briskly trotted off to their stables in the Sierras or on the cool upland plateaux, and the big ochre walls of Avila looked down upon deserted plains once more.



The procession . . . emerged with its crosses and banners.—Page 363.

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THE FAKIR

By Philip Curtiss

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK SNAPP

IT had been with the best intentions in the world that Doctor Macpherson had agreed to speak at the Ludington Business Men's banquet, but the minute that he arose at the end of the table he knew it to be a ludicrous mistake. He had taken three days out of the fullest month of his life to prepare this address, but as he laid out his notes and caught the eyes of his hearers he knew that, among them, not one would understand one single thing that he had to say.

For an instant he felt a temptation to ignore his notes entirely, to tell a few stories, and round out his hour with obvious witticisms and flattering platitudes. A lesser man would have done exactly that thing and considered it a fine stroke of eleventh-hour strategy, but as the temptation flashed through Macpherson's mind a still bolder concept struck him. Like the clergyman in the fable, he suddenly realized that for him to say anything which they could understand would be to disappoint his hearers. By reason of his learned profession, they regarded him as a mystic intellect, as something Masonic in mentality, and that was exactly what he was expected to say—something absolutely and magnificently beyond them.

If Doctor Macpherson had caught himself doing such a thing intentionally he would have earned his own loathing, but he had prepared his talk in all honesty. Asked, naturally, to speak on some theme connected with his own research he had chosen the topic "Fanatics." In contrast with his regular work it had seemed almost buoyantly light and popular, but, after listening to the reception of the addresses which had preceded his, he knew that he might just as well have chosen "Preconcepts of Immortality."

The mistake had been made, however, and he had at least the respect for his subject and the courtesy for his audience to begin his talk exactly as he had prepared it:

"The axiom that the exception proves the rule contains in real life only a limited and somewhat apocryphal element of truth——"

As a speaker, Doctor Macpherson was neither diffident nor oratorical. He had perfect command of his subject and could have given his present talk without fear before a critical audience of savants. Given, then, an audience which, so far from being critical, did not even pretend to grasp what he was saying, the speaker, with his trained psychologist's mind, was able to give his address and, at the same time, study his hearers as keenly as if he had been merely an onlooker. Parts of his talk were touched with a humor rare and subtle, although somewhat academic, but the first and the second were greeted with the same unsmiling benignance which greeted the whole address, and thereafter the speaker gave them forth merely for his own grim enjoyment.

He was quickening his pace, in fact—shortening his illustrations and jumping more briefly to his conclusions—when he slowly recognized that his observation had been wrong in just one particular. Among the faces before him was one which really showed a response to what he was saying, one which relaxed at merely explanatory matter and tightened correspondingly at the deductions.

Like a true experimenter, the doctor did not, for a time, address his remarks to the one sympathetic listener, as a speaker's temptation is always to do. The face was a mobile one, it showed a sort of professional geniality, and the doctor knew that, very possibly, he was, himself, giving the listener his cues—by merely the inflections of his voice and the expressions of his own face. For a time he watched his discovery furtively, but at last, conceding that this one hearer was

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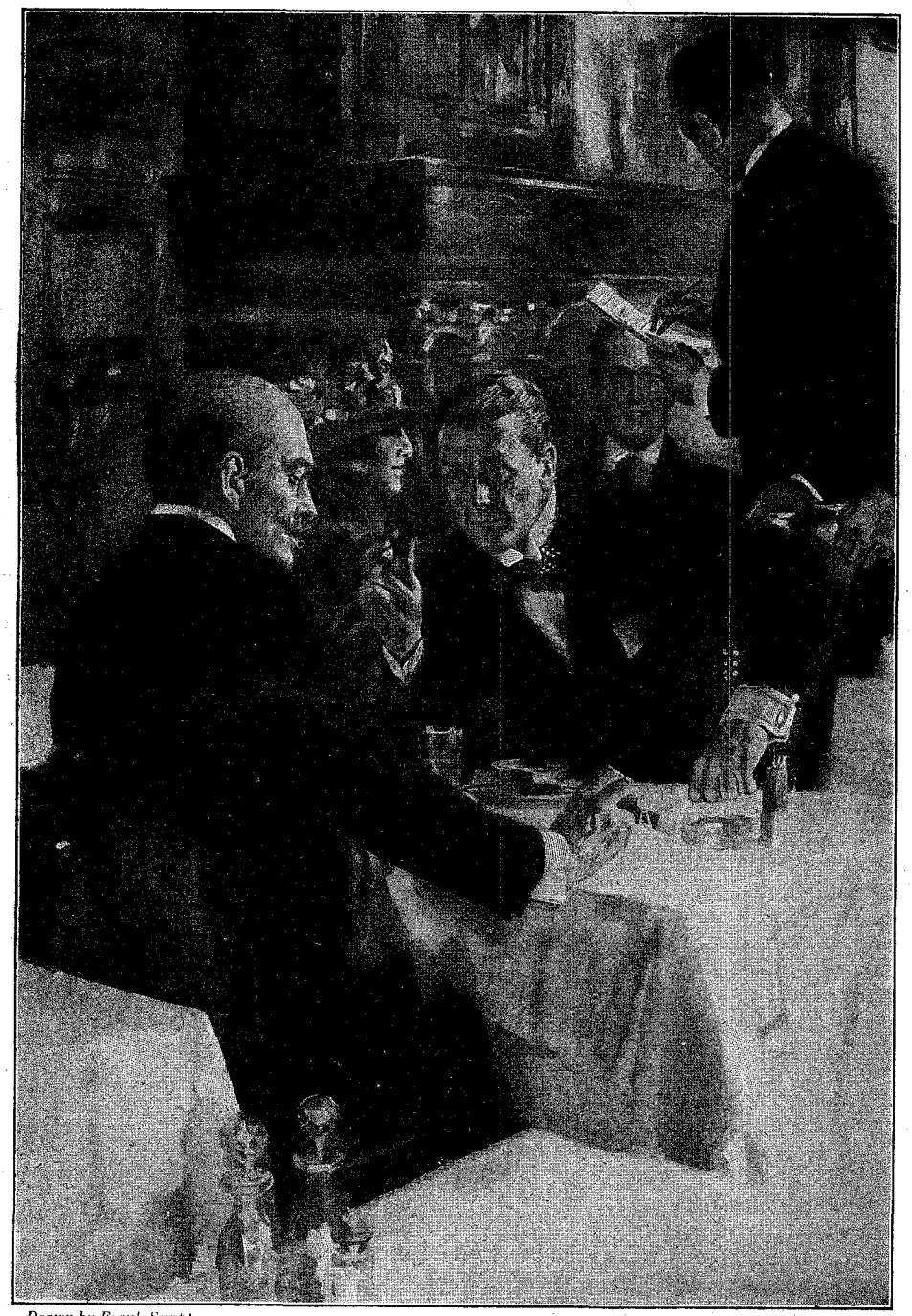

Drawn by Frank Snapp.

"I'm perfectly free to admit that my methods are loud, but, by George, I'm doing good."—Page 376.

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really enjoying his words, he gave his attention to him unreservedly.

The man, in fact, was one who would, on any grounds, have stood out markedly from his neighbors. The diners in general were commercial men of varying ability but unvarying provincialism, while the one exception was distinctly a metropolitan type. Evening clothes predominated along the table, relieved by occasional dinner-jackets and a few ancient "Prince Alberts," which argued for their wearers a churchly habit in social affairs. The man in question, however, was dressed in a blue-serge suit and his hair was brushed trimly back, while a wing collar and a dotted bow tie gave him somewhat the air of a golfing broker. Unlike the others, he looked and sat in the attitude of a busy man of the world, to whom this banquet had been an unconsidered although enjoyable incident.

As Macpherson gave in to the temptation of glancing continuously toward this one hearer, he gained in proportion the suggestion of recognition. By one of those subconscious flashes which one can never time or analyze he felt increasingly that he had recognized the man from the first, then dismissed the idea as being merely the result of the subtly established sympathy of their glances.

The address was finished at last and, curiously enough, the one hearer who had apparently understood it was the only one who did not applaud. The man in serge sat motionless looking down at the table-cloth while the rest clapped vociferously. They did their duty as they had planned to do it when the evening began, but no time was lost in passing the perfunctory vote of thanks, and the dinner broke up in the usual clatter of talk and chair-scraping.

The toastmaster turned effusively to Macpherson and thereby held him for an aftermath which Macpherson dreaded —the onslaught of those pests who inevitably beset a speaker at the close of an address. They came like flies and in the usual types. A few were "rising young business men" who never lost a chance to participate in anything public and wanted merely to shake the great man's hand with a "welcome to our city" manner, but others were fussy little men who wanted to ask the speaker questions to which they already knew the answers and so display their own broad view-point. They were recruited principally from among the frock-coat wearers, and were the "Pro Bono Publicos" and "Taxpayers" who wrote letters to newspapers.

Macpherson, however, had the skill to avoid an argument. He was disposing of the first of his assailants tactfully and rapidly when the approach of the man in blue serge gave him the opportunity to dispose of the rest. He stood on the edge of the group, smiling at the situation, and when the doctor nodded to him came up immediately.

"Doctor," he began, "I enjoyed your talk immensely, but I wanted to ask you about what you said of bluffers—of pretenses."

The doctor did not, for a moment, identify his reference, and the stranger assisted his memory.

"Something about idealism."

"Oh," corrected the doctor, "affectations."

Then, because he could not better the words of his own address, he quoted them:

"I said that 'Affectation is not necessarily a despicable quality. There is a certain form of affectation which amounts almost to idealism.'"

The stranger's face implied the question which he did not immediately find words to formulate, and, as the doctor had already learned his lesson that evening, he cast about for a rudimentary illustration.

"Take, for example, an affected manner of speech. That is the commonest of all affectations and is generally ridiculed and condemned. If it is affected merely to attract attention it should be ridiculed and condemned. But sometimes a person affects or copies a manner of speech because he is living mentally in a class superior to that in which he lives physically, and speech is the obvious method of expression."

In spite of his best efforts, the doctor found himself falling into technicalities. He laughed and made a heroic effort to become plainer still.

"For instance, a little shop-girl waits on grand ladies in a department store and copies their accent. Her natural as-

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sociates say that she is 'putting on airs,' and her superiors think her absurd. As a matter of fact, from her view-point, the life of those grand ladies is something beautiful and noble. To live their life is her dream, her ambition, her ideal. It may be a mistaken one, but after all it is an honest ideal. As the first step she copies their speech as some day she hopes to copy their clothes, their motors, their jewels. She is very honestly living her dream."

As the doctor talked, the man in serge listened with an intentness even greater than that which he had shown during the address. This time it was a genuine absorption, almost a boyish absorption, and on nearer view the scientist saw that the face was a much more primitive one than he had observed it to be. With closer inspection there came over Macpherson the suspicion that the man-of-the-world appearance had been only veneer, for when the stranger forgot himself his whole figure shrank. From the cultured gentleman he had fallen into a border class hard to define. He suggested as much as anything a professional man of low origin, and the doctor had a suspicion that in a moment more he would shrink into something else. The changes were so shadowy and yet so unmistakable that he was about to ask the man's name when one of the insistent pests had his way and the blue serge man faded good-humoredly into the background.

The pest was persistent with his trivial questions. The colored waiters were clearing the hall before he released his hold, and the doctor needed no further excuse to make his escape. He concluded his courtesies with the toastmaster, stepped into his car at the street entrance, and leaned back in relief. He was willing enough to forget the whole evening, and he did forget it except the one personality vivid enough to cling in his memory —the man in blue serge whose face, now more than ever, became persistently familiar.

The doctor ran over in his mind the list of the younger men at the university, the new instructors, hoping to find his clew there, but as he sought fruitlessly his car slowed and swerved and a stream of light broke into his vision. A street-car passed. It was on its last trip and was empty but inside the doctor caught a glimpse of the conductor standing, head bent, figuring his receipts, and of a multicolored line of advertisements. By a flash the latter were just what was needed to supply the missing link of memory and Macpherson laughed aloud. He had identified his interrogator. For three months he had not sat in a street-car or opened a newspaper without meeting the eyes of that very man who had puzzled him. Wherever he looked, whatever he read, he met that face, but in the pictures, instead of the pleasant man of the world, the face was that of a harsh, stern accuser. It glared at the reader and pointed a finger like a highwayman's pistol. Above the picture was printed the sentence:

"I TEACH YOU TO THINK."

Below the picture, in flamboyant script, was the signature

"J. Alden Crum."

So that was J. Alden Crum. That pleasant man in blue serge was the charlatan who had come very near to making the little city of Ludington famous, for his advertisements were not by any means confined to the town where he made his headquarters. One met them in metropolitan papers and in metropolitan subways, always giving some cryptic address in Ludington.

Like, probably, a hundred local men of his class and position, the doctor had frequently wondered who this prodigal advertiser might be, but when opportunity had offered to do so he had always forgotten to ask.

This sudden identification of the man whom he had picked out as the most intellectual of the whole evening was, for a moment, disconcerting to the doctor's pride, but the next minute the dramatic ludicrousness of it struck him and he laughed again.

He was still laughing when his car stopped at his own house and he put his key in the lock. The arrangement of the lights told him that his wife and the servants had gone to bed, but he himself was

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a night-owl, so he stepped to the library and threw a log on the dying fire. He lighted a pipe, poured out the tiny glass of Scotch whiskey which formed, every night, his racial and scholarly potion, and then sank back in a deep leather chair.

In fact, if J. Alden Crum had at that moment seen Doctor Ian Macpherson, he would have regarded him even more slavishly than he had at the business men's banquet. Slouched in his chair, in his evening clothes, with his pipe, his glass, and his littered papers, he formed a picture for which brighter minds than J. Alden Crum's could have found no better title than that of "a gentleman and a scholar."

Except, however, for the intellect of his eyes and the refinement of his whole person, there was little about Doctor Macpherson to mark him as the great scholar which he really was. He was a tall, lean, muscular man at the best strength of middle age. A heavy, reddish mustache of military type added to his appearance of physical strength, while his face had that tanned and weather-beaten appearance which some men's faces will always retain without any contact with the wind whatsoever. If J. Alden Crum at the dinner had suggested a golfing broker, Doctor Macpherson in his library suggested nothing so much as a yachtsman dreaming of his last cruise.

It was not of yachts, however, that Doctor Macpherson was thinking. He was thinking of J. Alden Crum and of the chance meeting which had added almost a piratical spice to the mental adventures which formed his keenest interest in life. In his scholarly conscience he knew that he ought to despise the man, but yet by some finer code he could not despise him at all. He found him more than amusing; he found in him something wistful. The recollection of that intimate study which he had made of Crum's face expanded under the warmth of meditation until, still half laughing at himself, he reached over the table for the evening paper to track Crum to his advertising lair.

He did not have far to seek, for Crum's advertisement always occupied the same place on the same page, which, by its size, it completely dominated, but the doctor now studied it critically. There was the same threatening portrait, the same smug signature, and the same preposterous slogan, but the newspaper gave a few details which the street-cars had lacked.

> Who Wins In Life's Battles?
> The Man Of Brains—Brains.
>
> The Stoutest Soldier Is But A *Pawn* In The Trenches.
> He Uses His Hands.
>
> The General Wins Those Battles And Reaps The Laurels.
> He Uses His *Head.*
>
> Do You Want To Be A *Soldier* Or A *General?*
> I Put You Among The Generals.
>
> I Teach You To Use Your *Brains.*

And to accomplish all this it was apparently only necessary to send one's address to J. Alden Crum, Department J-X.

With something akin to disgust Macpherson tossed the newspaper on the table, but still he smiled, for Doctor Macpherson had good reason to smile these days. A professor in deeper psychology who rides in a limousine and looks like a yachtsman has some reason for mental content. A professor in deeper psychology who is invited to address business men's associations, may feel that he is not without recompense; but there was, for Professor Macpherson's elation, a greater reason than these. Within the last month there had come to him inklings of a certain event which, if it should come to pass, would, in one moment, completely crown his life's work, would give him the certainty that his brain and his effort had driven the peg in human progress which he had always intended to drive. He would have recognition of the fact that his accomplishment was actual, that it was stamped and sealed.

He had no certainty of that event. It depended on that fickleness which is present in even the best of human judgment; but, for some time past, first hints and then assurances had come to him in such increasing numbers and from such widely scattered sources that there was growing up in him that confidence which always

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does grow before positive achievement. The matter was out of his hands now, but his own part he had finished to the utmost limit of his capacity and to the complete approval of his sober judgment. He had always done that for his own part. He had done it from the very beginning of his professional life with no less sincerity than he did it now; but, with maturing mind and aging experience, he had gained a surety which the utmost confidence of youth had never been able to grasp.

Macpherson's life had been one of sure strokes in every direction, for when the business men had extended their invitation they had done it in recognition of only the least of his achievements. They had honored the man with very little realization of what he had done to deserve honor. Personally they knew him not as a scholar, but as a gentleman of wealth and leisure, a good customer and an excellent citizen, who was occasionally lauded in the newspapers for vague honors bestowed on him in far places.

In point of fact, Macpherson made special effort to separate his profession from his social and business life. He was one of those modern students who make it a point to destroy the cloister tradition by being, almost flagrantly, men of the world. He had married a woman of wealth, but criticism had been forestalled by the fact that he had always made money in his own profession. He held a chair in a small but heavily endowed university, and his writings, recognized at first as standard text-books, had come of late to be recognized as significant utterances in the world of thought.

Doctor Macpherson, in short, was a man big enough to laugh at a creature like J. Alden Crum, but by the same token big enough to be haunted by him. A psychologist gains from his profession exactly the same instincts that a detective gains from his, and Doctor Macpherson had a sure conviction that his acquaintance with the charlatan was not over. He was not in the least surprised when, a few days later, Crum called him up on the telephone to ask him to dinner at Ludington's chief hotel and, as the doctor had already debated the possibility, he accepted.

Before the hour of dinner arrived, nevertheless, Macpherson was several times tempted to suggest that it be held in some less conspicuous place; but tact argued against that, and when the doctor reached the hotel he was glad that it had, for Crum's delight at being a host was almost pathetic. He met his guest in the lobby, once more the man of the world, the social trifler; but at the same time there was about him an air of the promoter, an air of the man who wishes to get something diplomatically, which was delicious in its completeness. He was all suaveness and solicitude as he helped the doctor to dispose of his overcoat, and the manner of the head waiter, as they entered the dining-room, showed that the way had been paved with more than silver. Crum was a man who could not help showing his familiarity with the great world by calling the waiters by their first names, but beyond that he was discretion itself, and the dinner went off with fine inconsequence.

It was not, in fact, until the cigars were chosen, after much imperiousness on the part of Crum, that the latter came to the moment which Doctor Macpherson had known from the first to be inevitable. As if clearing the table for action the promoter leaned back and began in a fresh tone of voice:

"Doctor, I don't think you recognized me the other evening."

He smiled in the manner of one who is laying his cards on the table, who abandons all pretenses, who says, "Come on, now, just man to man." At any rate, it was not hard for the doctor to smile too and his answer was obvious.

"No, I am afraid that I didn't."

His smile also implied that he had discovered things since, that no more needed to be said on that subject, but while Crum did not abandon the line which he had laid out he led up to it gradually.

"Doctor, you made a big hit with me the other night by that one sentence that I asked you about. I can quote it now. 'There is a form of affectation which amounts almost to idealism.' That got me and I'll tell you why."

He leaned back, not so much hesitating for words as to give his words the effect of explosion; then fired his main shot:

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"Doctor, I know what you think of me."

He expected his boldness to score, but the psychologist's carefully schooled expressions did not respond as definitely as he had expected. He wavered, in doubt.

"You know my stuff, don't you? You've seen my advertisements?" Macpherson nodded and, reassured, Crum hammered it home.

"I know what you think of me. You think I'm a fakir."

No face on earth could have remained impassive before such accurate self-accusation, but, while his eyes twinkled, Macpherson still remained tactful.

"I can't say that until I know more of your methods. I haven't seen anything except your advertisements. You might tell me——"

Crum interrupted with a broad grin.

"Just what happens to anybody who sends a postal to Department J-X?"

Macpherson nodded.

"Exactly."

Crum's tone became lightness itself, as if that were the least of his business.

"Oh, that?" he explained. "That's simple enough. I'm selling a book."

Macpherson held silence, but Crum was undaunted.

"The book's all right. It's perfectly straight. It's selected passages from the great thinkers—Plato, Bacon, Herbert Spencer—that sort of stuff. Only, of course," he added, "it takes a lot of literature, a lot of persuasion to get them to buy it. I'll show you if you want to."

He drew a circular from his pocket—such a leaflet as any wild-cat publisher might put out, but Macpherson took it in at a glance and laid it aside. The man himself was the only novelty.

"Does it pay?" he asked bluntly.

Crum's answer was disarmingly honest.

"It will when I get it swinging. It's being done every day. Of course, my advertising bills are enormous."

"They must be," agreed Macpherson. "I see your notices all over the city."

Crum made a deprecating gesture.

"Oh, that? That's local. That's done with a different purpose. I don't sell enough in Ludington to buy my cigars, but I have to do it just the same. There's logic in it. In the first place, I get my credit here, and I have to show them where at least a part of the money goes. But that's not the main reason. The main reason is that Ludington is a little bit of a city, and when a man in some other place sees my advertisements he asks himself: 'Why Ludington? Why is a great big book like that coming from a little rube burg? How did it ever get by the big publishers in New York? What's funny about it?'

"Then sooner or later he meets somebody from Ludington, or his cousin comes here, or he talks to a drummer on the train, and he says, 'By the way, speaking of Ludington, who is this J. Alden Crum?' If the man from Ludington, or the cousin who's been here, or the drummer says, 'Search me. Never heard of him,' that man's faith is lost.

"On the other hand, I stamp myself all over the place. No one can be in Ludington ten minutes without seeing my face, and when they ask, 'Who's this Crum?' the drummer answers, 'Oh, my gosh, in Ludington you don't hear anything else.' They think I own the town."

Once in his own element, the promoter swept on rapturously.

"There's two ways to do a mail-order business. One is to get right in the heart of New York, because, to most people who'd buy anything by mail, anything that comes from 'New Yawk' must be wonderful. And, better still, find a building that bears your own name. Any man named Hudson could make a fortune selling icicles—just put on his ads 'Hudson & Company, Hudson Terminal, New York City.' If I could find a ten-story shack named 'The Crum Building' I'd move there to-morrow."

He paused for breath, mentally speaking, but Macpherson, who wished to keep him on this subject, prompted him.

"And the second way?"

"Oh, the second way? Get a town to mean you. You be the beer that made Milwaukee famous. And say—that's a marvellous ad. Make people think of you the minute they think of the town. You can't think of Akron, Ohio, without thinking of rubber tires, or New Haven without thinking of Yale University, or Borneo without thinking of the wild man This bunk of printing the picture of your

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plant's no good. They all look alike. It's the words and the slogans that stick. I defy you to say 'biscuit' without thinking 'Uneeda.'"

In his enthusiasm the promoter had apparently forgotten his opening remarks, but his guest preferred to have him forget them. He was only interesting when he was unaffected, and Macpherson threw in suggestions to keep him stimulated.

"May I ask one thing? How did you ever get into this business?"

The other man shrugged.

"Oh, that? I suppose I just grew into it. I had a business college once, or at least I was working for a man who did, and you know that depends a lot on advertising. Then people began to start correspondence schools right and left, and this fellow advertised to teach bookkeeping by mail. Oh, it was straight enough. He knew his business and he meant to give them their money's worth, but he tried to do it all himself. It swamped him and the postal authorities put him out of business. Then I was in real estate for a while—developing tracts for building-lots—I was never a man who would be content to work for a salary. Then I thought of starting a correspondence school myself, but the big schools got all of the legitimate business. Besides, the regular colleges are doing it on the side now, and no business can compete with philanthropy. It was quite by accident that I found a publisher who had these books on his hands. I bought them for nothing—in the original lot—and just used the correspondence-school methods."

In spite of Macpherson's efforts, the story came to its end apparently just when the speaker wished to have it, for he took up his first train of thought.

"Now, doctor," he said, rubbing his hands, "what I started to say was this. I know what you were thinking when you came here to-night. You thought I was just a fakir, a bunco man. No, you needn't apologize. You had a right to think it. But, do you know? the other night you said something that I have been trying to put into words all my life. Because a man makes money like I do people always think that we do it with our tongue in our cheek and winking our eye. Of course, we do have to know which side our bread's buttered on. You do. Every one does. But let me tell you something. I've sold goods of some sort all my life, and no man on earth can sell goods that he doesn't believe in.

"You asked me how I came into this business, but I didn't tell you the real reason. I have been a reader all my life, and if I could write a book I'd give my right hand, if it was only a treatise on hair-cutting. You think I am selling books to make money—and I am—but I also sell them because I love them. I love books. You can't name a book in English literature that I haven't read—Scott, Dickens, Longfellow—I've read 'em all and up to recently that was the only kind I read. But one day, about three years ago, I was in a fellow's office and on a calendar I saw that line from Emerson: 'If a man can make a mouse-trap or save a republic better than his fellows, though he live in the depth of the forest, the world will beat a path to his door.'"

"Is that Emerson?" asked Macpherson.

Crum laughed.

"Anyway, that's what the calendar claimed."

He became instantly serious.

"Well, say, nothing I have ever seen struck me the way that line did. I went right out and ordered a whole set of Emerson, and inside of a month I had read everything he ever wrote."

The promoter leaned across the table and accented his words with his finger.

"Now, doctor, there is exactly my point. When you come down to it, there isn't a cheaper thing in print than a wall motto. They're bunk, and they're sold to make money, but if I hadn't seen that calendar I wouldn't have read Emerson, would I?"

The question was one of those which do not call for an answer and the promoter charged on:

"I got simply dippy over Emerson. It was *he* who taught *me* to think. I had that line put on my letter-heads. It's there to-day—'If a man can make a mouse-trap or save a republic better than his fellows, though he live in the depth of the forest the world will beat a path to his door.'"

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"I carried a volume of Emerson in my pocket, and if I've got one I've got a hundred of my friends to reading him."

Again Crum seemed to be wandering, but he was not. All came in good time.

"And now, sir, the proposition is this: When I saw that lot of books at the printer's—the books I'm selling now—did I buy them because they were cheap? No. I bought them because they had guts. I read one of them from cover to cover. I sat up till three o'clock one morning finishing it, and when I closed it I was all in a glow as if I'd seen a fine show.

"Now I know the real thing when I see it, but I also know that the finest book in the world can't get over just by itself. You've got to push it. In modern times you've got to use modern methods. Those books have been in the bookstores for years, but the average man would say: 'High-brow, nothing doing.'"

Crum made a gesture and twisted his mouth to suit his last words, then lighted a fresh cigar and went on.

"I know how to get hold of the low-brows because I'm one of them. I put it up to them as a matter of dollars and cents. I use the same methods that I would use to sell clothing, and it gets them. Those books have sold by the car-load, and say, doc, you'd ought to see some of the letters that I've got. You wouldn't think that I was a bunco man then. I've made men sit up and read. When they've paid good money for a thing, they'll read it and then they go mad over it."

Carried away by his own style, Crum talked as he would to a customer, but again he pulled himself together with a laugh and became the social man of the world. He held a match for Macpherson's second cigar and began once more with his old-time suavity.

"Doctor, have you ever written a book?"

Macpherson smiled, for he had done little else for twenty years.

"Yes," he replied, "I have written several."

As Crum had expected to come in the rôle of a fairy godfather, the answer was disconcerting. His jaw dropped, but he was equal to the emergency.

"That's just the point," he exclaimed; then, recollecting himself, he added anxiously: "You don't mind my talking plainly, do you?"

"Not a bit," answered Macpherson.

"Well, doctor," repeated Crum, "that's just the point. Here we have lived together in the same town for years. You may have written a dozen books, but I am the average man and I have never heard of them. The man in the street has never heard of them. That's just my business—to be the go-between for the man in the street and the man like you.

"The trouble with you is you're too modest. You're locked in your library. In a town like this you're wasted. Your light is hidden under a bushel and I am the man to turn over the bushel. I know good stuff when I see it, and the other night before you had got half through I said to myself: 'Here's my man.' And you *are* my man, doctor. We need each other."

He held out his hands, palms upward, like the plates of a balancing scale.

"Here's you. You've got something to sell. You've got the brains and the knowledge and the ability to put your thoughts into fine language, but you're not a business man. You haven't time to be.

"Then here's me. Beside you I am a piker, a lowbrow, but I know how to sell goods.

"Now, to put it plainly I know the kind of stuff you write and it's the real gilt-edge article. Hundreds of thousands of people are looking for education today. They would just eat that stuff, but they'll never see it. You'll never reach them. You write the books that tell what everybody knows but has never thought out the way you have. You write the secrets of the human brain, and who reads them? A few professors in colleges and a few members of learned societies.

"And what do you get out of them? A few hundred dollars. And, doctor, I could make you thousands—thousands. I could make your name known all over the country. I could put your picture in every newspaper. You don't want to talk to just your own kind. You want to talk to the man in the street. You want to talk to humanity."

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As Crum had threatened to do, he had talked very plainly, but, unseen by him, Macpherson's attitude had gradually stiffened and when he spoke his tone was dry.

"And just what is your plan?"

The tone at least was not lost on the promoter, and he hastened to resume his air of crisp geniality.

"My plan is just this. I want you to write a book on the way people think—on the processes of the mind, just like the talk you gave the other night, only perhaps in simpler words. Fill it full of plain, every-day stories like that one about the shop-girl. That was fine stuff. Tell about the fanatics. Tell what makes people crazy and what keeps them sane. Do just what I do in my literature. Make people sit up and think."

He hammered the table to beat in his climax and then leaned back for an answer; but Macpherson sat in silence, watching the smoke from his cigar, his eyes crinkling curiously. Crum misunderstood his hesitation and again tried to reassure him.

"I know how you feel, doctor—professional ethics and all that. You don't want to link up your name with such a proposition; and I'm perfectly free to admit that my methods are loud, but, by George, I'm doing good. I'm doing good to thousands of people."

It was his last words which roused the professor. He looked Crum in the eyes and asked evenly:

"Do you want me to talk plainly, too?"

Crum flushed, but he had to feign eagerness.

"Why, certainly."

"Well, then," continued Macpherson, "how much do you charge for that book—the one you sell now?"

The promoter looked down at the table, but he knew that it would be useless to lie.

"Five dollars."

"Exactly," replied Macpherson. "And it cost you about—what? Twenty cents?"

Crum smiled.

"It didn't cost me a great deal."

Macpherson nodded.

"And, furthermore, is there anything in the pamphlets you send out to show that all you sell can be obtained for nothing at any public library—or in fifty-cent school-book editions?"

Crum bridled.

"That's got nothing to do with it. The stuff has always been in the libraries, but they didn't go after it."

But with that he abandoned altruism. Almost in exasperation he broke out:

"Now, look here, doctor. We won't talk any more about that. Just put it down as plain business. In two months you could write the book that I want. It will be honest stuff—just what you would write anyway—but inside a year we will be making thousands a week. If you want me to, I will give you my check for five thousand dollars to-morrow. Will your regular publishers do that?"

The lines of Macpherson's mouth stiffened.

"I don't think it will be necessary to discuss that," he replied, but still Crum refused to be convinced. He regarded the doctor a moment with a look he thought masterly, then abandoned it for a tone which was almost wheedling.

"Why, doctor, I'm thinking of you almost more than I am of myself. I never heard a speech that taught me the things that yours did. I lay awake half the night thinking of it and I said to myself 'With his brains and my business ability we can do anything.'

"Why, doctor, it's a crime what you're doing now. I tell you you're lost in a teacher's job. I can make a national figure of you. I can make you talk to hundreds of thousands where you now talk to dozens. Isn't that side of it worth considering?"

He leaned back, completely convinced by his own tumult of words, but Macpherson had hardly heard them. He looked at Crum quizzically. His only problem was his temptation to tell the charlatan what he really thought of him. A dozen times he almost succumbed to it, his intended words more bitter every time. A dozen times, equally, he tried to think of suave evasions; then suddenly he caught a look in Crum's eye which gave him his cue.

"Mr. Crum," he said with a quietness that was ominous, "you make me this

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offer because you think that I can recognize and state the facts of life as they are. Is that so?"

Crum started, rather alarmed.

"Why, yes," he assented, but somewhat weakly.

"Very well, then," continued Macpherson. "I will tell you a truth of life now. I cannot accept your offer. I might give you a dozen evasive reasons for this, but as we both value the truth I will tell you the real reason. I cannot accept your offer, because it is plain, downright quackery. The other night I picked you out as the man of the keenest intelligence at that dinner, and I still believe that my judgment is true. If I thought that you really believed what you said I would talk differently, but you are far too clever a man to believe it. I cannot accept your offer, but equally I cannot insult your intelligence. I confess that I find your career very interesting, and I have enjoyed this dinner exceedingly, but as to any business relations—well, you yourself have given me the word—your methods are fake."

Macpherson finished, but he kept looking steadily at Crum and his eyes did not apologize for his words. He sat as if physically ready to back every word he had said, but his estimate of the situation had been correct. For a second the promoter flushed, then he broke into a loud laugh.

"Cards on the table, doctor," he exclaimed. "You've got me there. I won't pull any more bunk."

Then again his manner changed.

"But look here, Macpherson"—and apparently he chose the word with studied insolence—"let me talk truth, too. We'll forget the philanthropy. I won't say any more about lofty ambitions, but just as two men of the world, if you want to talk truth, just look at it this way. Do you want to make twenty-five thousand dollars and be known all over the United States as the author of my book, or do you want to stay just a professor in a little jerk-water college?"

"Neither," replied Macpherson, and quietly but none the less decisively arose from the table.

Crum stared for a moment with narrowing eyes, but in the lobby he offered his hand amicably enough.

"I'm sorry you took it that way, professor. Good night. No hard feelings, I hope."

"None at all," said the doctor, slipping into his overcoat.

But as he went out of the door Crum watched his retreating back and sneered:

"The big stiff!"

He was still gazing vindictively when Naylor, city editor of the Ludington *News* came rushing breathlessly through the other door. As a profitable advertiser Crum stopped him with playful familiarity.

"Whither so fast, little one?"

But Naylor looked at him wildly.

"Have you seen Doctor Macpherson? They said he was here."

"Doctor Macpherson?" said the promoter, once more all importance. "Why, yes, he just dined with me. Is any one dead?"

"Dead? No," answered Naylor excitedly. "He's been awarded the Nobel prize."

"The Nobel prize?" Crum repeated aghast.

"The Nobel prize," insisted Naylor. "Forty thousand dollars and the greatest honor in the world."

He tore off toward the telephone-booths, but Crum stood rooted to the spot.

"Forty thousand dollars!" he repeated to himself.

Then the little atom that was genuine in the man took the upper hand and he smiled.

"Though he live in the depth of the forest, the world will beat a path to his door."

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A CONSERVATIVE is a property-minded person incapable of heroism or crime, with a constitutional penchant for saying no. He is useful as a trustee or an undertaker, but he usually contributes more to the respectability than the gayety of the dinner-table, unless he be hoist by the petards of some hoiden radical.

Where are the Radicals of Yesterday?

Conservatism in the old is a forgivable weakness; in the young it indicates either jackal traits or an unseasonable bloating of worldly wealth.

It is with considerable concern, therefore, that I observe lately that the status of a radical is not what it used to be—though I confess that certain persons, older than I, have for some time now been cognizant of a crescent odium connected with it and have quietly edged over to the right centre. Indeed, I understand that this phenomenon is quite characteristic of a progressive world, and the young radicals of to-day have, time out of mind, become the old conservatives of to-morrow.

It has always been pleasant to consider, however, that this fate was never reserved for me, but that in my case even old age would discover me still in the second rank of the radicals and still making the other old fellows squirm a bit with my indifference to property when it comes into conflict with personal rights. Alas, it is not to be. Not that my mind has ossified; not that I have lost my point of view; not that all my old programme has come to pass; but the dishes at present served in the radical camp are unpalatable. Their aims and interests have changed.

Time was when shorter hours for labor meant that the bread-winner would have time to read, to play with his children, to talk to his wife. Now it seems to have for its end the working overtime at increased wages in furtherance of an ambition to become a capitalist!

That friendly interest in the proletariat, nourished by the radicals of old, was founded on a desire to further the brotherhood of man; but the present proletariat appear interested rather in accomplishing the economic supremacy of their class and the exploitation of the rest of us for their private financial gain. That attitude smacks of the conservative rather than the liberal and wakes far more opposition than support from true idealists.

No, radicalism is not what it used to be. Many of the radicals then were responsible and constructive and some of them were disinterested. The present specimens have no capacity for philosophy. They are simply partisans engaged, not in speculations looking to a wider distribution of wealth and opportunity, but to the overthrowing of existing political systems, the rendering impotent of character as a force in the world, and the discarding of invaluable products of evolution like the modern system of credit, the limited company, or the common law. This is a good deal to trade in for a mess of pottage—unless one is pretty hungry.

Perhaps this was the opinion of those old giants who used to rail at the labor-unions and rant about the unwarrantable interference of the government in fixing rates on railroads, when they considered the radicals of years gone by. The complaints of the last generation about the next always appear amusing afterward. The endangered plutocracy always survives intact and ultimately is usually the gainer by innovations which it opposed. Perhaps, too, the radicals of the hour are no more unworthy relatively than were the radicals of yesterday in their time—only more superlative. Or it may be that a tendency toward conservatism is one of the inevitable aftermaths of the war which will pass presently. Patriotism and the abolition of nations appear incompatible, and we have lately wagered nearly all we have on patriotism.

Perhaps the radicals are laying emphasis on the wrong things for the moment; at any rate they are being treated harshly and not getting much sympathy. No one who rocks the boat just now is inviting anything but abuse from the crew; but the happy time cannot be far off when, with the precarious period of reconstruction behind us and prosperity rampant, the plutocrats will once

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more wax fat and insolent and contend that they are divinely appointed stewards to own the earth.

That is the day against which we radicals of the second rank are keeping our powder dry.

"AND so Susan Smith is asking for a divorce?" said my Aunt Anstiss. "Well, I suppose all we can wonder at is that she's lasted as long as she has."

"And this from you, Aunt Anstiss!" I mocked.

She looked at me through her glasses with her clear blue eyes. "You've known Susan from babyhood; you grew up together. You know what her training was and what it resulted in. From the day Susan was born she had a new toy every day—two for Sundays; and every day she broke the toy of the day before and threw it away. When you children broke your toys, down came the glue-pot and stuck them together. You had to make them do."

"Do you approve of glue-pots in marriage, Aunt Anstiss?" I laughed.

"I approve of glue-pots everywhere," she answered energetically. "This mortal world isn't perfect, and there are lots of things that we've got to make do instead of throwing them away. Glue-pots tend to self-restraint, and this age has run to self-indulgence. Why, bless my soul, when a child from the time it can walk and talk is free to gratify every craving, how are you going to expect it to grow to anything worth while? Susan belongs to a class of women that the war so far has not ennobled; the degenerate result of a new nation with more wealth and luxury than it could assimilate. There's been so much of it that it's floated our homes off on its tide almost into oblivion. Children are born in hospitals, they grow up in schools, they give their parties at club-houses, they come out at hotels, they amuse themselves by dashing off some hundred miles or so and eating at strange tables. They are married in the biggest church they can find. Home has been a place to sleep in, take one's morning bath and breakfast, and then forget. And I believe that the less home you have, in inverse ratio, the more divorce. Susan's only a leaf in the current. Before you get a vital race again you've got to establish homes."

"Susan doesn't come naturally by frivolity," I answered. "Think of her Puritan ancestors!"

"They had to cut the trees and forge the nails to make their homes, and guard it from bears and Indians when it was done; they knew what home meant. I guess some of Susan's great-grandfathers have had pretty restless graves these last forty-five years while Susan has been tossing away money and time and opportunity to satisfy her material desires for toys and candy when she was little, and for dresses and cars and beaux when she was grown. Do you remember her wedding?"

"I remember Lucella's," I answered.

Aunt Anstiss's shrewd eyes softened. "I'll never forget that," she answered with a drop in her voice. "I never saw a wedding like it. Do you remember the lambent clearness of that September afternoon, and just how the fall flowers looked in the garden when some one opened the white wicket gate and let Lucella, between her two rows of bridesmaids, walk down the garden-path to meet Charles and the clergyman by the big lilac bush? Charles isn't a genius and neither is Lucella, but they knew what they were promising that day under God's heaven, and they've held to their allegiance. They've built a home and they've lived in it, even when some of the gilt chipped off. They'd have to after a wedding like that. Do you remember the supper we had in the garden after the ceremony—just friends that loved her; and then instead of racing and chasing and rice-throwing, how you all fell away one by one, and I alone said good-bye to my girl—twilight dropping down over the earth and a great full moon hanging in the sky—before I left her with Charles in the house where Lucella was born! Since the Garden of Eden, I don't think there was such a wedding. They couldn't get away from its memory. A home began that night."

"And Susan's wedding was the big church kind in the city, with all the fuss and feathers money could buy."

"Yes," said Aunt Anstiss, brisk again, "and that was all it did buy. It never bought a home. Marriage is a good deal like socialism; to make it work you've got to go into it with the idea of giving, not with the desire to see what you can get out of it. If Susan had tried as hard to amuse her hus-

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band as she has to amuse all the foolish fellows who've dangled after her, or if she'd pampered Archibald a tenth part as much as she's pampered herself, there'd be one less case for the divorce courts."

"We need to cut out hundreds of cases," I said, "if we're going to stop being the laughing-stock of the world."

"We will," nodded Aunt Anstiss. "The trouble is that girls have packed their wedding-chests with excitement and left out patience. They haven't weighed things. If Susan would stop to weigh Archibald now she'd find so much sterling silver under the tarnish she's let grow on it, that she'd be willing patiently to polish it up again and not throw him in the scrap-heap."

"We're learning patience now," I said, "through suffering as we wouldn't learn it in any other way."

"Yes, we are," assented Aunt Anstiss softly—she had a son and a grandson in France—"and it's going to be our salvation, even though we suffer for it, for it will bring back home and the glue-pot. See the miraculous mending that has been going on in the bodies of our wounded boys! That's not all material work; it is part of the spiritual healing of the world which is going further than bodies; it's going to touch souls and wake them out of responsibility-evading self-indulgence to the self-control that comes from mending untoward conditions. A world in earnest doesn't need an undue amount of frivolous luxury and amusement; it's glad to own a hearthstone."

"What puzzles me sometimes," I wondered, "is how men and women are going to make homes now that the war is over. There's a little girl I know, twenty-one years old, who married her man out of camp and sent him across two weeks after they were married. In the war-saving-stamp drive I went into an office for some leaflets, and there she was before a desk with two telephones on it, in sole charge of the place. While she sent the first car she could corral for my leaflets I sat and watched. In the ten minutes I waited she had furnished two speakers for different places, settled a quarrel over the telephone, closed down one booth and opened a new one, all as quietly as if she were in her own drawing-room serving tea. What's going to become of all that executive ability that this stress brought out? Will she be content to turn it all back into the old grooves of housekeeping? How are they going to manage to merge such vigorous individualities?"

"I don't know how and I don't have to," answered Aunt Anstiss placidly. "It's a spiritual age we're facing, and the relations between men and women are going to be spiritualized along with everything else. I'm sick to death of the sex talk that's flooded everything for the last twenty years."

"I suppose it's all part of the material unrest," I pondered.

"And material unrest always tends to disintegration. If materialism and self-indulgence made for easy divorce, the spiritual awakening is going to bring a self-restraint that will open a purer, higher, broader marriage relation. Men will be more humble and more appreciative after what they have gone through and women will put maternal tenderness in place of selfish passion. Love and devotion and unselfishness were growing all through the war. I don't believe a woman is going to want to live in restaurants after this, when she has a home with a hero in it to cherish."

"Yes," I murmured.

"Living must be simpler, at least for one generation," went on Aunt Anstiss. "After so many years of excitement we may crave a little quiet and simplicity. We may even find that a man and his wife can be comfortable and happy without three houses and three cars and nine servants merely to minister to their two perishable bodies."

"There certainly will be a new man and a new woman," I agreed.

"And a new kind of new woman. I'll wager that the Susan Smith type of woman has had its day, and that easy divorce has had its death blow.

"Our soldiers brought back the age of knighthood. Did they ever love their mothers better? They were full of reverence for the girls who gave all their eager young strength to help them in their fight for liberty? And aren't they going to worship the women who cared for them? It can't be otherwise. The past is dead and we are looking forward with the courage of our Puritan ancestors into a new world of patience and devotion and unselfish giving, into a world of home-making and of home-keeping."

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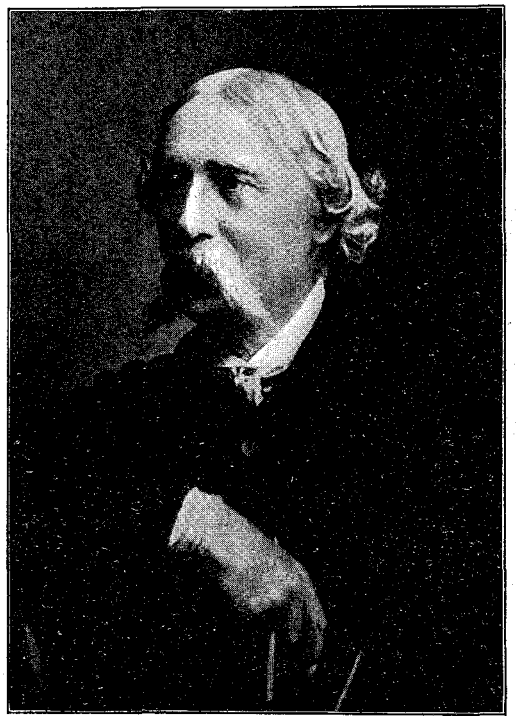
THE FIELD OF ART

TALFOURD—THE ARTIST OF THE BROWNINGS

By Eliza L. Johnston

IT was in 1859, when the Brownings were staying in Rome, and when, alas! that idyllic love story of the two poets was drawing all too soon to its close, that the vignette heads—the best-known and liked of all the Browning portraits—were drawn by Field Talfourd. Even in national biography, that colossal compilation of the lives of English celebrities, his name does not appear, although that of his better-known elder brother, Sir Thomas Noone Talfourd, is there, so, before he disappears too far "down the back entry of Time," a sketch of the life of this almost forgotten artist may be found interesting.



Field Talfourd.

He began life in a civil engineer's office in 1832, but shortly afterward left it and came with an elder brother and some other friends to what was then known as Canada West, now the Province of Ontario. The only way of getting to that part of the country was via the Erie Canal, and having started from England in early February, their progress was impeded by finding that celebrated waterway frozen over. Having, however, after some difficulty, reached their destination, he lived in what was practically the backwoods, enduring all the hardships of the pioneers; but apparently never repudiating or casting behind him the requirements of his early life and training. In the Report of the Woman's Historical Society in Toronto, Canada, in 1913–1914, part of the diary of a British naval sea-captain, William Wright, one of the old settlers in that part of the country, was published, and under the date of August 13, 1835, we find this entry: "Dr. Foster and Field Talfourd. Called and dined with us." However, the life of "The Settlers in Canada," glorified by Captain Marryat, after the first novelty had worn off, probably did not appeal to the artist nature, and knowing his ability even then for successful portraiture, he left the backwoods and made his way slowly back to England, by way of Detroit and New York, pursuing his loved art wherever he had time and opportunity, and always successfully.

A journal in manuscript exists in which our artist records a second trip to America. In 1853 he made a tour through the eastern part of the United States, some of the West India Islands, and Mexico. The journal opens in this shipshape manner:

"W. H. Tayleur and Field Talfourd sail

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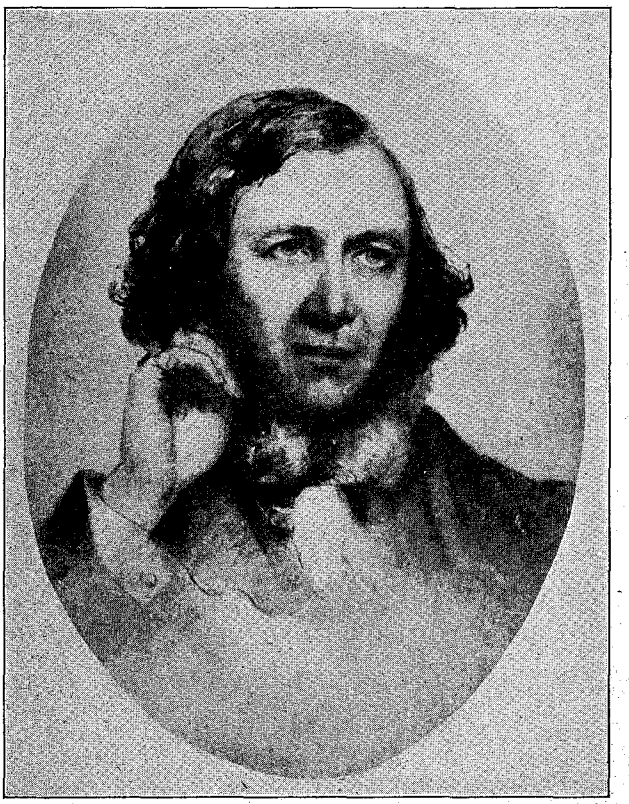
for Mexico February 2nd, 1853, on board West India Steamer *Parana* 2,500 Tons, Captain Wooley. About 70 passengers."

All through the journal, kept in the conventional style, the artist feeling for color-effect and line comes out. The complexion of the natives in the West Indies, is thus spoken of: "A Colour which is libelled by the appellation of black." . . . "A word of this extraordinary colour. An Orleans plum, ripe with the bloom on, is the only comparison I can make and it is a perfect one. I confidently use it. Black, olive, yellow are all false." Little pencil sketches of the different places and people who interest him illustrate the text, done in the finicky fine style of that day. Here a negress with a laundry-basket on her head, there a long stretch of sea and shore with suggestions of a sunset. Further on a Mississippi steamer and a cabin interior, with a description rivalling in splendor that of Mark Twain in his "Life on the Mississippi."



Robert Browning.
From the drawing made in Rome by Field Talfourd in 1859.

Under the date of February 24, 1853, we have something which has a distinctly familiar sound to-day. Describing some of his travelling companions he says: "There is a Colonel too returning from a Mission to Santa Anna whom he has been attempting to induce to take the reins in that ill-governed or rather *un*-governed State—Mexico. I believe he has not been altogether successful." He returns to the United States by way of Vera Cruz and New Orleans, sails up the Mississippi, visits a number of the principal cities, and unlike most of the English visitors of that day manages to say something complimentary of each place. Coming to Buffalo he writes, under date of May 23, 1853: "Buffalo is a Magnificent City, streets wide, buildings solid and tasteful. Stopped at the Clarendon Theatre, 'Ion' poor house." This is a mistake, or perhaps a slip of the pen, for the theatre was, as the *Buffalo Commercial* of that date shows, the New Metropolitan Theatre, and the hotel in the same street near by where the artist probably stopped was the Clarendon. "Ion" was the play written by his brother, Sir Thomas Noone Talfourd, which was so successfully revived by Mary Anderson at a later day.

Washington is also visited, and under date of June 23, 1853, we have this entry: "The Capitol, Wide Street Pennsylvania Avenue, dullness. We call upon Mr. Crampton, the British Minister. . . . Mr. Crampton asked us to dine with him on Sunday when we met . . . a gentleman who came out with Lord Ellesmere, the man who invented a machine for dividing an inch into a million parts. This was an evening to remember. Mr. Crampton is a gentleman and an artist. He showed us Calloni's beautiful Lithographs, and it was late ere we found ourselves carriageless on the way to the Hotel." Some political interest attaches to the Mr. Crampton he speaks of (who was afterward Lord Cowley). A few months

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later, when the Crimean war broke out, it was alleged that he had violated the laws of the United States by recruiting for the British army. The President, Franklin Pierce, demanded his recall, to which the British Government, after a somewhat warm discussion, acceded, but they refrained from sending another Minister to Washington until Buchanan became President. This conduct of Minister Crampton's may have merited rebuke, but in the light of recent events, and in comparison to the pernicious activity of those high in the diplomatic service of some other nations at Washington in a later day, Mr. Crampton's indiscretion may now be classed with the Hebrew gentleman's celebrated "fuss about a small piece of pork."

Of course, he visits Mount Vernon, at that time still in the hands of private owners, and deplores the fact that "the house is already fallen into decay," and further states, "I heard with surprise that the property has been bought by a Company, and the Mortal remains of America's greatest man will henceforward yield a great interest and be looked upon as fancy stock. An hotel is to be built here, and Mount Vernon bids fair to become a fashionable resort." How correctly informed our artist was those better acquainted with the facts than the writer can tell, but happily we know that patriotic sentiment saved it from such a sordid fate.

Boston is the last city in which he stayed after this journey of 3,000 miles (which, insignificant as it may appear now, was more than a bit of travel for that day), and he seems to have taken a particular liking to the place, and, among other complimentary remarks, he says: "Boston stands alone among the Cities of the United States. The Genius of the place seems to have kept its origin in mind, and to the traveller from the old country the whole sensation of the place is peculiarly refreshing. Seldom have I seen a finer town in our own Country. Perhaps with the exception of Edinburgh—never."

He then writes, "on the 6th of July at 12 noon we weighed anchor for England in the Steamer *Niagara*," and the journal, after a few more ordinary items, suddenly breaks off unfinished, but, curiously enough, on this voyage one of his travelling companions was Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne, who wrote to her mother, Mrs. Peabody, thus: "I spoke in my note from Halifax of Mr. Crampton and a gentleman whom I thought his attaché. Mr. Crampton we lost at Halifax, but the supposed attaché remained and I was glad, for he was the most interesting person in the steamer," and after some more favorable comments she concludes: "He seemed never at a loss on any subject soever, and when the passengers were trying feats of strength and physical prowess to pass the time I saw Mr. Talfourd exhibit marvellous power as a gymnast in performing a feat no one else

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.
From the drawing made in Rome by Field Talfourd in 1859.

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would even attempt." Evidently the friendship thus formed was continued, for, later, in a letter to his wife, May 17, 1860, Mrs. Hawthorne writes: "Today I met at breakfast Mr. Field Talfourd who promises to send you his portrait of Mrs. Browning. He was very agreeable and seemed delighted to see me again." The portrait of Mrs. Browning done in Rome was greatly prized by her husband. The head of Browning was also drawn at this time, but Field Talfourd carried it back to his studio in London. Owing to Mrs. Browning's illness and death, and other matters intervening, Browning did not claim it then, but later made a number of unsuccessful attempts to find Field Talfourd. Early in 1874 the artist died very suddenly, and the contents of his studio were scattered and sold. Browning being abroad did not hear of Field Talfourd's death until too late to claim his portrait, which, by that time, was beyond hope of being traced. Some nine years later, as related by the poet's friend, Mr. Edmund Gosse, the sculptor, Hamo Thornycroft, called his attention to a large crayon portrait in a second-hand dealer's shop in Hammersmith. There was something familiar about the face, and a clew was furnished by the dealer, who remembered being told that it "was one of them poets!" Mr. Gosse, without warning the poet, took the portrait to No. 19 Warwick Crescent, and at the first glimpse Browning exclaimed: "At last! here is the long-lost portrait of me!" The portrait has since been placed with Mrs. Browning's in the National Portrait Gallery. The portrait of his better-known brother, Sir Thomas Noone Talfourd, was one of Field Talfourd's earlier efforts and has never before been published, but many pen-portraits of the judge exist in the writings of his contemporaries, for he seems to have had an extraordinary gift for recognizing genius, and was beloved by his literary friends. The first edition of "Pickwick Papers," Browning's "Pippa Passes," and Bulwer's "Lady of Lyons" were all dedicated to him. Dickens speaks of him with great affection, and the lovable oddities and sterling qualities, the initials and the profession of Tommy Traddles—who also became a judge—all seem to be a suggestion of Sergeant Talfourd. It was at his house that Browning met Kenyon, who introduced him to Elizabeth Barrett.

Sir Thomas Noone Talfourd.
From an unpublished drawing by his brother, Field Talfourd.

Leigh Hunt pays him tribute in three sonnets, in one of which, describing a performance of "Ion" and the applauding audience, he says:

"Ever and Aye, hands stung with tear-thrilled eyes
Snapping the silence burst in crashing thunder."

And on his sudden death from apoplexy while addressing the grand jury, speaking of the need of brotherly love in the world, Douglas Jerrold's obituary verses in *Punch* ended thus:

Gallant Heart, but happier Nobler,
Hold the doom 'twas his to meet.
Who declaring Heaven's own message
Died upon the Judgment seat.
On his lips that holy lesson
All his life had taught he cried,
"Help the humble—help the needy—
Help with Love." So Talfourd died.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 6.

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

NEW IMPRESSIONS

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

OUR own philosopher and diplomat, Benjamin Franklin, having concluded with the English delegates the peace which ended the Revolutionary War with England, remarked that "the blessing promised to the peacemakers, I fancy, relates to the next world; for in this they seem to have a greater chance of being cursed." The somewhat extraordinary series of incidents at Washington, which in the past three months repeated much of what must have happened in the American Congress during 1783, has made up part of the history of the present period. It might have affected the ideas and expectations even of financial markets if the markets had taken the demonstration altogether seriously; indeed, it was possible to show that, if attacks on the treaty were likely to defeat the peace, it was being roughly handled by other belligerents than the United States. But even this did not appear to impress either the people or the markets.

Ratifying the Peace Treaty

While the Opposition in the American Senate was proclaiming its purpose to amend or eliminate certain portions of the treaty, the European statesmen and legislatures had their own complaints to make; though based on such curiously different grounds than the criticisms at Washington as to create bewilderment. Our senators objected that the League of Nations clauses committed America too deeply; the French legislators objected that the provisions were not strong enough to safeguard the political future. Washington approved the terms of peace but stood out against the League; whereas the one prominent foreign delegate who formally dissented from the conclusions of the Conference announced that his objections were to the terms of peace, and that he signed the treaty, "not because I consider it a satisfactory document," but because "the League of Nations will yet prove the path of escape" from the ruin caused by war.

MEANTIME, however, it was strikingly evident that the general public, in our own country and abroad, regarded these disputes as immaterial and the treaty as sure of general ratification. They were quite aware that when the German National Assembly, by a vote of 208 to 115, accepted and ratified on July 9 the terms of peace as signed by their delegates at Paris the war was over. Legislatures might add to the ratifying resolution their own interpretation of ambiguous clauses, but the resolution would be duly passed. Europe would emerge from the political and economic No Man's Land in which it had been waiting since the armistice, and it would now be in order to take up at once the new problems of the day. This involved several questions—what would now be the attitude of the German government and people; what steps would Germany take toward payment of the huge indemnity; what immediate policy would be adopted by the Continental Allies in the way of physical reconstruction; what place would England actually fill in the new financial and commercial order; what would happen in the trade, finance, and industry of the United States, and what would be the sequel to the anarchy of Russia and southeastern Europe?

The Public and the Terms of Peace

IT has not been altogether easy for the outside world to visualize the mood of the German people. But that the wish to end the war, and with it to end the blockade against food and materials of industry and to get to work again was the uppermost consideration, did not ad-

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mit of doubt. After all, the payment of a monumental indemnity by their government, during the next three or four decades, was a task which must for the present have seemed remote from individual affairs. Even the loss of German Poland, the Saar Valley, and Alsace-Lorraine could hardly weigh at the moment against return to a sufficient dinner-table and to sufficient industrial employment.

Germany's Attitude Toward the Terms

Furthermore, it is quite impossible that the German people, having been taught during four successive years that precisely such exactions would be imposed by their government on a defeated enemy, could fail to recognize the imposition of such terms on themselves in their own defeat as in at least the logical order of events. Doctor Helfferich's harsh programme to that effect, outlined as spokesman for the government in 1915, was only part of the lesson taught to them. The people could not very well have forgotten the manifesto of the three hundred and fifty-two German professors, clergymen, and "intellectuals," in which it was specifically demanded that victorious Germany should "keep firm hold" of Belgium, occupy permanently part of the eastern front of France and part of her Channel coast, "supplant the world trade of Great Britain," extort an indemnity "which as much as possible shall cover war expenditures," with "a mercilessly high war indemnity upon France." Imbued with such teachings by their intellectual leaders, it is scarcely to be imagined that the German people should not in their own mind have accepted as a matter of course, along with their government's surrender, all that has followed it.

But what of the new financial burden? Committed by her infatuated leaders, during most of the war period, to the policy of paying for war expenditure almost entirely through loans, the German government had emerged from war with a yearly interest charge for the public debt which was barely covered by the entire national revenue from taxation. Nor was this all. Even the war loans had fallen far short of paying the current bills of war; at the signing of the peace, the government's outstanding temporary borrowings from the banks had risen to 72,000,000,000 marks, or $18,000,000,000. Estimates of the new finance ministry reached the disquieting conclusion that, in order to meet the absolutely inevitable future outlay, the Empire's annual revenue would have to be increased in the portentous ratio of 900 per cent.

TO meet this situation there were several possible expedients. Following revolutionary Russia's example, the war debt might be scaled down or repudiated. A makeshift policy of temporary character might be introduced, with a view to postponing the evil day. Or the new finance ministry might boldly confront the realities, tell the worst, and let the German people know at once what they must make up their minds to bear.

The German Government's Expedients

The ministry chose the third path. "I will have nothing to do," Finance Minister Erzberger declared to the National Assembly, "with suggestions for the annulment of war loans or a declaration of general bankruptcy." Nor would the practical solution be deferred. "The burdens of taxation," the finance minister calmly assured the people, "will reach an absolutely terrible height." There would be direct, immediate, and extremely heavy levies on income and wealth.

From an outright levy on capital, 70,000,000,000 to 90,000,000,000 marks, or perhaps $20,000,000,000, was announced as the plan of the government's budget; of which 10,000,000,000 marks, or $2,500,000,000, was to be one year's proceeds from "property confiscations." Taxes graded from 5 to 80 per cent were to be imposed on all private or corporate earnings in excess of peace time; income from investments was to be taxed from 25 per cent upward. "It is the duty of propertied people," the budget address concluded, "not only to bow to a state of compulsion, but to achieve an inward conviction as to the necessity of giving up all riches." As the rich are to give up their superfluous accumulations, so the workers, who had been subsidized by the government during the period of enforced idleness, must do without such help here-

(Continued on page 74, *following*)

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IMMEDIATE TRADE OPPORTUNITIES IN SOUTH AMERICA

By Challen R. Parker
Vice-President, Guaranty Trust Company of New York

IT is obvious that South American trade holds a special interest in the minds of North American manufacturers and exporters, if one may judge by the flood of comment upon it that meets the eye in the current newspapers, books, and magazines which treat of the development of our foreign commerce. More is written on this than on any other of the overseas markets in which we share, although the total of our exports to the southern continent is not nearly so great as our shipments to European countries.

Not enough attention, however, is paid to those phases of the South American situation that are now actually of great importance. A careful and intelligent preparation for permanent occupancy of the field is demanded, for it is as a future and very attractive potential market rather than as a present one that these countries should receive our special consideration. For the moment, it is certain that other grand divisions of the world will draw upon our exportable surplus much more, both as to volume and as to the insistent urgency of the demand.

The thirteen political divisions of South America occupy more than 7,000,000 square miles of territory and have a population of little more than half that of our own country. The present buying power of this vast area, as indicated by actual purchases abroad, cannot be estimated wholly in relation to its population alone, as a very considerable proportion of this population consists of native Indians, and mestizos, inhabitants with standards of living which limit their demand for the products of our factories to a very restricted range. The per capita imports of the several countries give at once an indication of this significant factor in present and future trade possibilities. Argentina, for example, with a population of 8,000,000, buys abroad each year products to a value of nearly $50 per capita, while Brazil, having 23,000,000 people, with a fringe of important modern cities along its coast and on its great rivers—cities where there is a demand for practically every adjunct of the highest civilization—imports less than one-third of that sum per inhabitant. This is mainly due to the larger proportion of people of primitive wants in the latter country. About half the population of South America is found in these two countries. Argentina and Uruguay, which may be treated practically as one market, lead all the others in purchasing power in relation to population, as indicated in their imports. Chile follows them with imports of about $25 per capita. Brazil buys abroad $13 to $15 worth per capita yearly, but none of the remaining countries expends as much as $10 per capita. Peru, in which about one-half of the population of 4,500,000 is Indian, imports little more than $5 per inhabitant. The records of Ecuador, Colombia, Bolivia, and Venezuela indicate about the same buying power. It is very probable, of course, that there will be a considerable emigration from Europe to South America in the near future, and no doubt this will increase the purchasing power of those countries which receive such accessions.

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Our country occupied an exceptional position in South American trade during the war, and the former special advantages in relation to this commerce held by European competitors were in abeyance. Instead of furnishing, as in pre-war periods, only 15 to 25 or 30 per cent of these imports, we were supplying a proportion that reached 60 per cent or more in some countries. In 1916 we supplied nearly 40 per cent of imports for the entire continent. The totals would have been even greater but for the restriction of available shipping, the strict embargoes on the export of many commodities, and the regulations forbidding trading with black-listed firms in Latin America.

As a result, our exporters reaped a rich harvest in profits for the time, and there was also afforded to them an unusual opportunity to intrench themselves more firmly in these markets, an opportunity that, it must be admitted, was not availed of to any great extent.

The large number of orders cancelled the moment the armistice was announced showed plainly how slight was the hold we had gained and indicated in part, at least, the readiness of South American buyers to return at once to their former European trade connections. It is true that the difficulties in the way of satisfactory service were very great, as our exporters were hampered at every turn by war restrictions on shipping, cabling, correspondence, and trading.

The net result, however, is that we are now thrown back again to our former competitive position, except for a few new elements in the situation that will be referred to briefly. Some of these new factors indicate obvious immediate trade possibilities, and others are encouraging with respect to our ability to meet the difficulties of the keen competitive struggle for business that in fact has already commenced.

Brief reference may be made to the advantages which our European rivals held in this trade in pre-war days. They included the earlier occupation of markets, very large investments of capital, control of banking, shipping, coaling stations, and the trade in fuel, and long-established branch trading-houses, mainly under British, German, French, and Italian direction, although most European countries were strongly represented both in trade and banking.

A further hold on these markets resulted from the greater national sympathy of Latin countries in Europe with their fellow Latins abroad. Similarity of languages constituted a strong bond, and there existed a better understanding of customs, tastes, and prejudices. There are a large number of European colonists in all parts of South America, and they naturally bought the kinds of products they were familiar with in their native lands.

The far greater use of sterling exchange than any other international medium in business transactions was a further constant influence which diverted purchases to Great Britain and other European sources of supply. Even the large sums paid by the United States to Brazil for coffee, a commodity for which our country is by far the most important market, were usually transferred in sterling, and the money was used by Brazilians in settling balances for purchases abroad. No doubt, also, the strong influences exercised by foreign banks in South America was used to favor the interests of their own nationals in trade, a policy that was, of course, natural enough.

The establishment of our own banks is now gradually overcoming this trade handicap, and the use of dollar exchange is growing.

In contrast to these very considerable advantages held by our European competitors, in banking, shipping, and trading strength, we may note our own relative weakness in all these factors, and also our national attitude toward all export trade, which we must admit has been characterized in general by marked provincialism. The language barrier is one that our traders have always found great difficulty in surmounting. Spanish and Portuguese are tongues which few Americans speak, and even to-day the number of trained men available to represent our commercial interests efficiently is far from adequate to the demand.

New conditions, however, exist to-day. The war has modified many of the relations of international trade, some no doubt permanently. It is probable that

(Continued on page 96, *following*)

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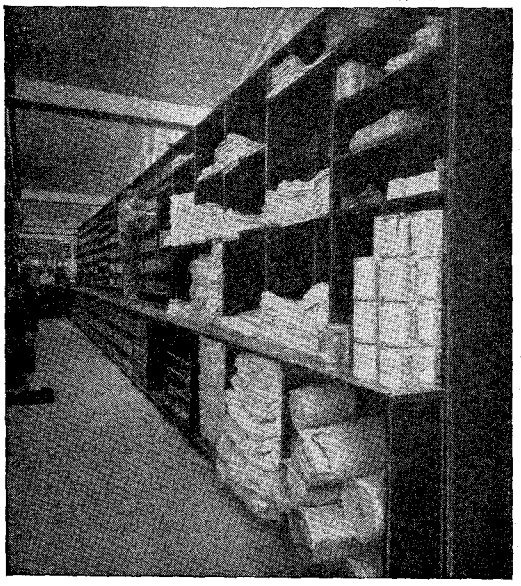

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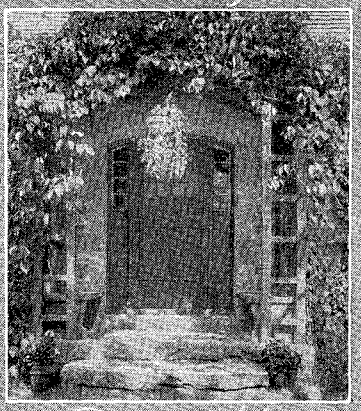

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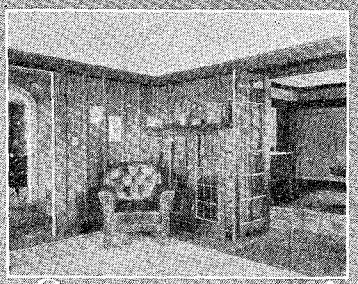

Economical

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

(Continued from page 386)

after. "A gradual abolition of non-employment grants must now be faced."

Little as we may like the Germans and repellent as are the qualities on which the war has thrown such unsparing light since July of 1914, it is impossible to withhold a tribute of recognition for this handling of an economic crisis. But it must also be acknowledged that the attitude of the ministry would have been futile and impracticable, had it not been based on "confidence in the people's attitude. That confidence, however, merely fulfils the second part of the prediction made in recent months by the best-informed ob-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 76)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 74)

servers—that Germany, having voted for orderly constitutional government under the new republic, would not give way to the pressure of Bolshevist anarchy, from the East (a prophecy already fulfilled) and that her people, having lost the war and knowing what responsibility for reparation their government had incurred in it, would submit to all the consequences and make the best of them.

FRANCE also has signalized the signing of the treaty by her government's official announcement of its fiscal plans. For reconstruction work an appropriation of 40,000,000,000 francs, or $8,000,000,000, was foreshadowed; of which sum $320,000,000 would be raised in the current fiscal year. The government programme was less distinct than Germany's in the matter of taxation; this hesitation being perhaps a consequence of doubt as to just how Germany's indemnity payment might be made a basis for credit operations. But the reconstruction plans themselves were not deferred. Immediately following the signing of the peace, it became known that contracts for building material and reparation work

French Plans of Reconstruction

(Financial Situation, continued on page 78)

The Science of Being Right

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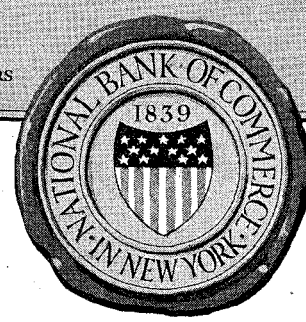

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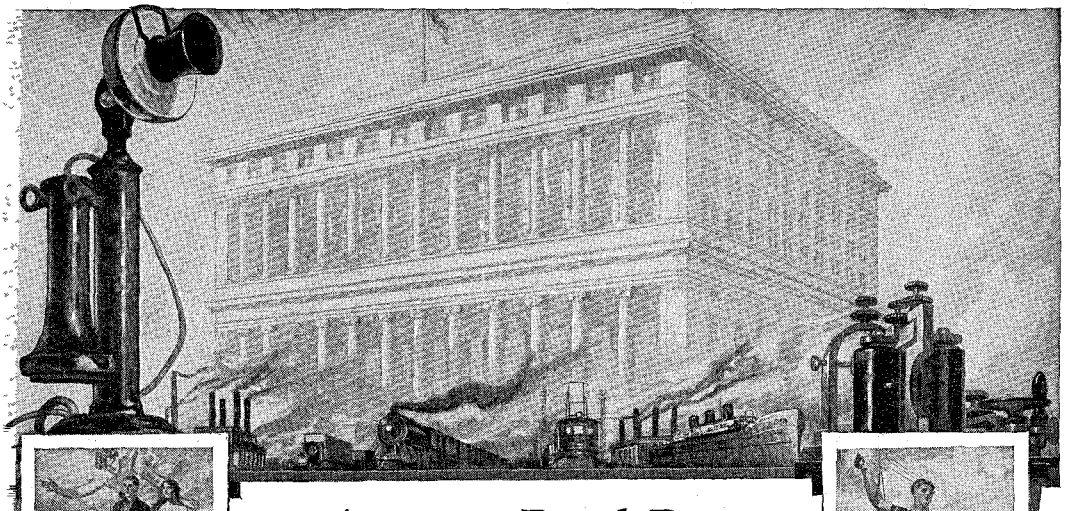

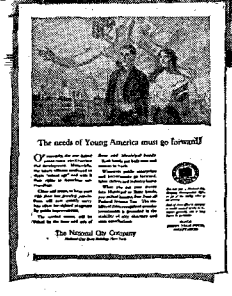

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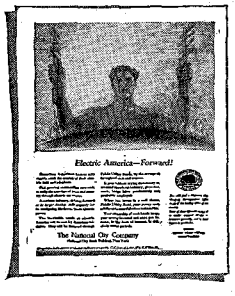
The bonds we offer and sell are bonds we own. Before buying we subject each issue to the scrutiny of nationally recognized experts. Here is a nation-wide service at the elbow of everyone who wishes to invest in securities of the highest character.



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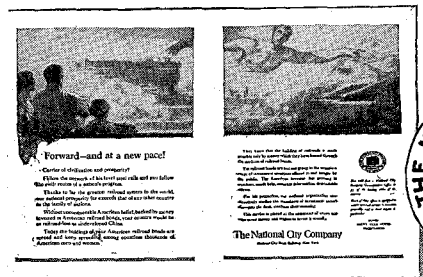

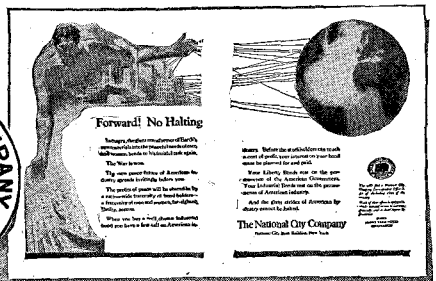

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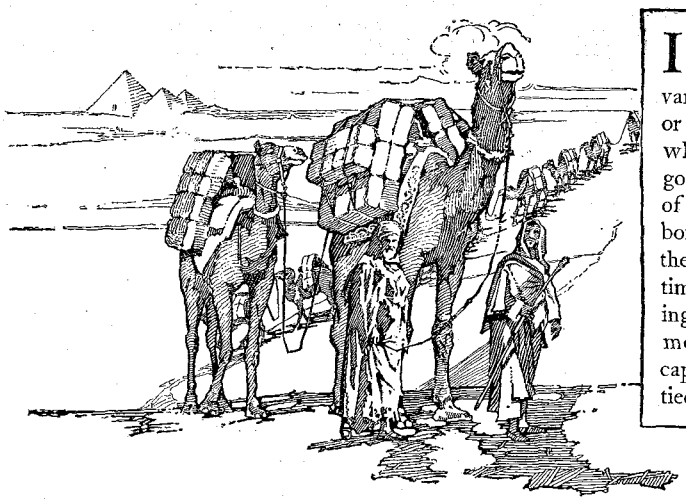

IN the Middle Ages, cotton came by caravan from India to Cairo or to Constantinople, where it was traded for goods of Europe. Ships of Venice or of Genoa bore it West. During all the tedious journey and time-consuming bartering of the traders and money changers the capital represented was tied up—useless.

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For example, at no time in the progress from seed to cloth does cotton represent idle capital. The grower may be financed through his local bank; the buyer and the mill may secure capital to carry on their operations; and the finished cloth may be a basis for credit whether it be sold in New York, Rio, or Shanghai.

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 76)

had already been placed, to the extent of hundreds of millions of dollars, with American concerns.

These were not all the contracts of the national French Government; one American construction firm announced that work involving upward of $400,000,000 had been tentatively placed with it by one of the larger French cities wrecked by the bombardment. What is especially significant in these arrangements is the fact that the work had been contracted for, in advance of any distinct provision, either of loans or taxes for the purpose. That simple fact, and the attitude of practical American business men disclosed by it, provides an interesting answer to the contention of imaginative theorists that European reconstruction must be slow, uncertain, and perhaps impossible because Europe has neither cash nor credit with which to pay for it.

England's Particular Problems

ENGLAND, on the other hand, has been slow to unfold her programme of financial and industrial reform. This may be a consequence of the many-sided practical difficulties which confront her statesmen; or it may be because of the English habit of surveying first, and very thoroughly, the problem as a whole, and then attacking it by a comprehensive measure. England has to deal with the continuing and formidable deficit in the national finances. She must consider the continuing expansion in her legal-tender government paper currency; to which the gold reserve, not increased since the middle of 1915, bears a ratio now amounting to only 7 or 8 per cent, and steadily diminishing. Her public men must in some way deal with the labor question, which concerns not only the $6,000,000 or thereabouts per week paid by the government in "unemployment doles," but the rise in wages and reduction of working hours, notably in the economically vital English coal trade, which has so far forced up English prices that in the middle of the present year steel rails which Pittsburgh was able to lay down in America for $45 a ton brought the equivalent of $73.60 in the British market

As a consequence of this rise in prices (out of proportion to the rise in many other foreign countries) England's manufacturers have to face the problem of maintaining or restoring British predominance in the international export trade Finally, because of the existing handicap to exports, because of the prodigious balance of foreign trade accumulated against Great Britain from 1914 up to the present moment, because of the sale of half her investment in foreign securities, and because of her government's external war-time loans of something like $6,000,000,000, her markets have again been confronted with so rapid a depreciation in exchange rates that the value of the pound sterling in American currency at New York had sunk in the early days of last July to a lower level than any which was reached in

(Financial Situation, continued on page 80)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 78)

actual war-time. A[illegible] against a normal parity o $4.86⅝, a minimum rate of $4.48 in September 1915, and a "pegged rate" of $4.76¼ during 191[illegible] and 1918, the midsummer rate of 1919 fell t[illegible] $4.26¼—absolutely the lowest figure in the hi[illegible]tory of Anglo-American banking.

WE are bound before very long to learn wha[illegible] comprehensive measures England—alway[illegible] heretofore resourceful, in an eminently practic[illegible] way, in dealing with an economic situation of th[illegible] sort—will introduce to solve these difficulties. good part of European economic his-

Course of the Forei[illegible] Exchange

tory of the next half-dozen years is likely to be associated with the programme. Of all the existing phenomena of the English market, the depreciatio in foreign exchange—a symptom which, in th case of all other European markets, has been a[illegible] cepted as indicating economic weakness—has a[illegible] tracted the most attention. Yet there is th[illegible] much to be said even of the spectacular decline the New York sterling rate. At the low lev reached this summer the depreciation from no mal parity was 12 per cent. But French c change at New York was in the same week quot[illegible] 26 per cent under parity, and German exchan[illegible] (in which dealings had just been resumed by W[illegible] Street) at a discount of 65½ per cent. Looki back on the longer record, sterling exchange the Continental markets, as we know from subsequent Parliamentary inquiry, fell to 20 [illegible] cent discount during the Napoleonic wars a[illegible] remained depreciated for some five years af[illegible] peace; yet was presently restored to normal rat[illegible] which it maintained for a century afterward.

This rehabilitation after 1815 was effec[illegible] through the reduction of England's outstand paper currency and the resumption of gold [illegible] demption for such paper. How it will be effec[illegible] in the present instance is debatable. It may[illegible] facilitated through the release of new gold p duced from the Transvaal mines—all of wh[illegible] product was by law reserved during the war [illegible] the Bank of England at the mint price of 77 s[illegible] lings 9 pence per ounce. By permitting Tra vaal mine-owners to sell their new gold to [illegible] highest bidder, the British Government make possible for the United States to bid its own [illegible] trinsically equivalent mint price, but to pay [illegible] the gold more than 85 shillings per ounce drafts on London, because of the depreciatio[illegible] 10 per cent or more in sterling at New York. the British Government may release or use [illegible] its own currency reserves the unreported [illegible] accumulated from the Transvaal's $400,000 production since the summer of 1917; expor[illegible] gold from England having virtually been pended since that time and only $175,000 added to the reserve at the Bank of England

FOR the present the British Government [illegible] the London market make no move to rel[illegible] this hoarded gold. Yet at precisely that mon[illegible]

(Financial Situation, continued on page 82)

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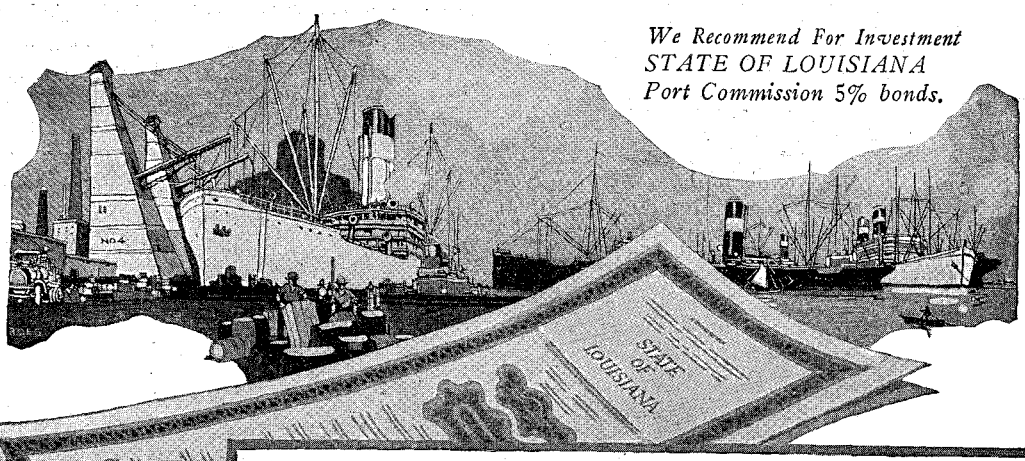

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 80)

the United States, which would undoubtedly have been the beneficiary of the removal of England's embargo on gold exports, took a remarkable and significant step. The policy adopted was in a way the logical sequel to an earlier chapter of events. When every other market of the world had shut down in the autumn of 1914 on gold payments and gold exports, the American bankers announced their decision to provide all gold required for payment of the country's current obligations. The result, after the export of not more than $75,000,000 gold, was the turning of all the foreign exchanges in favor of New York and the immediate movement of foreign capital to America for safe-keeping. That "free gold market" in the United States lasted until we went to war ourselves; at which time, through our artificial support of the New York sterling exchange rate at a level much less depreciated from normal parity than the sterling rate in neutral European markets, we made it inevitable that neutral holders of drafts on London should redeem them through New York.

A "Free Gold Market" in America

Under the circumstances this transaction meant creation of very large credit balances at New York for the merchants and bankers of Spain, Holland, Scandinavia, and Japan. It is true that England's obligations to our market were increased in proportion to these neutral drafts; but we drew no gold from London to redeem them, and yet had to give up our own gold to the neutral countries when their markets called home their New York balances. To the resultant loss of gold no limit could be fixed. So far as concerned that mode of settlement, the United States had shouldered responsibility for England's international obligations, and what would in the long run be involved, in the way of American gold export to the neutrals, depended only on the duration of the war. It was then, at the close of 1917, that our own government, through forbidding gold export from America except through official license, placed a virtual embargo on our own gold shipments.

THAT the real nature of this much-misunderstood situation was what I have described, the course of events was soon to prove. Four months after the armistice was signed the artificial war-time support of American exchange on London was abandoned. Sterling immediately fell to a heavier discount at New York than at Amsterdam, Stockholm, or Madrid; a normal consequence of England's heavier trade debt to America than to other markets.

New York and the Foreign Exchanges

But at the same time our own exchange on the neutral countries, which a year ago (because of New York's "pegged rate" for sterling) was quoted 20 to 50 per cent against New York, had before very long swung actually in our market's favor. There still remained an actual balance

(Financial Situation, continued on page 84)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 82)

against the United States in its trade with Asia and South America (from which we bought more merchandise than we sold to them) and an accumulated debit in our exchange with Spain. Under ordinary circumstances these current obligations would be met through drawing on our very large current balances in England. We should have paid our current debt to Argentina, for example, through shipment of gold from London to Buenos Ayres. As matters stood, none of our European allies was releasing gold for export. In spite, however, of that recognized condition, our government in June removed all of the war-time restrictions on our own gold exports.

The Gold Exports from America

THE result was interesting. Entitled as we technically were by the actual rates of exchange on our allies to large amounts of imported gold which we were not receiving from them, our bankers shipped this summer to the South American, Asiatic, and Spanish markets something like $100,000,000 gold. This was a demonstration, almost as dramatic as our gold shipments in the panic of 1914, of financial confidence and power. It marked out the United States as the one great banking centre in the world where foreign capital might be left on custody, with perfect confidence that when needed at home it could be withdrawn in the form of gold, without depreciation in the exchange value of the dollar. Alone of the central money markets of the world, New York now occupied the place in international finance which for a century past had belonged to London.

This export of gold could not have occurred, and did not occur, without effect on the reserve against our currency. All of the gold shipped out this summer came from the vaults of the Federal Reserve Banks, and the $2,200,000,000 gold thus held when the export began in June was the basis, then, both for the system's $1,600,000,000 deposit liabilities (the reserve of member banks) and for its $2,600,000,000 note circulation. But so carefully was the movement guarded of loans, deposits, and outstanding circulation, that the heavy midsummer draft on the gold reserve reduced the system's ratio of reserve to liabilities only from 52⅞ per cent to 49⅞, which was still far in excess of the legal minimum, 40 per cent against deposits and 35 per cent against circulation.

Effect on the Stock Market

ON only one aspect in the situation did the government look with misgiving. Speculation for the rise in stocks continued. It was in many respects a logical outcome of the incidents of the day. But speculation is in the main conducted through money borrowed from the banks. Private banks which had been lending progressively larger sums on the Stock Exchange were likely in turn to draw on the resources of the Federal Reserve; this, in fact, was happening, not

(Financial Situation, continued on page 86)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 84)

only when the gold in the Reserve Banks was being substantially reduced through export, but when very large requisitions on the credit fund were shortly to be expected, as a result of active autumn trade and the season's huge movement of agricultural products.

In June the rate for Stock Exchange borrowings from banks rose to 15 per cent, a rate touched only twice, and then but momentarily, in war-time. This summer's "Wall Street money stringency" was recurrent; in July the rate reached 20 per cent. It was plain enough notice that the available facilities of credit might be limited. The Federal Reserve Board itself gave warning. After remarking on the needs of the government and of the country's commerce and industry, it declared very positively that "the funds of the Federal Reserve system are in no sense intended for the support of speculation," and that the stock market's requirements "must yield precedence to these prior demands."

Precisely what this means we shall learn before many weeks. The phenomenon of falling bank reserves and high autumn money rates in Wall Street—sometimes as high as 50 and 75 per cent—was not at all unusual before the war in years of great harvests and expanding trade activity. It commonly resulted in a sharp decline on the Stock Exchange; but this would be followed by a very decided movement of the foreign exchanges in favor of New York, due to Europe's payment for our autumn foodstuffs exports and to transfer of bankers' balances from London or the Continent, to Wall Street's temporarily more remunerative money market. This fall in foreign exchange would occasion gold imports from Europe on a considerable scale, and therefore a rise in New York bank reserves. But the novel and peculiar character of the present situation appears from these three facts—that in the present situation the most violent rise in money rates at New York, and the most violent fall in New York exchange on Europe, does not cause gold imports; that transfer of capital from the London money market to New York or any other foreign city is purposely obstructed by England's war-time regulations, and that our Federal Reserve Banks, to which recourse would ordinarily be taken to relieve a money stringency, have been virtually instructed to leave the Stock Exchange money market to itself.

Resuming Commerce with Germany

THESE circumstances insure an autumn season of peculiar interest, in home finance as in the international market. The next six months will do much to show, not only the real condition of our own money market and investment market, but the character and direction of the changes which are now certain to come in trade between the nations. By agreement between the Entente governments, commerce even with Germany had already been resumed while the

(Financial Situation, continued on page 88)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 86)

Opposition party in the Senate was still wrangling over the treaty. Transactions in foreign exchange between New York and Berlin, suspended since March of 1917, began again last July with the New York valuation of the German mark, for purposes of remitting or drawing money, 7½ cents as against a normal exchange rate of 23⅞. Consular offices were set up again in Germany by the governments of her former enemies; the news despatches reported French merchants crossing the border (as in 1871), soliciting orders for French merchandise; cargoes of cotton consigned to Hamburg were loaded in American ports; Germany, herself, began to place contracts in America for shipment of German goods (outside of a few still prohibited importations, such as chemical products), which had accumulated in Germany since July, 1914.

How far this effort at German exports would or could immediately overcome the sentiments of war-time was uncertain. But other European countries were similarly setting to work gathering up the threads of their pre-war foreign commerce. In the United States the government Shipping Board, whose special task of building ocean transports rapidly, to replace the ships sunk by the German submarines, had been ended by the peace, busied itself with plans for new transatlantic liners larger than any freight or passenger ships afloat—a very obvious recourse for a nation whose foreign trade in the month of June was one-fourth as large as the largest trade of any twelve-month period before the war, and whose exports in that single month, $918,000,000, were $300,000,000 greater than in any month of war-time. All these incidents of the day showed how completely the instinct of international trade on a normal footing was bound to supersede all other political or economic circumstances.

Russia and the Rest of the World

TO these signs of return to the basis of civilized relations there was one marked exception. No government and no commercial market resumed normal trade with Russia. No money market in the world quoted exchange on Petrograd. With Russia full of the very materials needed most urgently for the industries of other nations, and capable before 1914 of exporting one-fourth of all the wheat needed by importing States, such sporadic trade as has been conducted from the outside with Russia has been much the same sort of barter by adventurous wandering merchants as might have existed under Ivan the Terrible. Existing, as this situation did, in face of the powerful impulse toward industrial revival elsewhere in the world, one might almost have imagined Russia as a political and economic leper.

If this was true, it was only true to the extent that neither political nor financial relations were possible with a government which had no lawful title; which openly professed the purpose of refus-

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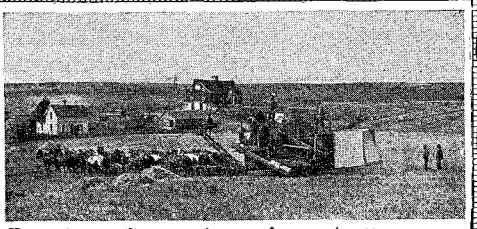

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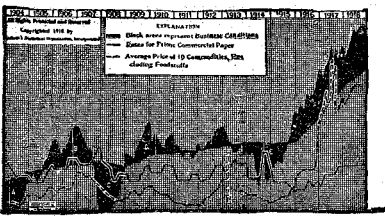

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 88)

ing to all Russians but its own political adherents the right to vote; which turned upside down the principles of modern trade; which had ruined Russian agriculture through violation of the right of private ownership while ruining Russian manufacture through repudiation of trained management, and which had blockaded itself from importations by refusing to recognize Russian debts to foreigners. Entry on large commercial relations with such an administration would have been tantamount to engaging in contracts with the inmates of a lunatic asylum; not less so, certainly, when the publicly avowed purpose of the fanatics in control was to force their peculiar brand of political and economic institutions on every outside nation which should deal with them

The question is, whether such a destroying and paralyzing tyranny can possibly endure, in the face of actual revival of trade and industry in the rest of Europe. With the Russian people starving in the midst of almost unexampled natural opportunity for feeding themselves and commanding through exchange the goods of the outside world, the long continuance of this cruel political nightmare is impossible. How the change will come, people familiar with the surprises and anomalies of Russian history hesitate to predict. It may come as suddenly as the Revolution of March, 1917; but in any case, its arrival would play a most important part in the new chapter in Europe's economic reconstruction.

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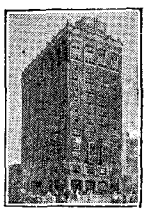

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MOBILIZING MORTGAGE MONEY

By Horace B. Mitchell

[The Fourth of a series of articles describing real-estate mortgage investments, appearing in the Financial Department of *Scribner's Magazine*.]

A GREAT change, almost a revolution, in the methods of lending on city real estate and in marketing real-estate mortgages has been effected within the last generation. Time was, within the memory of most of us, when personal negotiation between borrower and lender was the only known method of lending on realty. Search of title would be made by an attorney, perhaps a friend, and the validity of the mortgage and the safety of the invested funds would often depend on the judgment of a man perhaps inexperienced or inexpert in a highly technical work. The deed or indenture securing the note would be drawn, in many States, in the form known as a mortgage deed made out directly to the mortgagee, thus making the mortgage unmarketable. Collection of interest and supervision of taxes, insurance, and the property itself was a burden placed entirely on the investor. Renewal of the principal sum at maturity—and even renewal without reduction—was regarded as something entirely natural.

To-day the lending of money on real estate is a highly organized business. The investor will make his purchase from an investment banking-house dealing in mortgages, or, in their more modern development, first-mortgage bonds based on realty, the house having bought these securities outright and having carried them in its vaults in great variety as merchandise to be resold to its clients, who may perhaps number tens of thousands. In short, the capital available for real-estate loans in the United States has been effectively mobilized on a large scale for the financing of real-estate transactions.

The majority of real-estate loans are issued for the purpose of financing either new construction or the purchase of property, and in this way they play an extremely important part in the nation's economic life. The amount of new building construction in the United States necessary to meet the growth in our population ranges around $1,000,000,000 a year, and the majority of the necessary capital is obtained through the issuance of mortgages or bond issues.

The properties behind real-estate loans therefore, are of every possible variety. They range from a small house and lot in the suburbs through all grades and kinds of properties for housing or business purposes up to a large

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office, hotel, or apartment building. Some of the large insurance companies for many years specialized in down-town office-building loans, which they underwrote on a basis of around 4½, the loans being about 50 per cent to 60 per cent of the value of the property. A very large proportion of the new office buildings in these days, however, are financed in part through the issuance of first-mortgage bonds.

There are a number of first-class houses that specialize in underwriting bond issues of this character. These bankers naturally consider that the type, character, and value of the property are of the greatest importance. If the security be an office building, they require that it be located in an office-building district and in a city where there is a strong rental demand for office-building space. The building itself and its location must be of a character to assure the permanency of that demand at least throughout the life of the loan—usually from two to ten years—and its construction must be such as to insure it against anything more than ordinary depreciation for many years to come.

Many such bond issues are underwritten on apartment buildings — indeed, a number of experienced investment banking-houses make a distinct specialty of this class of loans. Here, if properly issued and properly safeguarded, we have a solid and dependable investment. People must live. In order to live they must have homes. In large American cities, however much social economists may deplore it, the whole trend is distinctly away from the individual dwelling-house and toward the apartment. Experience of the past has shown that a well-located and desirable apartment building will be rented to or near its capacity during good and bad times alike. The income of the building is from many sources. If one tenant moves out, another will move in. A good apartment-building property in a good renting location is a stable income-producer and affords a solid basis for an investment.

Another good type of loan is on first-class hotel properties. The operation of a hotel is a highly specialized business. This has been proved by definite experience. Of course some hotels in the past have not been successful, but this has been due to definite causes and to the violation of fundamental rules of hotel construction or management. A well-known real-estate authority once said of excessively tall skyscrapers that they are "either advertisements, monuments, or failures." Similarly, a hotel that is operated as an advertisement or a monument is extremely likely in the end to be a failure, but a well-located hotel in a pros-

(Continued on page 94)

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(Continued from page 93)

perous city, properly constructed and operated on sound business principles, meeting the steady and enormous demand of the great American travelling public for hotel accommodations—a demand that continues with little or no abatement in good times and bad, in war times and peace—is a stable as well as a paying proposition, and bonds issued upon it and properly safeguarded are good investments.

One curious feature is found in the variety of properties on which loans are underwritten. Some houses have fixed rules against "special utilities," such as churches, hospitals, and clubs, and many investors look upon them with disfavor. Others favor exactly such properties. One large and well-known bank has specialized with great success for many years in loans on Catholic churches and hospitals, and, needless to say, these bonds have found a ready market and have been promptly paid.

Many banks loan money on various individual mortgages; then, to free their funds, deposit the mortgages in trust and issue bonds against them, selling the bonds to the public. Securities of this type are called collateral trust bonds. They are comparatively rare in this country but are widely known in Europe, where for fifty years or more they have been sold with great success by such institutions as the Crédit Foncier and Crédit Lyonnaise and many of the other great land banks of Continental Europe.

In such a case the underlying mortgages must be sound in themselves, affording an ample margin of security and of earnings. Usually a provision is made whereby as the mortgages mature new ones will be substituted, and in this way all the loans deposited may perhaps have been changed entirely and new ones put in their places when the bond issue finally matures—like the Irishman's jack-knife, which had had five new blades and two new handles, but was still the same old knife. Such an arrangement naturally presupposes strong faith on the part of the investor in the issuing bank.

Many bond issues have been put out, particularly in New York, by large real-estate holding companies, the mortgage being a blanket lien on all their properties. This has the advantage of adopting the principle of "divided risk" but the disadvantage of lifting to great prominence the factor of management which operates to a less extent in the case of single property mortgage bonds.

Taking a long leap downward, we reach real-estate debentures—the unsecured obligations of real-estate operating companies which thus borrow money from the public in order to finance their ventures in the purchase, operation, and sale of improved and unimproved real estate. The history of these debentures, particularly in New York, is a familiar and tragic one. They have brought agony and ruin to thousands. Most of the companies issuing such obligations are now out of business.

A highly important factor in the situation at the present time is the great building shortage due to the war. The nation is now almost two years behind in building construction of all kinds and it has been estimated that the shortage amounts to $600,000,000 in New York City alone. This has resulted in an era of high rents which is bound to continue for many years to come, since even if construction is pressed at the greatest possible rate, it will take, according to authorities, not less than five or six years for the supply to equal the demand. All over the country are heard complaints of the lack of living accommodations and of office and warehouse space. The silver lining to this cloud, however, lies in the fact that these very conditions have increased the safety of outstanding real-estate bonds and mortgages which to-day are in general protected by larger equities and larger margins of earning power than before.

The best class of houses dealing in real-estate securities make every effort to safeguard the interests of their clients to whom they have sold mortgages or bonds. They guard against loss through defective title by a title guarantee policy, or by the opinions of expert and experienced attorneys. They see that insurance on the improvements is properly maintained, that taxes are promptly paid, and they collect principal and interest in cash for their clients—this service being given in many cases without any charge whatever. They exercise supervision over the condition of the property during the life of the loan, and if the trust mortgage is properly drawn, they are empowered to compel the owner to keep his property in a good condition of repair so as to maintain its value and earning power. Many such houses maintain a market for the securities they sell, buying them back from their clients at a slight reduction from the selling price, thus making it possible for the investor in an emergency to turn his securities into cash. These houses report that the volume of repurchases is small, thus testifying to the fact that the purchaser of a real-estate mortgage bond buys for permanent investment rather than to have a liquid asset to be turned into cash at will.

In the case of bonds in general, the trustee of the mortgage is usually a trust company. In

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the case of real-estate securities, however, the trustee is frequently an individual, usually the president or an officer of the house underwriting the bonds. The proponents of this practice urge it as a distinct advantage because the trustee thus has a close interest in the welfare of the bondholders and because it gives the underwriting house a strong and ready weapon for the protection of investors.

[The next article in this series, to appear in an early number, will deal with the principle of amortization.]

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OVERSEAS TRADE

(Continued from page 388)

wages will never again fall in Europe to the level of the pre-war period, and there will no longer exist the marked advantage in production costs there as compared with costs in the United States. Thus, when we survey the field of immediate trade opportunities in the markets under discussion, we find exceptional conditions in respect to many commodities.

For more than four years these markets have been greatly restricted in their purchases, new construction has been halted, and labor troubles have created serious difficulties at the ports. This implies that there should be an active demand in the immediate future for building materials, furniture, office supplies, stationery, electrical and railroad supplies, agricultural machinery and other products which are not available by home manufacture in the Latin countries. The United States is wonderfully equipped to supply these needs, but must promptly meet the new competitive situation as it exists today.

Great Britain, the principal rival, has retained her trading and banking organization in Latin America intact and has been making every effort by the most energetic and enlightened methods to strengthen her trade ties in that part of the world. She has sent official commercial representatives of the highest type and has neglected no method calculated to impress her customers and to establish cordial relations, social as well as commercial. Our own governmental efforts of a similar character have been very modest in comparison, and our representatives have controlled no funds for such trade promotion activities as banquets and receptions and other forms of entertainment of South American officials and merchants. It may be contrary to the traditions of our own democratic government to employ such methods for the improvement of our commercial relations, but there is no doubt whatever of their value in the countries of South America, where the social aspects of trade receive consideration to a much greater extent than in the United States.

The trade in fuel offers a special opportunity that may now be seized if the problem of transportation can be met. The United States Bureau of Mines has recently declared that the cost of production of coal in Europe has increased from 75 per cent. to 150 per cent. since 1913. Great Britain in that year had an exportable surplus of nearly 80,000,000 tons, but the shortening of the working day of the miners must imply a serious reduction of this surplus, and nearly all her coal available may be drawn into near-by European markets, where there is now an estimated shortage of more than 40,000,000 tons. France, Spain, Italy, Holland—in fact, all the continental countries—are in sore need of fuel for the coming year.

At the present time it is evident that we can take over much of this trade if we can transport coal to the South American markets. The shipping problem, however, is serious. It was announced by the United States Shipping Board, at the time when plans for the construction of a very large fleet of cargo-carriers by 1920 were said to be fixed, that a considerable part of this fleet could be assigned to the South American trade routes. The modifications that have since been made in our ship-building policy create serious doubt as to the availability of sufficient tonnage to permit us to grasp this opportunity, especially as there will be a very urgent demand abroad for every ton of coal that can be laid down there at reasonable freight rates.

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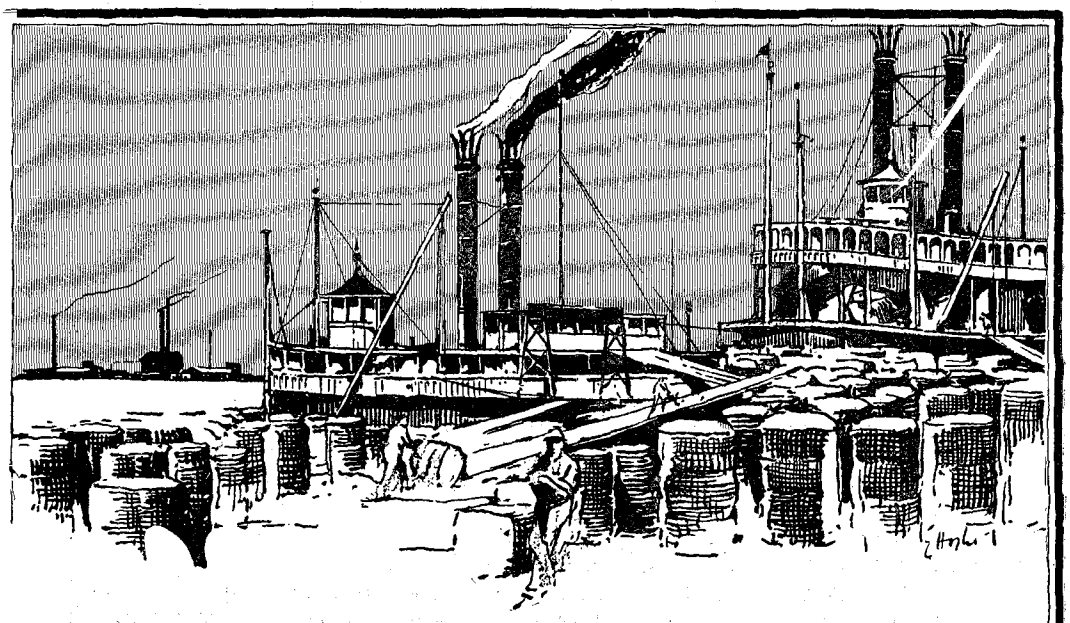

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(Continued from page 96)

Another interesting instance of the special opportunities which have been thrown open to us by war conditions is seen in the unusual development of our exports of automobiles and, to a less extent, our farm tractors, a type of manufacture in which the United States is making exceptional advances. The use of automobiles in South America has been limited by the very meagre development of good roads in the areas outside the immediate vicinity of large cities, and future trade will depend to a considerable extent upon the efforts that may be made for building better highways in the countries in question.

No doubt, with the growth of population and the improvement of rural conditions, these countries will follow the example of the United States and devote increasing attention to the building of good roads. Our advertisers can assist this movement materially by skilful publicity and propaganda. As the automobile has been a luxury, the preference of the Latin American buyer has been heretofore for the high-priced European cars. As these could not be supplied, the demand was diverted to our markets, and it is significant that in 1916 we furnished 4,444 of a total of 5,929 cars imported by Argentina.

It is certain that if we follow this advantage vigorously by the establishment of service stations for accessories and maintenance, our position in this and other South American markets will be very strong, especially with respect to those light and inexpensive types where our quantity production at present gives us a distinct advantage over European competition. Even in these types, however, we shall probably soon meet active competition from Italian, French, and English makers, as the automobile industry of those countries has developed greatly during the war and there is no doubt that every effort will be made by them to produce low-priced cars of types similar to our own.

The field for the light car is exceptional in character, in view of the vast areas where the roads are so indifferent that only an automobile constructed to stand the roughest treatment can meet the requirements. They must operate over territory where the equivalent of our worst country roads only is found, and if we can demonstrate the adaptability of the American car to these severe conditions we shall undoubtedly enjoy a constantly increasing market.

The farm tractor also should make its way, as the opportunity for its use over the vast plains of rich agricultural lands is almost without limit. The types of tractor most in demand are those handling four, six, or eight ploughs, and, if the promotion of this trade is accompanied by intelligent and vigorous salesmanship and by adequate service, we need not fear that European competitors can oust us from these markets.

There is a very considerable development of domestic manufactures in South American countries, especially in Brazil, Argentina, and Chile. There are industries devoted to the production of cotton goods, boots and shoes, leather, tobacco products, flour, furniture, wines, and many other articles of the simpler classes of manufacture. Customs tariffs are high in many of the countries, and the duties often exclude our products when such products are manufactured by local industries. Excellent cotton goods of ordinary grade are made in Brazil, for example, and our similar products can make no headway there. There still remains, however, a very excellent market for the finer grades of cotton textiles, and especially for those of attractive design and finish, such as shirtings; such fabrics containing some silk also are in active demand.

The list of products that we can sell in competition with rival manufacturing nations, in fact, is a long one. It includes most articles of iron, steel, and copper, sheets, bars, straps, and wire, many textiles, chemicals, drugs and proprietary medicines, newsprint paper, stationery, machinery, presses, railroad, electrical and industrial equipment of all kinds, cement, office furniture, typewriters, sewing-machines, cash-registers—in fact, almost any product in which superior quality and satisfactory price can be demonstrated, or where our trading service can command a preference.

The share of future South American

(Continued on page 100)

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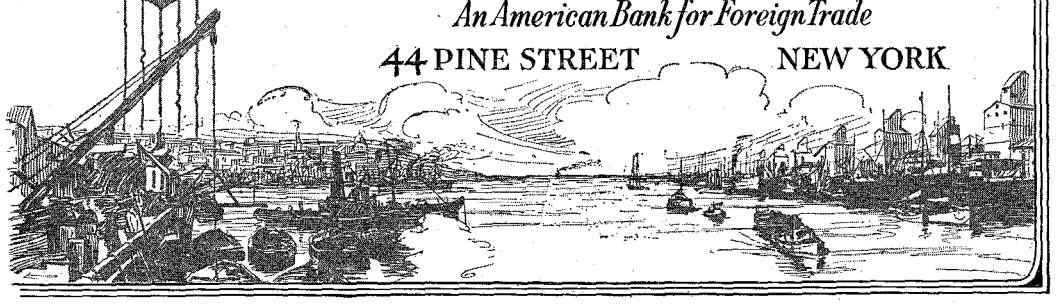

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(Continued from page 98)

imports which our exporters will enjoy thus depends upon their skill in promoting their trade, in adapting their goods to such special market, in placing competent agents in the trade centres, in meeting the requirements of customers for credit, and in convincing them that they will receive service as good or better than that rendered by their rivals. Some of the trade methods in the United States, as has often been pointed out, have been serious handicaps in foreign commerce, but there are certain fields of commercial effort where our merchants excel. It is admitted, for example, that in clever and effective advertising the Americans lead, and the application in the Latin American market of their methods, with such modifications as may be required to meet the special tastes of buyers there, will undoubtedly meet with success.

But many of our manufacturers and exporters must readjust their point of view about foreign credits, if they would successfully cultivate the South American field, and not insist upon restricting credits there to sixty, ninety, or a hundred and twenty days. They should remember that England and Germany built up their vast foreign trade prior to 1914 largely by making six months' time the selling basis for their goods.

The factor of future investment of American capital in South America is one which will very materially influence the growth of our trade in that sphere. Another difficult problem is presented here as the demands on the United States for financial aid will be urgent now from every direction, especially, of course, from Europe, and perhaps the claims of the war-stricken countries will seem paramount to any other. The rapid development of resources in South America cannot take place without continuing supplies of capital from abroad, and it does not seem possible that any large amount of investment funds for foreign ventures can be found in Europe for a number of years. If our financial interests can find it possible to divert some proportion of their foreign investments to Latin America, such investment will, in itself, mean a proportionate volume of trading with our suppliers of every kind of equipment required in the development referred to above.

It has been by judicious investment that the European nationals have obtained a large portion of the trade in question. The total of foreign capital invested in South America is probably at least $6,000,000,000; our own share is perhaps only one-half billion. Great Britain leads all other countries in this respect, and has large interests in railroads and other public utilities, banking, industrial, and agricultural enterprises. As is well known, American meat-packing interests are large in Argentina and Uruguay, and mining investment in Chile and Peru is considerable. Certain steel companies in the United States have recently announced that they are to invest heavily in shipping and port facilities on the west coast.

It has been possible in this cursory survey of the subject to touch upon but few of the facts and influences that are worthy of comment in a discussion of our present and future trade relations with South America. There is much that encourages hope and confidence for the future. There is little doubt that our action in entering the war on the side of righteousness has enhanced our prestige as a nation throughout Latin America. Our impressive military achievement has also had its effect, and the useful work of propaganda conducted by our government has helped materially to enlighten the South American peoples about us and has given them a new, and a far truer, conception of the character of our people. It is seen that we are not so utterly materialistic as has often been charged. This new knowledge and more favorable sentiment may now be capitalized, if wisdom and energy are exercised in our future trade relations. It is well known that heretofore our power and wealth have been looked upon with much suspicion and some fear. The Monroe Doctrine has by no means always been enthusiastically regarded by those countries which it is assumed to protect, and many of their references to the "colossus of the North," as they are wont to call us, indicate this prevalent suspicion of our policies.

(Continued on page 103)

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(Continued from page 100)

The growing spirit of pan-Americanism will predispose the Latin American peoples to meet cordially every effort we may make to improve our relations with them. They are well aware of the mutual advantages that will result from such relations, and, if convinced of our fairness and generosity of purpose toward them, will continue to welcome our traders, bankers, and investors. They are confident that their rich areas are to hold in the near future great populations whose interests and ideals will be similar to our own. They are naturally resentful of anything that indicates lack of due consideration, or mere desire for selfish exploitation by foreign interests.

We shall be short-sighted, indeed, if we treat the present favorable opportunity with indifference, or neglect any effort, either of thought or action, that may be required to strengthen our position in this neighboring territory. We may be sure that other nations will not wait on us to lead the way in aiding its development in the future any more than in the past. Our own power to aid, however, is now far greater than that of any other country and affords us an opportunity that in all probability will not again be presented to us under such favorable conditions. With the evident keen interest of our own people in the South American field, it cannot be doubted that this opportunity will be embraced with enthusiasm, and that our trade and banking influence will grow stronger in these Latin countries as former misunderstandings are forgotten and as a sympathetic spirit becomes firmly established between the two great divisions of the western hemisphere.

Export Shipping for Merchants and Manufacturers

Many and complex are the problems involved in export shipping. Lack of precise knowledge has lost—and will continue to lose—profitable business in foreign markets.

More than 70 years' experience in international trading has equipped us to render complete service to merchants and manufacturers, both in financing and forwarding their shipments to all parts of the world.

Let us send you our booklet, "Essentials in Exporting"

Austin Baldwin & Company, Inc.

Established 1848

44 Whitehall Street, New York

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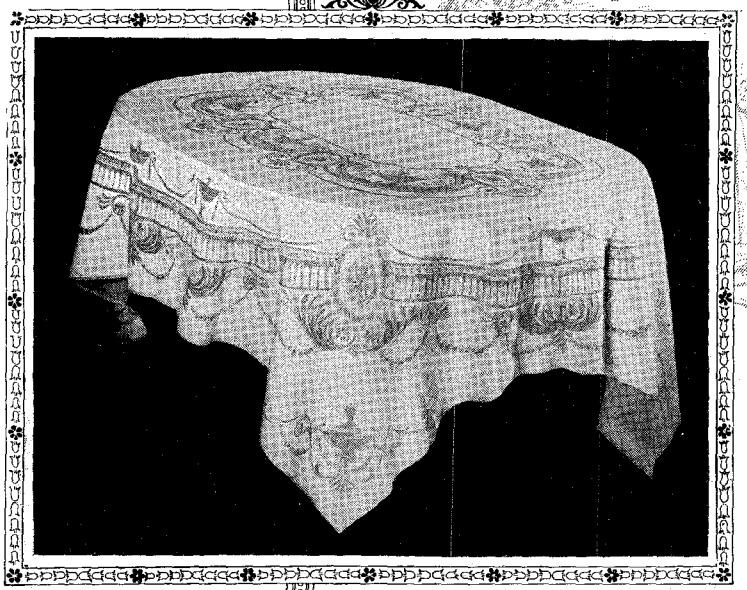

"Bleached by the Sun"

'Adams' Pattern
"Old Bleach"
Pure Irish Linen
Damask tablecloths

The pure white lustre of "Old Bleach" Linen damask is secured by one method only—the natural way—*Sun, Wind and Grass* bleaching. This, together with exclusiveness of designs, puts a premium on these beautiful fabrics and makes them valuable household possessions of high distinction.

The output of "Old Bleach" Irish Linen is limited. Stocks are carried by only the best retail shops. The supply is limited and it is advisable that purchases be made for the Autumn and Winter as soon as possible.

THE
"OLD BLEACH" LINEN CO. LTD.
RANDALSTOWN — CO. ANTRIM — IRELAND

The Trade Mark "Old Bleach" is stamped on every article except Table Damasks, which have the above mark woven in the four corners

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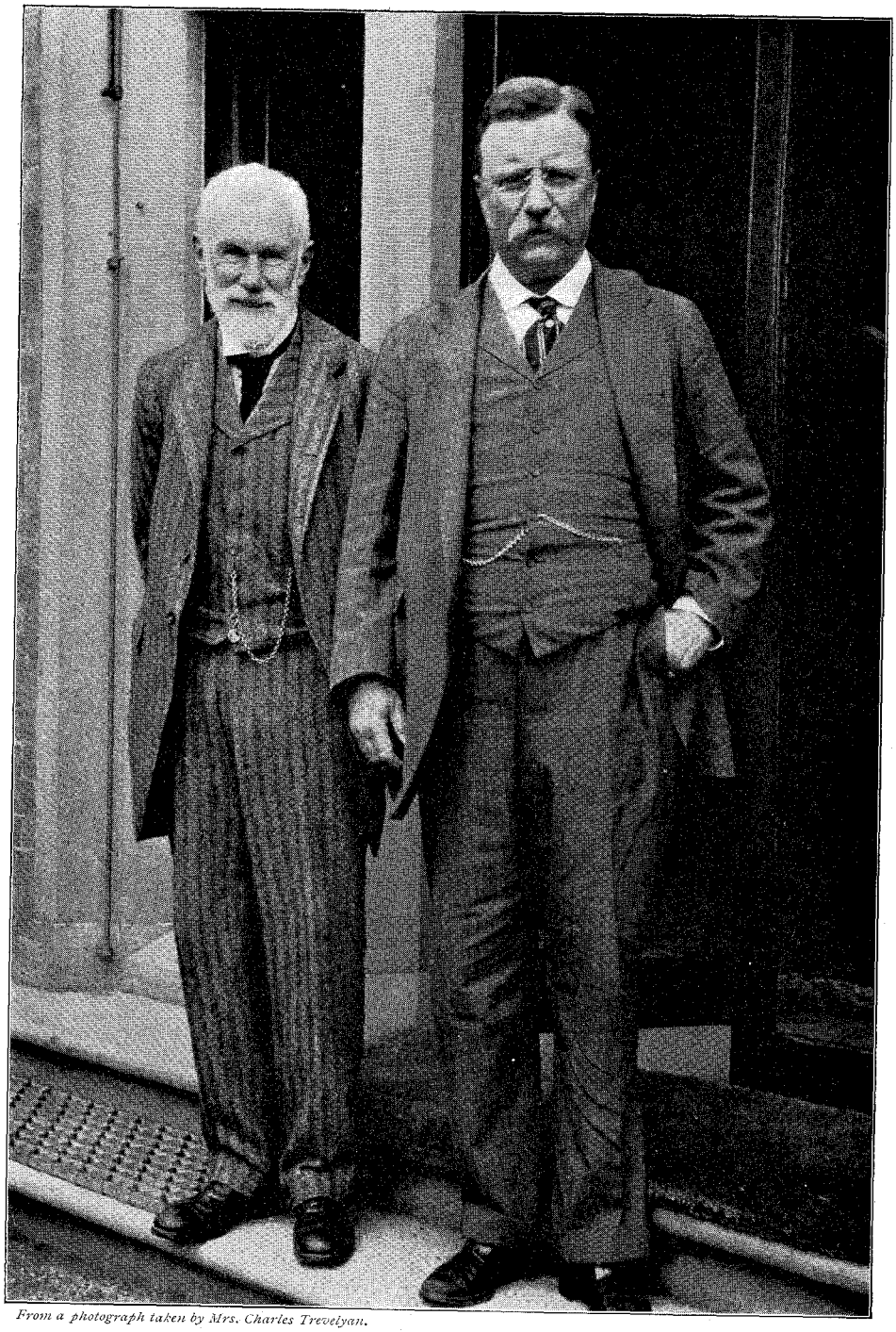

From a photograph taken by Mrs. Charles Trevelyan.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND THE RIGHT HONORABLE SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN ON THE TERRACE OF WELCOMBE, JUNE 4, 1910.

Sir George in a letter says of this and the other "snapshots": "I value these photographs very greatly; for they express the moral qualities in our famous friend which no man ever had in greater measure; the homely great qualities of honesty, probity, and the kindliness which inspires affection in others. I think, likewise, one can read in that face the signs of his fourth great attribute, courage, moral and physical."

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